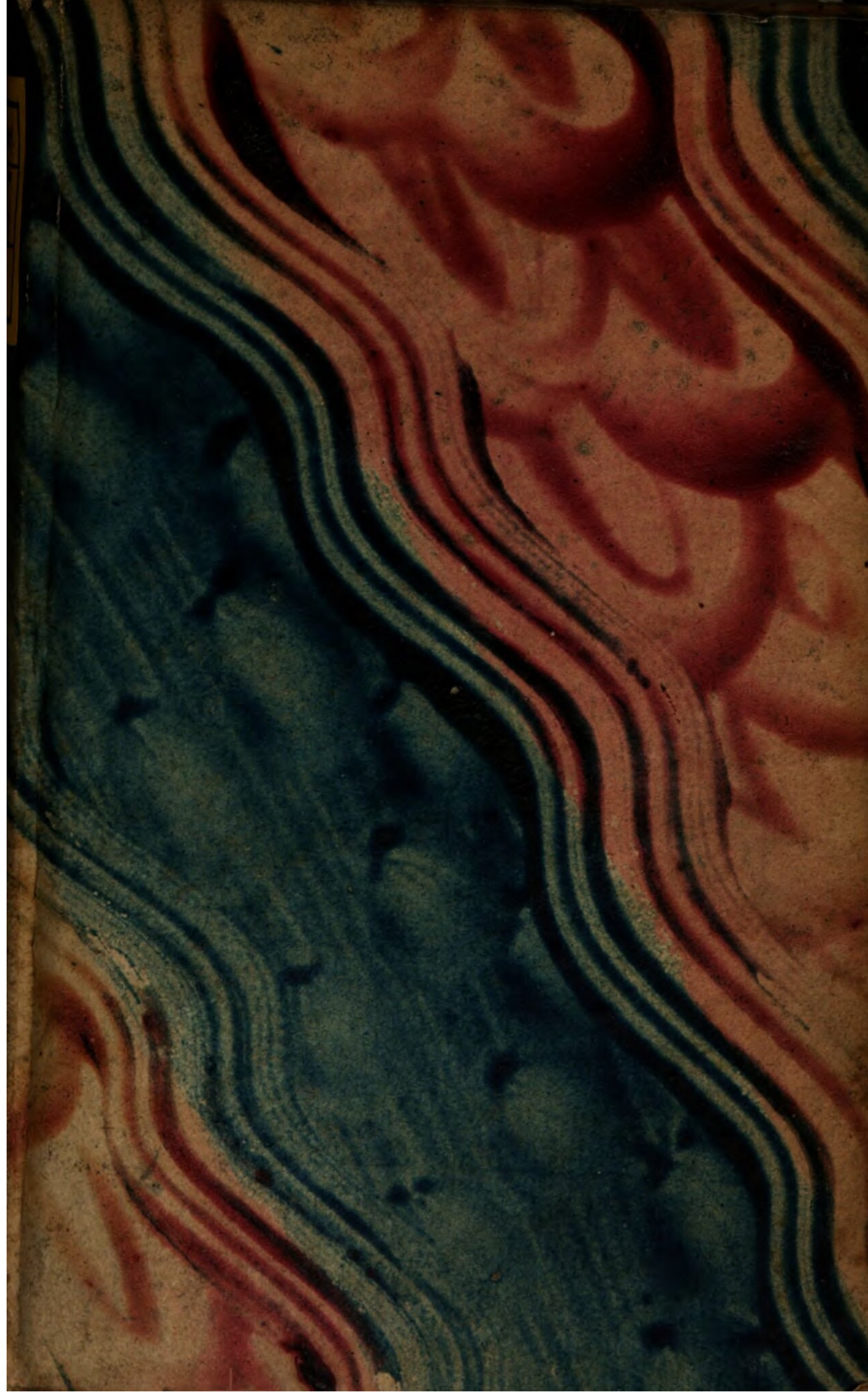




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THE
HISTORY
OF
CHARLOTTE SUMMERS,
THE
Fortunate PARISH GIRL.

THE SECOND EDITION Corrected.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR;

Sold by CORBETT, the Publisher, at *Addi-
son's Head*, opposite *St. Dunstan's Church*,
in *Fleet-Street*.

MS. 76

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

The Introduction to the History, wherein the Author endeavours to scrape an Acquaintance with his Readers, and recommend himself and this Work to their good Graces.
Page 1

BOOK I.

Containing the Characters of some of the principal Persons in this History, the Birth and Parentage of Miss Summers, and the Adventures of the first fourteen Years of her Life.

Chap. I. *The Reader is introduced to the Acquaintance of the good Lady Bountiful.* P. 12

Chap. II. *On the Use of Chapters and the Advantage of natural Stupidity.* p. 28

Chap. III. *The Character of Mrs. Margery Williams, with the first View of Miss Charlotte Summers.* P. 35

Chap. IV. *Mrs. Margery purchases a fine Boy at the Parish Nurse's; and gives her Lady a Detail of the Transactions of that worthy Profession.* p. 50

Chap. V. *Miss Summers is brought from the Parish Nurse's, with a Conversation that happened on her first Appearance in Lady Bountiful's Family.* p. 67

Charity rewarded, or the History of the Charitable Farmer. p. 79

Chap. VI. *The Continuation of the History of the Charitable Farmer.* p. 86

Chap. VII. *Containing the Adventures of Jack Dobson.* p. 124

Chap. VIII. *Containing just as much to the Purpose as the Author has thought fit, and perhaps more than some Readers will allow to be to any Purpose at all.* p. 147

Chap. IX. *Containing a Detection of Miss Summers's Innocence, and the Malice of her Persecutrix Mrs. Eggelston.* p. 161

Chap. X. *Containing an Account of Miss Summers, her real Birth, and as much of her Parents as is necessary to satisfy the Reader's Curiosity on that Subject.* p. 171

B O O K II.

Containing the Adventures of Miss Charlotte Summers, during the most ticklish Part of a Woman's Life.

Chap. I. *Containing a Dissertation on the Art of Laughing and Crying.* p. 215

Chap. II. *Containing Miss Summers's Adventures with Mr. Crofts.* p. 228

Chap. III. *Containing Mr. Crofts's Attempt upon Miss Summers.* p. 246

Chap. IV. *Containing the Sequel of Mr. Crofts's Attempt upon Miss Summers.* p. 254

Chap. V. *Being a Sequel to the Sequel of Mr. Crofts's Attempt upon Miss Summers.* p. 272

Chap. VI. *Being the Conclusion of the second Book of the first Volume; wherein Lady Bountiful receives the first Hint of her Son's Affection for Miss Summers.* p. 291

(1)



THE
HISTORY
OF A
PARISH GIRL.

The Introduction to the History, wherein the Author endeavours to scrape an Acquaintance with his Readers, and recommend himself and this Work to their good Graces.

THOUGH it's a common Saying, that good Wine needs no Bush, yet I don't find the Publicans of the present Age, are willing to rely on the Truth of it. They have indeed laid aside the Bush, that ancient Signal of good Cheer, and jovial
A 3 Fellowship,

2 *The* INTRODUCTION.

Fellowship, but they have substituted in its Place, many quaint Devices, emblematical of their Occupation, and adorned their Sign-Posts with many witty Conceits, calculated to engage the Attention of the thirsty Passenger, and give him an early Prejudice in Favour of the excellent Biberage, with which each, in his Way, undertakes to regale him. Whether the Customers are always so lucky as to find the Inside of the House, answerable to the goodly Appearance, and specious Promises on the Outside, I won't take upon me to determine; but I am convinced, the Owners of these painted Traps find it much to their Emolument, otherways they, who are in all Things else very provident, would not lay out so much Money in these out-side Decorations: Therefore I, who am but a young Beginner, with very few Acquaintance in the Part of the Town where I have taken up my Abode, find myself under a Necessity to recommend myself to the Notice of the Public, by hanging out such a Sign, as may at once display my Skill in hieroglyphical Learning, and let them into the Secret of the Nature and Excellency of the Entertainment they are to meet with, when they are pleased to favour me with their Company.

But

But before I display my Sign, or invite them to the Opening of my House, I must acquaint them with the Motives that induced me to chuse the Life of a Publican. You must know then, I am the first Begotten, of the poetical Issue, of the much celebrated Biographer of *Joseph Andrews*, and *Tom Jones*; I dare not pretend to be legitimately begotten; I believe I must content myself with the Honour of being only a natural Brat of that facetious Gentleman; for I dare swear he does not remember when he became my Father, and has had scarce any Conversation with my Mother, either before or since that happy Encounter, which gave Being to your humble Servant; therefore I am afraid I should scarce be able to fix a Marriage upon the Squire, especially as the Ceremony of poetical Espousals is so much controverted by the Priests of *Parnassus*, that it's next to impossible to settle the Ritual, that would convey the Privilege of Legitimacy to the Offspring of the Poets.

However, whether he owns me as a lawful Son, or a Bye-blow, or disclaims all Kindred to me, I find so much of his Blood in my Veins, that I have found myself, ever

4 *The* INTRODUCTION.

since I was a Boy, under the strongest Impulse to mimic every Action of that Gentleman, whom my Mother declared on her Death-Bed, in the most solemn Manner, to be the only Person on Earth to whom I owed my poetical Being; of Course its no Wonder, now, that I am obliged to look about for a Settlement in the World, that I should chuse a Profession nearly of Kin to that in which he has lately made such a glaring Figure.

My worshipful poetical Sire having with so much Satisfaction to the Public, so much Honour to himself, and with so much Profit to his industrious Drawer, Mr. *M—r*, discharged the Station of Master of an Ordinary, I could not think of any Branch of Business so likely for me to thrive in as that of a Publican. My Countrymen, I know, love good Eating as well as any Nation on Earth, which was certainly the Reason, that induced the facetious Mr. *F——g* to assume the Character of an Ordinary-Keeper, being persuaded that nothing puts a Man in better Humour than a full Stomach, but if he has entertained you with the plain, but mighty roast Beef of *Old England*, and with an elegant Course of all the Hashes, Ragooes, and high

The INTRODUCTION. 5

high Seasonings of *France* and *Italy*, I hope the Reader, who by this Time finds himself free from the Torments of a craving Appetite, and of Consequence, in a State of Friendship with every Thing about him, and perhaps in a Disposition to take his Afternoon's Nap, for nothing promotes Sleep and Drowsiness so much as a hearty Meal; I say, I hope he will not take it amiss, that I invite him to take a Glass of my Liquor to wash down his Entertainment, which abounded in every Thing but Drinkables. How my worthy Father, who is no Enemy to a chearful Glass, should omit so material an Article, is not easily to be guessed at, unless he did it on Purpose to give me an Opportunity to set up my Public-House, hard by his Ordinary, and by that Means provide a Living for his poetical Bastard, without seeming to have a Hand in it. Whether that was his Design or not, I have taken the Hint, and promise myself, that when my Father's Customers have stuffed their Maw at the Ordinary, that they will step out at the Back Door, and smoak a Pipe and drink a Pot with his ungracious Son; I know he'll curse and swear before Folks, and give me all the Names he can think of, but that's only a Copy of his Countenance, he does it only to make believe that

6 *The* INTRODUCTION.

I am none of his, and conceal the Crack which my Birth gave to his Reputation for Celibacy, a Virtue which he holds much in Esteem; but in his Heart, he likes those who encourage me, without his seeming to know it; for he knows I am a right Slip of the *F——gs*, and as like him as if he had spit me out of his Mouth, as the Saying is.

But I must remember I am not at present writing my own History, and however unwilling I may be to quit the dear Subject, I must return to my Sign-Post, and acquaint my Reader with the Nature of it, that he may know it again when he meets it in his Travels. I was a long Time before I could fix a Resolution in the important Point. A Number of curious Devices were suggested to me by the Connoisseurs in that mysterious Art of Signography. I was for a whole Week in the Mind to have charged my Board with the Figures of an Ass and an Owl, the true Emblems of superlative Dulness, intending it by way of Contrast to the facetious Entertainment within Doors; which is one of the Secrets of the Art of Pleasing I learned from my worshipful Father, who tells us in his droll Way, that he often dipped his Pen in Dulness, meerly
for

for a Relaxation to his Readers, and to whet their Appetite for a new Course of Wit and Pleasantry ; but I at last considered that some few of my Readers might mistake the Conceit, and take these two grave Creatures for the Prototype of myself and my Work, and that others might be a little superstitious, and unwilling to live under such dull Planets ; I laid aside therefore the Thought, and was for a considerable Time full of the Design of assuming my worshipful Father's Head for my armorial Bearing ; but on consulting an able Artist, I was let to understand, that however witty my Father's Countenance might appear, when situated near the Eye, yet the facetious Features were too weak to be discernable in so elevated an Attitude, and besides that, it would be making too free with magisterial Dignity, to make his Phiz the Signal of a mere Punch-House ; at last, after labouring with many Conceits for near two Months, I resolved to charge my Board with the true Effigy of my Parish Girl, where though she appears a most charming Woman, yet I can assure the Reader, the Painter has not flattered her, for she has some natural Graces it's impossible for any Pencil to imitate, or even the sublime Pen of a *F—g*, when warmed

A 6

ed with the dear Idea of his lovely *Sophia*, to describe. You can see, Reader, but the Out-Lines of her Beauty on my Sign-Post, but if you step in, and take Mr. *Corbett's* Passport with you, which won't cost you above six Shillings, you may see her identical Self, and be yourself a Judge, how far the Original surpasses the Picture.

Besides the Picture of my Parish Girl, my Sign is adorned with all the Ornaments of Gilding and Carving, peculiar to that Kind of Work, and is inscribed with several short Sentences, that serve as a Bill of Fare to the luxurious Banquet, to which you are invited. On the Top, in Imitation of several Disciples of the public-spirited Mr. *Ashley*, I have inscribed in a handsome Scroll, *Wit in small Quantities* ; by which I would intimate, that my Readers are not to expect to be cloyed with that delicate Nectar, but may be served with it in as small Portions at a Time as their Stomachs can easily bear and digest, for which Reason, I have divided my History into Books, in every one of which, I am not above once guilty of any Thing like Wit, knowing that there is nothing more capable of intoxicating the Brain, than too much of that subtle Liquor. But then I intimate on separate
Scrolls

Scrolls round the principal Figure, that you may have good Humour by wholesale, with good Nature, true Benevolence, and all the cardinal Virtues by the Hogthead, and all of them neat and natural as imported, without any Adulteration or Mixture of foreign Fopperies ; and to compleat my Bill of Fare, and give the Reader the highest Idea of his Entertainment, I have added on the Bottom of my Board, in large golden Capitals, F——G'S ENTIRE HUMOUR. But it is Time to conduct you out of the open Air, to a handsome Apartment within Doors, whence you are to find every Thing answerable to the great Expectation, which the Novelty of my Sign-Post has raised ; for I scorn to follow the sneaking Custom of my Brother Publicans, who amuse you with a pompous Puff, and put off meer sophistical Ratgut, by the Help of borrowed Names, and promising Titles ; in short, every Thing I have in my House is genuine, and the real Growth of Nature, delicately and artfully adapted to every Man's Palate. But hold ! I had almost fallen into the same Blunder with my Father F——g, he furnished you with Eatables without Drink, and I had like to have invited you to all Drink and no Victuals ; however, don't be
dis-

disheartened, I live but a short Way from the Ordinary, you may have a Chop or so from thence; or, if you like it better, a Slice of his *Bayonne* Hams: and you must know, for the Sake of my extraordinary Customers, I have always a solid Joint ready dressed in the Larder; in short, there is no Fear of starving at my House; for though I have no set Meals, yet every now and then, a Man may meet with something solid, but he must take it as a Whet, a Slice and away, for I hate gormondizing as much as I hate a long Sermon in the Middle of a warm Scene in a Romance. And now, Reader, that I have made you in some Measure acquainted with the Master of the new Public House, and given you such a Description of the Sign, as it is impossible for you to mistake it, I must invite you, and all your Friends, who like a pretty Girl, I mean only to look at, for my Parish Girl is perfectly chaste, or are inclinable to be pleased with the Effects of good Nature and Humanity, to my House-Warming, which is to be on *Tuesday* next; *Charlotte* is to be dressed in her best Cloaths, and to wear nothing but good Humour in her Countenance, and Mr. *Corbett*, who is to perform the Office of her Gentleman Usher, undertakes to introduce every Visitor

The INTRODUCTION. II

fitor in the politest Manner, only paying
 the ordinary Fees, with which, he says, he
 can by no Means dispense, as they are the
 constant Perquisites of every Person in his
 Station, who has the Honour to serve Per-
 sons of Miss *Charlotte's* Distinction.

THE



THE
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BOOK I.

Containing the Characters of some of the principal Persons in this History, the Birth and Parentage of Miss Summers, and the Adventures of the first fourteen Years of her Life.

CHAP. I.

The Reader is introduced to the Acquaintance of the good Lady Bountiful.

BEFORE I introduce my Readers into the Company of Miss Charlotte Summers, I must make them acquainted with some of her Friends, whose Character and Conversation, I flatter myself, will give them
no

no Scandal, for which Purpose, I must beg their Company as far as *Carmarthenshire* in *Wales*. Though the Journey is pretty long, and, in the ordinary Way of Travelling, may take up some Days, yet we Authors are always provided with an easy flying Carriage, which can waft our Readers in an Instant, much longer Journies than this we are now setting out on : We are Masters of a Kind of Art Magic, that we have only to speak the Word, and, *presto*, you are transported, in the very Position you chance to be in at the Time, to the Place where we would have you attend us. Don't you find already the magical Effect ? The Journey is over, and we are just alighted at the Gate of a stately old Building, surrounded with reverend Oaks, and wide-spreading Beches, the ancient Habitation of oraculous Druids, and now possessed by thousands of hoarse-piped Reeks : The Gate is open, no saucy Porter stands to ask impertinent Questions, but the hospitable Doors spread wide their Arms to receive the wearied Traveller, of what Degree, Rank or Station soever. You may enter freely, I'll conduct you to the Parlour, where you may have the Honour to salute the hospitable Owner of this venerable Mansion.

Her

Her Name is Lady *Bountiful*, she is Widow of Sir *David Bountiful*, Baronet, descended from one of the most considerable Branches of that once flourishing Family. They pretended to be *ab origine Welsh*, and all the ancient Families of that Province of the Kingdom, esteem it as the greatest Mark of Honour, to deduce their Pedigree from this Family ; and some of the Upstarts since the Conquest, pretend some Kindred to them, but they make up their Accounts so awkwardly, that I have heard my Lady *Bountiful* say, she wondered at their Assurance, to pretend any Relation to her, or any of the Branches of her Husband's Family. The Lady herself, was a second Cousin of Sir *David's*, and the Marriage contracted not so much out of Love as Convenience, and out of Regard to the Vicinity of their Estates, for she brought him fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year clear Estate, which lay contiguous to that of the Baronet's. I would not have the Reader think that the Lady *Bountiful's* Marriage was a mere modern *Smithfield* Bargain, because I hint that it was contracted not so much out of Love as Conveniency ; by no Means, the Lady had Charms to create the warmest Flame, and the Knight had Sensibility to feel

feel and express it, but they had been bred up from their Infancy, with no other Notion but that they were designed for one another, so that their Passion rather took the Turn of Friendship than of Love, at least when they came together, they wanted Novelty to heighten their Affection into Raptures, and sunk into one another's Arms in a dead Calm of mutual Esteem and Friendship, without once dreaming of the Extacies, and other nameless tumultuary Joys, which so much charm romantic Lovers, whom a less intimate Access to their Mistresses, had rendered less acquainted with their Charms.

This calm Couple lived in great Felicity near twenty Years, at the End of which Time Sir *David* died, leaving behind him only one Son, about two Years of Age, whom he left under the Guardianship of his fond Mother, now a Woman about forty-five. This good Lady never once thought of a second Marriage, though she had many Offers from the younger Sons of the neighbouring Gentry, who were willing to contract Matrimony with her large Jointure, and the Reversion of her own Estate, in case of her Son's Death, and would have undertaken the Incumbrance of the old Mansion-

Mansion-House, and promised to have kept it in decent Repair, but the Widow forbid the Banns, and resolved never more to come under Covert-Baron ; but determined, though she could not do much more good in her Generation in the common Way of Marriage, to do all that lay in her Power, to render herself and her great Estate useful to Society.

She had learned from Sir *David's* Mother, on her first coming to the Family, all the Mysteries and Secrets of Family-Physic, and kept in her Custody, neatly bound in *Morocco*, with large Silver Clasps, that Lady's Receipt Book, for the Cure of all the Diseases incident to the *Welsh* Nation, and has often told me, that she thought it better than *Quincy's* Dispensatory, and more useful than that of the Royal College, but this last she asserted very modestly, and softened the Expression, by adding, but that may be owing to my Ignorance, which cannot fathom the Wisdom of that learned Body. She was perfectly skilled in making and compounding all the Salves, Plaisters, Balsams, and Cordials, which that precious Book contained, and had wonderful Sagacity, in adapting them to the several Species of Disorders, that came under her Observation.

fervation. She gave her Advice, Medicine, and even Support and Attendance, to all who stood in need of it, and never was better pleased, than when dressing with her own Hands, the most putrid Sores, and filthy Ulcers, provided she found she gave any kind of Ease to her Patient. However, though at first Sight, she may appear to be one of the good old quacking Ladies, with which every County in *England* abounds more or less, yet she had some Peculiarities, which gave her a Right to a greater Share of our Esteem, for though she had a great Opinion of her own Skill, and the Efficacy of the Officinals in her much-valued Family Dispensatory, yet she was by no Means obstinate in depending on her own Judgment, or the Force of these seldom-failing Nostrums; but, that the Poor of the several Parishes round about might want no Ease, which the whole *Materia Medica*, or the Art of Healing, could afford them, she entertained, as Steward to that Part of her Estate which lay next the Mansion-House, a very judicious Gentleman of the Faculty, who had both read, studied and practised Physic with great Reputation, till a powerful Faction of the Apothecaries in *London*, where he first practised, made a Party against his honest Method

thod of Prescribing, which they found tended very little to the Lengthening of their Bills, and obliged the honest Doctor, who would rather starve than make a Trade of his Profession, or prostitute his Conscience, to gratify their Avarice, to transport himself to *Carmarthenshire*, the Place of his Nativity, in Hopes of some Country Practice, free from the Tyranny of the Apothecaries. He arrived about a Year or two after Sir *David's* Death, and was taken Notice of by the Lady *Bountiful*, who soon observed, that though she had a good Deal of Practice in her Way, yet the honest Doctor was likely to get very little, in a Country troubled only with natural Diseases, she therefore, on the Demise of her Steward, offered the Doctor his Place, with an additional Salary of fifty Pounds a Year, for which, he was obliged to superintend her Ladyship's Hospital, and prescribe *gratis* to every Person who were Objects of her Charity: By this Means the Lady's Patients reaped not only the Advantage of the good Lady's Experience, but, when that failed, were treated according to Art by the Doctor, who was furnished with a Chest of Medicines of the best Drugs *Europe* could afford, and where Amputations, or other nice manual Operations in Surgery, were necessary

necessary, was allowed to call in the Assistance of an able Surgeon at *Carmarthen*, who had likewise a Salary for his Attendance. But the Lady not only furnished the Poor with Medicines, and restored many a languishing Wretch from the Torments of acute and chronic Diseases, but took Care that they should be subsisted while they were under her Cure. But I'm afraid my Reader is by this Time sick of this Branch of her Charity, and can suppose the many Blessings she received, from all Ranks of People, for her Bounty this Way ; let us then look a little further, into the other Objects of her Bounty, which, indeed, were all those labouring under any Species of innocent Distress ; but the helpless Infant, the Orphan, and feeble old Age, were ever uppermost in her Thoughts ; of these, she maintained several ; the Old she supplied by daily Portions, with Cloaths, and wholesome Provision ; not only the Offals of her plentiful Table were employed this Way, but several Joints were dressed every Day, and distributed warm to the Indigent, and weekly Allowance given to such as were too feeble to travel to her Gate ; and the Young she sent out to Nurse, had them bred up to Labour, and never deserted them, till they were in a Condition to do
for

for themselves, unless they betrayed any flagrant Signs of a vicious, or idle Disposition, then indeed she abandoned them, and could never be prevailed on, knowingly, to encourage by her Bounty, the Lazy or Vicious; these were her public Charities, public, not by her Choice, but by Necessity; but she had a Fund of Charity of another Stamp, which gave her infinitely more Pleasure, as it was free from the Ostentation of these Acts of Bounty we have been speaking of. These were private Donations to those whose Circumstances were not yet so bad, as to oblige them to beg publickly. If an industrious Tradesman had a numerous Family, little Business, or a small Stock, she found Means to supply his Wants, or put him in a Way of carrying on his Business to greater Advantage, in such a Manner, as that sometimes he himself did not know the Source of his Relief; at most, none but the Party succoured, and Parson *Goodheart*, the Lady's Chaplain, knew any Thing of the Matter, for this worthy Clergyman was her secret Almoner, and had it in Charge to search out for the secret Necessities of modest and industrious Poor. She had many of these in annual Pension, and had the Satisfaction to see several Farmers, and honest Tradesmen maintaining their numerous Families

Families in decent Plenty, who without her well-tim'd and secret Bounty must have been a Charge to the Parish. The Sums she spent this Way were considerable, but the Returns of Pleasure she tasted, on reflecting on the Effects of her Bounty, were infinitely superior to what they cost her ; for to a Heart benevolent from a fixed Principle of Virtue, how ravishing must be the Reflection, that they have lighted up the human Countenance with Gladness, and been instrumental in communicating Happiness, such as Health and Plenty, to so many of the human Species ; this Pleasure to a Heart truly humane, must be more than ravishing, and beyond the most luxurious Sensation, which the greatest Epicure can relish in the Enjoyment of every sensual Pleasure.

But the Lady *Bountiful* was not only charitable and benevolent, in the giving Sense of the Word, but her honest Heart was replete with a generous Love of Mankind ; she wished every Individual of the Species truly happy, whether she had it in her Power to communicate any Degree of it to them or not, she commiserated their Misfortunes, compassionated their Failings, and constantly put the best and most favour-

able Constructions, upon the worst of their Actions ; and from this Principle, Slander, Back-biting, and railing on the Follies and Foibles of the Absent, were entirely banished her Conversation. Envy at the Happiness of her Neighbours could have no Place in her social Breast, but her Soul exulted on the News of every Degree of Felicity, that she heard had become the Lot of any of the human Species. As to her Religion, she was bred up a sincere Protestant, which she professed without the least Mixture of Hatred, or Contempt of those who differed from her, in religious Tenets. She loved all Sects alike, and gave no other Preference to her own, or any other of them, but as they differed in the Practice of Virtue and Morality. Her Temper was chearful, and her Conversation really edifying and facetious ; for she had been several Years at Court, before her Marriage, and acquired an easy, affable Manner, which her long Residence in the Country could not rub off, and had read and studied all the Branches of the *Belles Lettres* to great Advantage. Though at the Period, from which I chuse to begin this History, she was turned of Fifty, yet the Effects of old Age, was very little discernable, either in her Person or Conversation. Her Complexion was still fresh, her Eyes full, and her

her Forehead, without Wrinkles, and her Gait perfectly erect, so that she really appeared a comely old Lady, with an Air of Content and Chearfulness, continually in her Countenance. By the Old she was esteemed as a valuable Companion, and by the Young, respected as an excellent Pattern, and an inestimable Friend. Her House was the Resort of all the Young, Polite, and the Gay in the Country, where they were sure to meet with every Species of innocent Mirth and Pleasure, the Country could afford, and partake of every Thing within the Bounds of Decency and good Manners, without any Dread of Reproach, or envious Censure; for all that were of Lady *Bountiful's* Party, must either be virtuous from Principle, or appear so while in her Company.

As she was polite to her Neighbours and Strangers, so she was friendly, humane, and generous to her Servants, treated them rather as her Friends and Children than as Servants, by which means, she was served out of real Affection, and her Business done from a Principle of conscientious Gratitude; most of them were grown old in her Service, none of them ever leaving her, but when, by her means, they were put into

better Stations and Settlements in the World than their Places could afford them.

I fancy by this Time, my Readers are pretty well acquainted with the Lady *Bountiful*, and ready to thank me for the Pains I have taken to introduce them into such valuable Company, but I can hear Beau *Thoughtless* and pretty Miss *Pert* whispering to one another, ‘ Hang the old Woman, ‘ I wish we were done with her, we have ‘ seen enough of her, I want to see the ‘ young Wench there has been so much ‘ talk about, whereabout can she be? sure ‘ she’s locked up in the old Lady’s Closet. ‘ The Devil take our Conductor, after leading us such a Dance, from *London* to ‘ *Carmarthenshire*, to keep us so long ‘ from what we want to see;’ but I must inform the pretty Triflers, that I am determined my Readers shall learn something in every Chapter, and in this, amongst other Things, they must learn and practice Patience, for let them be in ever so great a Hurry to come at the Speech of Miss *Summers*, they cannot come near her, without my Permission, and as I have now got them into my Custody, they must travel my Pace, or get back to *London* on Foot,

Foot, without seeing the Show; therefore, my pretty Charmers, you must let me chat a little longer about my Favourite the Lady *Bountiful*: But that you may not be altogether discouraged, I must tell you, that I am now going to speak of her Faults; a Subject I am sure you cannot be so soon weary of, as it borders so much on your dearly-beloved Topic, Scandal.

You must know then, that this Lady! amiable as she is in Person and Character, has her Failings and some little Foibles; but pray, Miss *Censorious*, don't run too quick upon a malicious Scent, her Faults are not such as your Imagination has fixed on, I tell you positively she is not familiar with her Chaplain,—nor with the Doctor,—nor any Man on Earth; she is chaste as the new-fallen Snow, with no other Warmth in her Bosom but what flows from generous social Love and universal Benevolence. ‘Hang your Impertinence, I did not think that she was actually naughty with any of the odious Male Things, I but supposed that it might be such a Thing which you introduced with so much Formality. But why need you keep a Person in Suspence? Tell us, for God’s Sake, at once, this mighty Failing in your old Heroine, for I really cannot guess what it can be; it must be some-

‘ thing very bad, you are so loath to tell.’ Well, Miss, I’ll keep you no longer in Pain, though I wonder you could not hit upon it, when you know the Lady was born in *Wales*. It’s no more than this; that she is sometimes inclinable to be passionate, but endeavours all in her Power to conceal the Effects of it, though sometimes it will break out when she is in Company where she can unbend herself; and besides this, she is more than fond of the Advantages of Blood and ancient Families. She does not value these *invaluable* Blessings so much in herself as in others; for good Manners and Religion has taught her both the Principle and Practice of true Humility, but she is scrupulously nice with Regard to these advantageous Qualifications in others: Though she can discern real Merit, and esteem it as much as any Woman, yet she is always too apt to make some Deductions or Additions on account of Birth and Family. She is perfectly versed in the Genealogical History of all the Families in *Wales*, and can trace their Degrees of Antiquity, and the intrinsic Value of every Ounce and Scruple of the Blood in their Veins, and ranks the Gentry in her Esteem according to those nice and accurate Observations. This Humour of the good Lady’s has been the Occasion of several Debates between her Ladyship and her Almoner,

ner, Parson *Goodheart*, who happens to be no such rigid Observer of the Honours due to Purity of Blood and Antiquity. He is of a true *English* Breed, and thinks an Acre of Land, or ten Pounds in Money, added to Merit and Industry, to be worth a great many Pounds of the purest Blood in *Wales*, and better than all the old mouldy Records that can be traced from *Adam*. As my Lady gives frequent Instructions to supply privately the Wants of decayed Gentry, he sometimes grumbles, and pretends to think that as good Blood cannot be kept up without good Eating, so it would be no Scandal to procure that Eating by honest Labour and Industry, when the Appendages of Gentility are so far reduced as not to afford it otherways, and would sometimes remonstrate, that what kept but one of your high-blooded Beggars was more than sufficient to supply the Wants of a whole Family sprung from a modern Stock. But the Lady insisted on the Necessity of keeping up Distinctions among Mankind, and preserving the Honour of ancient Families pure and unstained by Labour and mechanic Trades, and was so obstinate in her Opinion (the only Opinion in which she was obstinate) that the Parson was obliged to obey. I would have concealed this Foible, which I

know many will think no Reproach, but that Truth, the Characteristic of an Historian, obliges me to stick to Impartiality; besides, as it may chance to influence, or at least serve to account for some Events in the History, I thought it absolutely necessary that my Readers should be acquainted with it: And now that I have given you this general View of the Lady *Bountiful's* Character, I am resolved to conclude my first Chapter, and permit my Readers to yawn a little, while I rest myself and smoke a serious Pipe, which I find to be a wonderful Promoter of Contemplation.

C H A P. II.

On the Use of Chapters, and the Advantage of natural Stupidity.

AS the worshipful Mr. *F—g*, whom I have chosen as my Pattern in compiling of this true History, has been very full in displaying the Convenience of these Kind of Divisions, commonly called Chapters, both to the Authors and his Readers, I hope the Public are so fully convinced of their great Utility, and so perfectly satisfied with the Weight of his Authority, that I need not offer at any Apology for following so worthy an Example. However as he has
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established it as an infallible Doctrine, that an Author, in spite of all critical Authority, has an absolute Right to digress when and where he pleases, and to amuse himself and his Readers with any thing that comes uppermost in his Head, whether it has any Connection with the Subject in Hand or not; I here, once for all, put in my Claim to that extensive Privilege, and declare my Intention of using it in the Course of this History, with as much Freedom as I think proper; and for this Reason I am now determined to say something of the Convenience of Books and Chapters, no matter whether the Reader has ever had any such Thoughts or not. I look upon these sort of Divisions in this Species of Writing to be like the Acts and Scenes in a Play; the main Design of which must be to give Time for shifting of the Scenes, and conveying the Audience without Hurry or apparent Absurdity to and from the several Places and Apartments, where the Poet has laid his Action; for if the Poet has taken it into his Head to lay one Part of his Action at *St. Alban's*, which is but a Trifle of a Journey to one of that Tribe, and another Part of it at *London*, he is not quite so impudent as to persuade you that you have made that Journey during the Shifting of a Scene, but wisely contrives it so, that in

the Moment of your setting out, the Act ends, the Musick begins to play, and the Candle-Snuffer nimbly twirls about the Candles, and gives you a chearful Blaze to light you on your Way. All the while the most important Business of the Playhouse is going forward, Bows, Smiles, Ogles, Whispers, fluttering of Fans, adjusting of Perukes, Pinches of Snuff, and the smart Repartees of the Orange-Wenches, go swiftly round the House, and employ the Faculties of the Audience so entirely, that they forget how the Time passes, and are not at all surprized to find at the Opening of the next Act, that they, the House, Poet, and Actors, have actually travelled twenty measured Miles. This is absolutely necessary when the Poet takes such large Leaps; but when he is pleased only to step into the next Room, next House, Street, or even a Town, a short Interval serves, without any great Notice being taken, that an Alderman's Wife, who perhaps weighs about half a Ton, has moved with greater Velocity than either Light or Sound. The long Journeys he calls Acts, and the short Spaces Scenes, which exactly corresponds with our Books and Chapters, which Mr. F—g, who is altogether Master of both Species of Writing, introduced into this for the same Reason; so that the white
Spaces

Spaces between the End of one Book and the Beginning of another, you are either to suppose the Author designed for your Convenience of Travelling from one Place to another, or as a Space where he is to confine you while some of his Characters are growing up to Maturity, or sleeping away half a Dozen of the many anti-historical Years of their Lives. And the Blanks between his Chapters you may take for so many Stages which you may either put up at all Night, or only bait, drink a Glass of Wine, or eat a Crust of Bread, while he and his Muse prepare the less important Transitions of his Entertainment. This I take to be the true Principle on which my great Master has founded his Divisions, and must certainly answer all the Cavils of impertinent Critics; but I find a further Advantage in Chapters joined to the digressing Privilege annexed to Mr. F—g and his Imitators, *viz.* that we are at Liberty to make a Kind of Introduction to the Beginning of each, and may chat away a Page or two in familiar Discourse with our Readers before we are obliged to pursue the Thread of our Discourse. This is a great Ease both to the Writer and his Readers, as it serves to unbend them a little and give them Time to stretch themselves, take a Pinch of Snuff, &c. without being anxious about the

Connection of the Story. It is just like two or three Friends met about Business, they salute, shake Hands, enquire after each other's Health, the News, take a Pinch of Snuff, and perhaps two or three Turns up and down the Room before they sit down seriously to Business, unless they are in a great Hurry, and the Affair very urgent, which I take can never be the Case of any of our Readers; however when our Plots thicken, Scenes begin to grow warm, and the Reader's Expectation wound up to a high Pitch, with my Father's Leave, I must think it impertinent to be very prolix in our preparatory Discourses, and that we ought in such Cases to use our digressing prattling Privilege with great Caution, however much these Freedoms might happen to gratify our own Humour and Laziness; I mention Laziness, because though it is a Secret which I would not chuse to go any further, yet I must own, however difficult my Pattern might think it to prepare these introductory Chapters and digressing Discourses, that they are the easiest Part of this Kind of Writing, at least I have found them so; since it required no more than just to throw the Reins of my Pen loose, and let it ramble where it pleased, as Don *Quixot* did *Rosinante*, and take up my Discourse again at the first Inn, or fair Castle, I chanced to
meet

meet in my Way. These were Mr. F—g's nodding Places for his Readers; for he it seems could not take a Nap, but he was obliged to pump and sweat for laborious Dullness to please them, and expected that all his Followers would find themselves in the same Agonies to pursue his Rules; but it was his Misfortune to be a Wit, and consequently out of his natural Element when endeavouring to be really stupid; but for me whose Wit is borrowed and the Effect of Art, and to whom Dullness is natural, there is nothing in Nature more easy to me than to take a sound Nap with my Readers for twenty Pages together; therefore as he has laid it down as really necessary that an Author should be truly Master of the Subject he writes of, I think I have some Chance of out-shining my Original in those Parts of my Work, which by the Laws of this new Species of Writing actually requires to be dull; since it's plain the Result of pure Nature must be much more pleasing than the nicest Imitations of Art. However, though I have this Advantage, and those that copy after me may enjoy the dull Faculty in a still more eminent Degree, yet I fancy both they and I must fall infinitely short of him in some other Parts of this Kind of Writing; especially in the pretty Humour which displays itself in the Arguments of all his Books
and

and Chapters : Who can imitate the Wit of a Chapter containing just five Pages, or the inimitable Conceit of breaking his Reader's Neck from the Top of a very moderate Hill, and many such brilliant Turns of Thought, surprizingly new and edifying ? For my Part I despaired entirely of executing these Arguments to any Kind of witty Purpose, and therefore must be satisfied barely to mention the Contents of each Chapter in the common dull Way, without any Design to be arch, but purely to satisfy the Reader as to the Matter he is to expect in each Chapter, that he may be at Liberty to read it, or let it alone according as it pleases his Fancy. I promised to imitate all Mr. F——g's imitable Perfections, but for those that are inimitable, at least by me, the Reader must really excuse me. But, Pox of Chapters and Dullness, we have nodded long enough of all Conscience, it is Time now to follow Lady *Bountiful*, who, while I was smoaking my Pipe, and chattering about Chapters, has fairly given me the Slip. She and all her Family are set out upon some very important Business for *London*, where we must follow her ; but that she may have Time to get there without jading her Cattle, I must here put an End to the Chapter on Chapters of Dullness.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

*The Character of Mrs. Margery Williams,
with the first View of Miss Charlotte Sum-
mers.*

THO' perhaps I'm very well acquaint-
ed with the Business, which brought
Lady Bountiful up to London, a Journey she
had not taken for twenty Years before, yet
I don't think it necessary to acquaint my
Readers, tho' I might have done it in as few
Words as I have made use of, to tell them
I am not to gratify their Curiosity; let it
suffice then, that this Lady arrived here
with most of her Family, about five or six
Years after the Death of Sir David, her
Husband, and took Part of a House in
Great Russel-street, near Bloomsbury-square.

This good Lady used often to walk in the
adjacent Fields, attended only by Mrs. *Margery Williams*, an antient maiden Gentlewo-
man, who had been the Lady's Maid when
she was but a Child, and had been dry Nurse
to all her Children, and now acted in the
Station of an humble Companion, or an
House-keeper, kept the Keys of the medical
Cordials, and assisted her Lady in many
Offices about her sick Patients. This good
Woman was thoroughly honest, perfectly
good-

good-natured, and had been so much about Lady *Bountiful*, that she had entered fully into all her Humours and Manners, and copied so exactly after that excellent Pattern, that it is probable, had she been in that Lady's Circumstances, she would have acted much such a Part as her Fortune enabled her to perform; there was only this Difference in their charitable Dispositions, that the Lady made no Distinction between the Male and Female Objects of her Bounty, but Mrs. *Margery* would, if she had Liberty to follow the natural Bent of her own Inclinations, have confined all her Favours on the Male Part of the Species, not that she had any Hatred to her own Sex, but only because she liked the Men better; whether she had received any signal Favours from the Men in her younger Days, that prejudiced her so much in their Favour, I know not; however, I am apt to think this Partiality of Mrs. *Margery's* may be accounted for without having Recourse to any such ill-natured Supposition; for if we admit, as Experience teaches us, that all Pleasure is greater in Expectation than Fruition, and that we are much fonder of Objects that can communicate such Pleasure before than after Enjoyment, we have only to conclude, that Mrs. *Margery* in her Youth, had very high Notions of
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the Happiness which Man can communicate to Woman, and accustomed herself to think of them with an Esteem proportioned to her own Expectations, and not having an Opportunity to be undeceived, permitted that fond Regard to mingle with her old Age, and to diffuse itself in good Wishes towards the whole Sex, when the Winter in her Blood had chilled the original Idea, which gave Birth to this good Will ; but it's not very material to be very exact in accounting for the Caprices of a Woman turned of Sixty. It's enough that she loved Boys much better than Girls, and so let her, for I have just now in my Eye the lovely Parish Girl *Charlotte Summers*, she's at Play in *Lamb's-Conduit-Fields* with two or three of the same Station, dressed in clean but homely Rags.

She's just at this Period turned of seven Years old, she is tall of her Age, but mighty slender, and streight-limb'd, her Complexion is exceeding fair, though little Care is taken to preserve it, her Eyes black, full and sparkling, her Features regular, with Innocence, Good-nature, and Meaning diffused through all her Countenance, her black Locks fall in natural Ringlets a little below her Neck, and serve to

to heighten the Delicacy of her Complexion. The Lady *Bountiful* was walking hard by, where they were at Play, and before she came within twenty Yards of her, was surprized to see so charming a Creature, with an Air suitable to all these Perfections, drest in the mean Badges of public Charity. She stopped short with Amazement, and cried out, *Margery*, did you ever see such a pretty little Girl? By this Time the other Girls spied the Lady, and according to their Custom, run up to her, and dropt her an aukward Courtesy, which the Lady returned by giving each of them some Halfpence; but *Charlotte* stept farther out of the Way, and turned her Back that she might not be observed; however the good Lady would not let her pass so, but called her to her, and could not help kissing her, and with an Air of Mildness and Condescension in her Countenance said, My pretty little Creature, to what Parish do you belong? it is a Pity such as you seem to be should be brought up by any Parish. *Charlotte* courtesied very low, but was all over in a crimson Blush, her little Bosom heaved as if it would have burst, and at last she dropt a Shower of Tears, and was unable to speak, though she frequently attempted it. My
Lady

Lady *Bountiful* observing her in this Agony, felt herself strongly moved, and scarce could refrain from accompanying the lovely Mourner. She stooped down and clasped her to her Bosom, and begged her with all the Endearments of a fond Mother, to tell her Grievances, and what made her weep so bitterly, when she seemed to be in a very good Humour but a Minute ago. Tears had given Vent to the Fullness of her little Heart, and she could say with interrupting Sobs, Pardon me, Madam, you are so like my dear Mamma that's dead, who would not have allowed me to go to the Parish if she had been alive, that I could not help crying when I saw you, and heard you speak so kindly to me, and ask to what Parish I belonged; indeed I have been so short a while in it, that I don't know the Name of it, and wish I never had: Here her Heart filled again faster than her Tears could relieve it; and she stood silent, while the good Lady and *Margery* were obliged to take out their Handkerchiefs, to wipe away the sympathising Drops of Compassion and Tendernefs, which trickled down their Cheeks. Sure *Margery*, this Child, says the Lady *Bountiful*, must belong to some Person of Quality; there is something

thing about her that speaks her well born; let us go over to the Bank, and sit down to learn from the pretty little Angel who are her Parents, and how she comes in this miserable State, of which she seems so fully sensible. They walked about an hundred Yards off the Path-way, leading *Charlotte* along with them, and then sat down, and endeavoured to encourage the weeping Orphan to dry up her Tears. They asked her Name, and what her Parents were? She told them her Name was *Charlotte Summers*, that her Mother (though she was now a Parish-Girl) was a Gentlewoman, and her Father was a Captain, and wore a Scarlet Coat, and a Waistcoat all covered with Gold Lace, but that he was a naughty Man, and spent all his Money, and never gave her Mamma any, and that her Mamma had once a great House of her own in *Conduit-street*, and kept a Coach and a fine Livery-Servant; and, added she, I had then a Silk Coat, and fine Cambrick Frocks, and a Maid to wait on me, for all I wear this coarse ugly blue Coat, and am forced to live with a dirty old Woman in a nasty stinking House; but if my poor Mamma had lived, I would have lived with her any where; but she is dead, and the Man where we lodged, sent me to
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the Parish, because I had no Friend to take Care of me, when my poor Mamma left me, (here she sobb'd, as if she would have broke her little Heart.) Lady *Bountiful* could easily perceive by this artless Account, that she was the Child of some Person of Distinction reduced to the lowest Circumstances ; but by all her Enquiries could not find out by the Child any Particulars that could lead her to her Family, or how their Remains came to be in this wretched Condition. However she took a Note in her Pocket-Book of the Name and Place of Abode of the Nurse with whom she lived, and dismissed her with a Present of Half a Crown, which the Child received with great Reluctance, saying, Though it was the Custom of the other Children to beg from Strangers, yet while she could live without it she would not do so mean a Thing ; but the good old Lady told her, she only made her a Present of it to buy Sugar-Plumbs, which was no Affront to any Miss. She accepted it with that Explanation, and joined her Companions.

The Lady *Bountiful* got up from the Bank, and returned Home, leaning on Mrs. *Margery*, much affected with the pretty Innocence and

and Ingenuity of the charming Parish Girl. Good God ! said she, *Margery*, how much I pity that pretty little Creature. What a Misfortune is it that such a delicate Form, with a Mind every Way suitable to it, should be so much the Sport of capricious Fortune, and placed in a Sphere at so infinite a Distance from those Advantages of Education, for which her Body and Mind seem to be formed by Nature. I find myself strongly disposed to pity this Orphan, and think it must be an acceptable Act of Charity to take her out of her present State of Misery, and bestow on her, at least, some Part of that Education for which she is so well disposed. Her Misfortunes, poor little Soul, have either come too soon or too late ; too soon, to deprive her of all the Blessings of Life before Reason and Religion had furnished her with Aids to support the dreadful Shock ; and too late, as they did not overtake her before she was capable of forming any Idea at all of the unfortunate Change. But the dear little Soul is perfectly well acquainted with her Misery, and finds herself in the most wretched State of Poverty, while her young Mind is agitated with a Sense of her superior Birth, and that Pride of Blood inseparable from Persons well born. Yes, I see the dear Creature sto-
machs

machs her Condition, and would conceal it if possible. Did not you observe how her little Heart swelled when I first asked her to what Parish she belonged? And how she avoided us, though the other Girls were fond of shewing themselves? I like that Pride in her; it speaks what she is! But, alas! it must make her wretched, the Idea must remain with her and imbitter every Scene of Life.—Yes, Madam, I saw and observed her Uneasiness at being discovered, and what Pains she took to let us know she was better than she seemed. It's a thousand Pities she is not a Boy, for then your Ladyship might take her home, and she would be a pure Companion for young Sir *Thomas*, for I fancy they are about the same Age; but as she is a Girl, it is dangerous to meddle with her; for they are ticklish Ware to bring up; and perhaps she is only the Bastard of some Rake of Quality, who kept her Mother for some Time, and then turned her off to Want and Beggary, which is the common Case of all of them, and I would not have your Ladyship, methinks, take any particular Notice of the Issue of such naughty Creatures, especially the Girls, for it is ten to one but they turn out like their Mothers; and as she does not want for Necessaries, she is not so much an Object of Cha-

Charity as some honest People's Children in our own Parish.—It is needless to wish the Child any thing but what she is, returned the Lady, but I wonder why you should think Boys more Objects of Charity than Girls. In my Opinion, if there is any Difference, I think it is in favour of the Girls; for as they are liable to greater Temptations than the Men, and their Minds naturally weaker, it is the greatest Act of Charity to furnish them with the Aids of Education, to support them against the many Misfortunes to which their Sex and Weakness expose them, especially if they are beautiful, as this dear Girl is. Yes, *Margery*, that Face and Shape must expose the pretty Innocent to a thousand Inquietudes, and end in her Ruin; for sure she is likely, in so wretched a Station, to have but few of those Principles instilled into her, that are so necessary to preserve a Virtue so liable to the rude Attacks of every Ruffian; it is that makes her a proper Object of Charity, let her Parents be who they will; yet I have a strong Inclination to believe, that so much Beauty and Innocence is rather the Effects of lawful Marriage, than of a vicious Commerce: But if she had been a Boy, *Margery*, you would have made no such Objection. However, you must go To-morrow, and enquire after her, for I have

have a violent Curiosity to be acquainted with her Family, and the Cause of such a pretty Innocent's being deserted by all the World.

They were now got Home, and found the Doctor and Parson *Goodheart* in the Parlour, to whom the Lady *Bountiful* related in the most passionate Terms the Accident of their meeting the pretty Parish Girl, and the great Inclination she had to take the pretty Innocent from the mean Condition in which she was, and provide for her suitable to her Birth and Merit.—Alas! Madam, reply'd the Parson, your Ladyship's Heart is too open for this Part of the World; there are so many Objects in this Place to work upon your compassionate Nature, that if your Fortune was ten Times larger than it is, it would be but a Mite amongst them all. And it's so very difficult to find any sufficient Grounds to prefer any one of them to another, that it's my Opinion it is better for your Ladyship to leave the Poor here to the Provision that are made for them by the Law, and the Bounty of the Neighbourhood, and confine your pious Charity to such of your own Neighbours, that the Opportunity you have of being thoroughly acquainted with

their Merit and Necessities may heighten the Virtue of the Action, by your being morally certain, that it is bestowed on Objects truly deserving it, and who, without your particular Bounty, would be absolutely wretched. As to the Girl you have just now seen, added the Parson, she is already provided for by the Parish, who will take Care to bring her up to some Kind of Business that may render her useful to Society; and therefore you have no Call from a Motive of Charity to meddle with her; for I apprehend her Birth, whatever it is, gives her no Title to any Pre-eminence over a thousand others; and Beauty of Person may please the Eye, but is too trivial a Consideration to become the Motive of Charity. It's superior Worth, uncommon natural Talents, and intrinsic Excellence, that should alone constitute a Distinction, and warm the Heart to Sympathy and Compassion, and induce one to raise her from that State which Providence seems to have allotted her. Were she entirely destitute, without any Support, no Parish to provide for her, and in imminent Danger of starving, or being brought up to Vice and Immorality, I should think, without Regard either to Birth or Beauty, that she would be a fit Object of your Ladyship's

Ship's Bounty ; but as she is under the Protection of an opulent Parish, and under the Care of the Church and Churchwardens, I must think it is best letting her remain where she is. The Lady *Bountiful* heard this long Lecture with great Uneasiness, and visible Marks of Chagrine, but she had so great a Value for the Parson, whom she had accustomed to all the Freedom of Speech he could decently desire, that she did not interrupt him, and when he had finished the Speech, the Doctor took up the Cudgels, and told the Parson, That he had a wrong Notion of the *OEconomy* of *London* Parishes, and judged of them by those in the Country he was acquainted with, but that nothing could be more different. In the Country, added he, the Children are carefully nursed, hardly brought up, and inured to hard Labour, early entered into some Employ that may enable them to support themselves, and great Care taken to form their Minds, and cultivate their Morals, in which Case a Parish Provision is far from being a Misfortune to the indigent Child, who is often better provided for in every Respect than its own Parents would have done ; but here, Mr. *Goodheart*, the Case is quite otherwise ; when they come upon the Parish, they are stationed upon some Parish-Nurse for a very

small Allowance, who half starves them, allows them to saunter and idle away their Time, without mending either Manners or Morals. The Half, or perhaps three Fourths of them, die of downright bad Usage, and the Remainder learn so many lazy and vicious Habits, that they lead a few Years in the lowest Scenes of Vice and Wickedness, and then die either of Diseases and Rottenness, or by the Hand of public Justice. As this is manifestly the Case, a young Creature in the Hands of a *London* Parish is truly as much, nay more, an Object of Charity, than one starving for Want on a Dunghill.——

Good God ! Doctor, reply'd the Lady *Bountiful*, is it possible that public Charity in this Metropolis can be so miserably misapplied ? Good Lord ! are the Overseers of the Poor and Churchwardens such hardened Wretches, that they can see so many Innocents committed to their Care become miserable, when there are such ample Allowances to make them, at least easy, if not happy, in a low Station ? Why don't the Clergy, the Gentlemen of the Parish, the several Vestries in the City, look narrowly into so horrid a Mismanagement ? Sure they cannot be all ignorant of it, or so void of Charity and Compassion, as not to be shock'd at

at the bare Mention of so gross an Enormity? But what becomes of all the Money collected from the Poor's Rates? I have heard it amounts to a great Deal of Money, and concluded from thence that the Poor were well taken Care of. It's true, Madam, reply'd the Doctor, the Poor's Rate in most Parishes in the City is very high; the Managers take a religious Care to collect it without Regard to Time or Circumstances: I assure you they give no Room to complain of them for Neglects of that Kind. But when they have got it into their Hands, the Poor, the indigent Poor have by much the smallest Share of it. It is spent in Riot, Excess and Extravagance, in Guzzling, Feasting and Tavern-Reckonings, while the Poor, to whom it belongs, are wretched beyond Description.—But my Lady *Bountiful's* Supper is just now served up, and has put an End to the Conversation at this Time; and as I cannot take the Liberty to desire the Reader to sit down with her Ladyship who is not provided for so much Company, I must leave her a little to herself, and put an End to the Chapter.

C H A P. IV.

Mrs. Margery purchases a fine Boy at the Parish Nurse's; and gives her Lady a Detail of the Transactions of that worthy Profession.

MRS. Margery, who was present at the last Conversation between the physical and spiritual Doctors, and was now more inclinable to compassionate the pretty Parish Girl, went out early next Morning in pursuance of Orders received from her Lady the Night before, to endeavour to learn something of her Situation. She returned about eleven o'Clock, and ran up Stairs to her Ladyship's Dressing-Room as fast as she could hobble, with a lusty chopping Boy, about a Month old, in her Arms. La, Madam, as soon as she could draw Breath, see what a fine Boy I have got since I went out? Oh the dear little Rogue! what a fine Pair of black Eyes he has got? such a fine Nose and a large Forehead!—and look you here, turning up his Rags, what sturdy Limbs it has, and all in Proportion. Oh! sure it would do a Woman's Heart good to be the Mother of him—and yet the vile Wretch parted with

with him—but I never shall;—I'll take Care of him as long as I live, and leave him something when I'm dead, he'll be the better for all his Life Time. Then she smuggled it as if she would have stifled the little Infant. It's a fine Child, indeed, reply'd Lady *Bountiful*; but how came you by him, *Margery*? I thought you knew no Body in this Place, especially with whom you could be so intimate as to take a Child off their Hands. No more I do, Madam; I know nothing of the Parents of this pretty Babe, nor ever heard of them till this Morning; but I met with him by Accident: And sure it was the Providence of God that put me in the Way, or this little dear Innocent had been lost, ruin'd, starv'd, or murder'd by that base Woman the Parish Nurse. Oh! Madam, had you been where I was, and seen and heard all I have, you would have sunk at the dismal Thought, and carried Home with you all the vile Wretch had under her Charge; but I could get but this one out of her Clutches. The Lady *Bountiful*, whom the Doctors Narration had filled with a very melancholy Notion of the Situation of Parish Children, was moved with the Manner in which *Margery* expressed herself, and the Presence of the little Infant, whom she represented as

rescued from imminent Danger, desired Mrs. *Margery* to inform her particularly of what she had heard and seen, with which she seemed so deeply affected; and the good Woman proceeded in this Manner.

Your Ladyship knows you ordered me last Night to enquire after the pretty little Girl we met in the Fields; I got up between Six and Seven;—for, indeed, ever since the Doctor informed your Ladyship of the Miseries to which these poor Innocents are exposed, I could scarce lay my Eyes together for thinking of their unhappy Fate; and when I but slumbered, I was frighten'd with ugly Dreams of seeing their poor Limbs butchered by their Nurses. Sure! nobody must tell me that there is nothing in Dreams, for I am sure I almost saw visibly last Night in my Sleep all I saw waking this Morning:——But as I was saying, I got up early, and *John ap Thomas* the Postilion went along with me, and pretended to know the Ways in this great Place; but the lubberly Booby knew as little of it as I did, and the People did so flout at his *Welsh* Dialect, that I was quite shamed out of my Life; and I warrant we went through a thousand bye Alleys, Streets, Lanes, and dirty Corners, and was
never

never a Foot the nearer our Journey's End than when we first set out. Well! please God, I shall never trust myself again with that Booby. At last, Madam, I was quite tired off my poor Legs, and was obliged to go into a Public House to rest myself, where they said on the Sign they sold *Welsh* Ale—but hang such Stuff, it's no more like your Ladyship's Ale than Chalk's like Cheese: However I drank a little of it for the sake of the Name, and the Landlady (who was a good clean-looking Woman, and born in the Isle of *Anglesey*) behaved very civilly:—Indeed these *London* Folks are some of them very well bred;—but, good lack! I have almost forgot where-about I was in my Story—well! my Memory begins to fail me strangely. —Why, replied the Lady, you have not begun your Story yet, *Margery*; you have got no further than the *Welsh* Alehouse, where you put in to rest yourself.—Oh la! that's true. As I was telling your Ladyship, I was quite tired, and had lost my Way, I asked the Landlady if she knew such a Woman, a Parish Nurse, that lived in what do ye call it Street? She told me that she did not; but if I knew the Name of the Street, such a Woman is easily found out; for they are all, says she, better known than trusted.—I hope, Madam, you

are not going to put any Child into any one of their keeping? For my Part, I would rather knock my Child on the Head than trust it to such Harpies.—Why? says I, (for I was willing to hear if she and the Doctor were in the same Story) and so she went on:—Why, says she, they are all Devils; they get Money by murdering the innocent Babies trusted to their Care, and have no more Remorse when they have starved a fine Child to Death, or overlaid it, than if they had done a good Thing. There is Sally, my Maid, who I believe knows most of them in Town, can tell you such Stories of them, as would make your Hair stand an End.—Do call her, says I, may be she may direct me to the Woman I want.—She called her Maid, who, by the by, was no more a Maid than my Mother, for she was as old very near as I am, and looked as if she had been the Mother of several Children; but that was her Happiness, though it never was my Lot. Well, Madam, this Sally knew the Nurse I wanted the Moment I mentioned her Name.—Know her, says she, yes, hang her for an old Bel-dame, (pardon me for repeating her naughty Words) I know her well enough; I lived seven Years in the House opposite to her, and I know all her Tricks and Turns as well
as

as she does herself. She is a Parish Nurse, and that's bad enough; but she is amongst the worst of them, for some of them have but one Trick or two, but she has all the Tricks of the Trade, and a good Trade she makes of it. She has a good furnished House, has a Silk Gown, and every thing nice about her, and eats and drinks as well as the Churchwardens, and I think nobody can live better than they do. And how does she support all this do ye think? I'm sure you cannot think she does it honestly. Well, I'll tell you: Why, first and foremost, she has never less than a Dozen or fourteen Children in her Care, dead or living; for every one of these she has two Shillings and Sixpence a Week from the Parish; that's pretty well if they were even all alive, but they are perhaps half of them dead for a Twelvemonth before the Parish know any thing of the Matter; and then to mend the Matter, and keep up her Number, she takes in Children from other People, for whom she is paid the same Allowance; when their Parents come the Children are theirs, and when the Parish Officers come they are the Children of the Parish; so that she is always paid double for half the Children she has; and when she cannot get Money any other ways, she lets out the Children to Beg-

gars about the Streets, who pay her Half a Crown a Week for the Use of the Child, which is always advanced before hand, so that she runs no Risque.—Dear me, says I, is it possible that the Creature can be so wicked? I wonder some Judgment does not overtake her, and that she is not detected in her Cheats?—No, reply'd Sally, the Devil's always kind to his own, and she has yet met with no Judgment, except it is one to be rich. But I have not told you Half the Ways she has to get Money: Though she gets so much by the poor Babes, yet she starves them, and scarce allows them as much as can keep Soul and Body together; so that those that are grown up learn to filch and steal; they bring her what they get, and she gives them a good Meal for it, so that those who are the best Thieves are always the best fed; while those that cannot learn to be wicked have nothing but Blows and a hungry Belly, which obliges them, sooner or later, to learn the Trade she would have them; for which many of them have been brought to the Gallows.——But it would tire your Ladyship to hear all this Woman told me; it would fright you out of your Wits to believe that any thing like a Woman should be so wicked and hard-hearted. The Woman was so good as to tell me my
Way

Way to this Nest of Wickedness ; I paid for what they called their *Welsh* Ale, and *John* and I made shift at last to find out the House.

When we came in, the Woman, I thought, looked just like what I had been told of her. She was furly and morose, with a Countenance fit only to fright Children out of their Wits. Yet, though I already hated the Witch, and conceived a worse Opinion of her from her Appearance, I accosted her very civilly, and asked her if she had in her Care a Gentleman's Child called *Charlotte Summers*?— A Gentleman's Child, cry'd the base Woman with a Sneer, all my Children are Gentlemen's Children ; I am sure they are very good Gentlemen that pay me for them. I have one *Charlotte Summers*; but pray what Concern have you with her?— I begg'd Leave to sit down (for the unmannerly Dowdy kept me still standing) and then she brought me into the Nursery, and gave me a Chair. But, good God keep me from such another Sight ! The Room, with Leave of your Ladyship, stunk like an House of Office. There were four Cradles in a most filthy dirty Condition, and two Children in each of them, mostly sick ; so that it looked rather

ther like a Lazar House than any thing else. There was an ugly old Woman (God forgive me for calling any Body ugly) but she was really so. She was bent double, her Eyes red and scalded, her Jaws long, lank and dirty, her Nose and Chin met, for she had lost all her Teeth, and both were of enormous Length, so that with the Rags about her, she would have made a most shocking Scarecrow. This Woman, Madam, was feeding one of the Children with Water Gruel, which she crammed down the Throat of it with less Ceremony than I would cram a Capon, every now and then giving the poor Vision of an Infant a Pinch, or a Punch, when it squall'd through Pain of the brutish Usage. I was so shock'd at the Sight of the Place, and the Behaviour of the old Woman, that I gazed at her for some Minutes before I could answer the Question, your Ladyship remembers the Nurse ask'd me, which was, What Concern I had with *Charlotte Summers*? I then told the Nurse, that a Lady to whom I had the Honour to belong had seen a Child in the Fields of that Name, was much charm'd with her Beauty and Innocence, and had desired me to enquire after her, with a View, as I believed, to take some Notice of her, and make a better Allowance for her Maintenance.

tenance than perhaps the Parish affords. I had no sooner mentioned the Words *better Allowance*, than the Woman's Countenance cleared up, and she seemed mightily pleased and shewed me abundance of Respect, telling me that *Charlotte Summers* was gone out to School, but would be home in a Couple of Hours; but if I thought that too long to stay, she would go fetch her, it being but two or three Streets off. I told her I did not so much want to see the Child, as to know if she could inform me about her Parents? She said she had no particular Knowledge of them, but that she had heard the Churchwarden, who is since dead, say, that she was come of very grandee People, who once made a great Figure, but who or what they were, she knew not; but what she could gather from the Prattle of the Child, who, considering her Condition, was but too sensible she was a Gentlewoman, for I assure you she looks upon us all as her Servants, and in spite of whatever I can do, will never humble her proud Spirit to do as the rest of the Children do.—She was going to proceed, when we were interrupted by an Accident which drew Tears from my Eyes, though she and the other Beldame seem'd no more mov'd with it than the silliest Trifle that could happen. The old Nurse-Tender, when she had

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stifled the Crying of the Child she had been feeding, went to another Cradle, and looking at one of the two Children which lay in it, said, without the smallest Mark of Concern or Surprize,— This little Thing is at last dead; I suppose it has kick'd off in one of its Fits; it's not above three Hours since I gave it some Pap.— It's well gone, replied the other, lay it up in that Box till Afternoon; I fancy the Overseer will be here soon, to take Orders about its Burial.— And then was proceeding to tell me of *Charlotte Summers*, while the old Beldame laid it out like a dead Cat, and in the dirty nasty Condition it was in, threw it naked into an old Deal Box, like any other Piece of Lumber, and went to feed the rest of the Infants in the same rugged brutish Manner I mentioned to you before. Whatever the Mistress of the House said to me, for she was chattering all this while, I did not understand one Word of: my Mind was entirely taken up with the miserable Objects about me, and the brutish Barbarity and Insensibility of the Brutes their Torturers. I smothered my Concern as much as I could, but in spite of me the Tears dropt on my Handkerchief, and I cannot help still being moved with the slight Manner in which they treated the Death of that sweet Lamb,

Lamb, who seemed about a Year old, and whose Death was certainly owing to their Cruelty. [Here the good Woman fobb'd, and could not proceed for some Minutes.] A Rap at the Door prevented the Nurse from taking Notice of my Concern, and I had Time to recover myself before she returned again to the Room. She had not been long gone, when she returned with another Woman along with her, who had this dear Baby in her Arms. I no sooner set Eyes on it, than I conjectured it was condemned to this Slaughter-House, and felt all the Compassion for it its own Mother could feel, and the dear Innocent smiled upon me as it came in, and held out its little Paw to me; I took it from the Woman, and felt a Joy when I took it in my Arms, which I can neither express nor account for. While I was taken up with the dear Infant, the Nurse, and the Woman who brought it, went on in their Discourse without minding me.—I have, Mistress, says the Nurse, a very great Regard to my old Neighbour and Acquaintance Mr. *Barton*, and would do any thing to oblige him or any Friend of his, but I assure you I cannot take the Child from my own Father under three Guineas. The Times are hard, and it takes a great deal to

to maintain and tend upon Children as they ought to be. You see, this is a brave lusty hale Child, and may live many Years, God bless it: And I think the least I can have for taking the whole Charge of it off the Hands of its Parents, is three Guineas: The Parish Officers would take no less than ten; so that it is seven saved to the Father. Ay, but, replied the other, who it seems was no Novice to the kind of Bargain she was driving, you know it may be but a short Time on your Charge; I warrant, before the Month's at an End, some of the Parish Children will die, and then you put this in the Place of one, and so are no more concerned about it: Therefore, I think two Guineas is very fair for any Risque you run. I know I can get the Child taken off my Hand for that Money by several; but as Mr. *Barton* recommended you as a reasonable, conscientious Woman, I give you the first Offer: Here is the Money and the Child, take it or leave it, we shall give no more. Indeed, replied the Nurse, all my Children are very healthy, I don't expect to have a Corpse in my House (winking at me) these many Months. I own, that's all the Chance I have, and that's but a poor one at this Season of the Year; and, you know,
without

without some Prospect of Profit, one way or other, nobody would take the Charge of Children ; for, indeed Neighbour, it's a very troublesome Task, and what is got by it is dearly earned ; and you must, indeed, be better than your Offer.—I listened to their Discourse with great Anxiety, and was in the utmost Agony lest the Bargain should be struck, which I saw the Nurse would not willingly part with ; but before the other could make her any Reply, she was called out of the Room, and the old Nurse followed her. Then I whispered the Woman, for God's Sake to break off any Bargain, to wait for me at the Turn of the Lane, and I would take the Child off her Hands, without any Money at all, and be answerable that it should be better looked after than the Woman of this House had either Power or Inclination to do. A Word was enough to the Wife ; she replied only with a Nod. And when the Nurse return'd, and began to press her for more Money, the other artfully enough told her, that she now thought two Guineas too little, and would return to the Father of the Child, to work him out of another Half Guinea at least, and would return in the Evening. The Nurse complied with the Proposition ; and the Woman, taking the Child from me, squeezed me by the Hand, as much as to say she would wait for me, and went out of

of the House. I then enquired of the Nurse all I could about the pretty Girl, but could gather nothing from her, but what your Ladyship knew before ; and fearing the Woman and the Child should be uneasy, I made haste to leave her, telling her, I should report what she said to my Lady, and would return with what Directions she gave me about her. When I went away, the Woman looked a little gruffish ; for I believe she fancied I was to have made her some Present, but I thought any thing of that kind would be wickedly bestowed on such a Wretch, who would not use the pretty Infant a whit the better for it. It does not seem in that Creature's Nature to do any thing that's humane. I was glad I got out of the House, and soon got up with the dear little Boy, and asked the Woman, to what Brutes he belonged, who were willing to expose him in that barbarous Manner. She told me, I must expect no particular Intelligence of that Sort ; all she could tell me was, that its Parents parted with him with the utmost Reluctance ; and the Mother, in particular, was entirely ignorant of the Manner in which he was to be disposed of ; but there was something in their Circumstances that obliged them to conceal the whole Affair.

I was overjoyed I had redeemed my little Innocent from the Jaws of inevitable Destruction, and asked no more Questions, but took him from the Woman, made her a Present of Half a Guinea, with which she was wonderfully pleased, and took Coach with my precious Charge ; and I dare say, your Ladyship will approve of what I have done. Oh the dear, little, sweet Rogue ! see how he smiles on your Ladyship : I could kiss him for ever.

I am far, replied the good Lady *Bountiful*, from disapproving your Conduct, with regard to the Infant ; I think him a fit Object of Compassion, and could not imagine that such a Scene of Iniquity could be carried on in a Christian Country, under the specious Appearance of publick Charity. Sure the Magistrates must be unacquainted with the wicked Practices of these inhuman Wretches, or it is impossible they could wink at the Practice of so much Impiety ; but, methinks, *Margery*, you ought to have been as anxious to have rescued my pretty little Girl from such impious Hands, as you was about the Boy. My Heart bleeds for the dear Baby ; and I cannot be easy till I have her under my Protection, let her Parents be what they will. But go
and

and take Care of the Child you have brought; let a Nurse be got for him, for I'll trust him in no Hands here out of this House, till I get him down to the Country, where I can be sure he has Justice done him.

Mrs. *Margery* was a little dashed at the gentle Rebuke the Lady had given her about the Girl, and made no Reply; but carried the young Stranger to her own Apartment, and in a few Hours had him provided with a Nurse. That Affair being settled, her Lady ordered her to take a Coach, and by any Means she could devise, to bring home the Girl. Mrs. *Margery* went, and found no great Difficulty in persuading the Parish Nurse to part with her, without consulting the Parish Officers about the Matter, who, she said, would be no way displeased that they were relieved of her Charge, nor give themselves any Trouble to enquire what became of her, so long as she was struck off their List, which should be done the first Time the Overseers called that Way.

But now having handed my pretty Parish Girl into a Coach with good Mrs. *Margery*, and seen them in the Way to the Lady

Lady Bountiful's House, I shall permit the Reader to take a Nap, or entertain himself any other Way most suitable to his Inclinations ; only let him remember that he left off at the End of the 4th Chapter.

C H A P. V.

Miss Summers is brought from the Parish Nurse's, with a Conversation that happened on her first Appearance in Lady Bountiful's Family.

P R E T T Y Miss *Arabella Dimple* is just now stept into Bed—the Evening is very warm, and the blooming Fair has turned herself to and fro, and cannot find herself disposed for Rest ; she has tossed the Bed Cloaths almost down to her Middle, and lies with her delicate Arms and snowy Bosom exposed to full View, while her Maid *Polly*, envious that so much Beauty should appear unshrouded, is just about to take away the Candle ; when the charming Girl calls to her ; *Polly*,—This Night is so intolerably warm, I shall not sleep this Age unless you can find some Means to lull me to Rest.—Pray step down to the Parlour, and bring me up the first Volume of the *Parish Girl* I was reading in the Afternoon.

I think I left it on the Spinnet.—*Polly* goes, and returns with the dull Book, and sets herself down by her Mistress's Bedside. — Pray, Ma'am, where shall I begin, did your Ladyship fold down where you left off? — No, Fool, I did not; the Book is divided into Chapters on Purpose to prevent that ugly Custom of thumbing and spoiling the Leaves; and now I think on't, the Author bid me remember, that I left off at the End of — I think it was the 6th Chapter. Turn to the 7th Chapter, and let me hear how it begins—*Polly* reads, “ Chapter the 7th,—The Death of
“ my Lady *Fanciful's* Squirrel occasioned
“ a wonderful Hurly-Burly in the Family,
“ and had like to have produced very fatal
“ Consequences, if the Wit and Address
“ of Beau *Careless* had not opportunely
“ interposed, to remedy those Disasters the
“ fatal Accident had occasioned.”—Hold, Wench, you read too fast; and I don't understand one Word of what you are saying, about a Beau, and a Squirrel, and Lady *Fanciful*; I never heard of them before; I must not have got so far.—Look back to the End of that Chapter where the Blockhead of an Author bids us take a Nap, and remember where he left off. — O la, Ma'am, I have found it; here it is.
As

As your Ladyship said, he says, " But now
 " I have handed my pretty Parish Girl into
 " a Coach with good Mrs. *Margery*, and
 " seen them in their Way to the Lady
 " *Bountiful's* House, I shall permit my Rea-
 " der to take a Nap, or entertain himself
 " any other way suitable to his Inclinations ;
 " only let him remember, he left off at the
 " End of the 4th Chapter." Is not that
 the Place, Ma'am ?——Yes, *Polly*, go on,
 and read distinctly, and not as if you were
 drauling over your Prayers.—

When Mrs. *Margery* got Home, the La-
 dy *Bountiful* was engaged with a Room full
 of Ladies, but she was so eager to acquaint
 her Ladyship of the Success of her Negoci-
 ation, that she could not stay till they were
 gone, but immediately presented herself,
 and whispered her Lady, that she had
 brought the Girl. The Lady *Bountiful*
 was herself so much overjoy'd, that she im-
 mediately ordered her to be brought up.
 Miss entered the Room with a modest
 Blush, and with so pretty an Air and Ad-
 dress, that all present were sensible that the
 Parish Habit she appeared in, was to her a
 real Masquerade, and in no Measure suitable
 to her Birth. Mrs. *Margery* had told the
 VOL. I. D pretty

pretty Innocent in coming along, that she was no more to return to the Nurse, but was to be taken Care of by the Lady she had seen in the Fields. It is natural to suppose that this News diffused an Air of Joy thro' her little Heart, but few could expect from a Creature so young, that it should produce so sensible a Compliment to Lady *Bountiful* as it did. So soon as the dear Creature had dropt a Curt'sy round the Room, and seeing Lady *Bountiful* coming towards her, she fell on her Knees, the Tears trickling down her little Cheeks, and grasping one of the Lady's Hands she kissed it eagerly, and said, Madam, I'm too young to tell you properly how much I love you for your Goodness in taking Care of me, but indeed, and indeed, I just now feel myself as if I saw my dear Mamma, and would call you so if I thought it would not displease you.—The good Lady, ravished with the grateful Expressions of artless Innocence, could not help bursting into Tears, snatched the sweet Innocent to her Bosom, and kissed the Tears from her lovely Cheeks—Yes, my dear little Angel, you shall call me Mamma, and if I live I shall be such to you.

This

This Scene was too tender not to affect the most insensible of the Company, though none of them knew any more of the Matter than being Witnesses to the artless Acknowledgment of the one, accompanied with all the Advantages of Youth, Beauty and Innocence, and the tender and humane Behaviour of the other. All the Ladies ran to the little Stranger, and almost quarrelled who should have the first Kiss of her ; they kiss'd, gaz'd and praised her Beauty to the Skies for near half an Hour together, till Curiosity got the better of their Admiration, and Lady *Hastings* beg'd Lady *Bountiful* to tell them to whom the little Creature belonged, and what was the Whim of putting her in so odd a Masquerade, as that of the Dress of a Parish Girl ?—The good Lady, before she made any Reply, ordered Mrs. *Margery* to take the Child to her own Apartments, and get her properly dress'd ; and then told the Ladies, that the Habit that little dear Creature appeared in was truly no Whim, but really her own Dress given her by the Parish, in whose Care she was left.—Good Lard ! Lady *Bountiful*, says Lady *Squeamish*, and have we been all this while caressing a little dirty Parish Brat. As I live, I thought it had been a Person

of Quality's Child dressed in that Manner out of a Frolic, and the little pert Air the Brat entered the Room with, confirmed me in the Notion; but it has been learned that, to attract the Notice of People of Distinction. What Arts these Beggars use to cheat us of our Money! But dear Lady *Bountiful* how could you let the odious Thing call you Mamma? I'm sure it can be of no Kindred to you, and I would have nothing to say to such low Trash. — Indeed, Lady *Squeamish*, replied Lady *Bountiful*, to my Knowledge the dear Creature is no Relation of mine, though if it were, I should be far from being ashamed of it, but rather pride myself that I had any Connexion with so much Innocence. The dear Child's Beauty attracted my Eye; the Lineaments of Innocence, Good-nature, and Ingenuity, discoverable in her Face, warmed my Affection, and her low helpless Situation, which gives you Offence, raised my Pity, and determined me to be a Mother to the helpless Orphan, who, by all Circumstances I can learn, must be born of Parents of a House no way inferior to mine, though Fortune has reduced their Offspring to this wretched State.—The Lady *Squeamish* was nettled that her Remonstrance had no other Effect upon the Lady *Bountiful*, and piqu'd that
the

the Company, by their Countenances, seemed to be all of that good Lady's Sentiments, took her Leave abruptly, muttering as she went down Stairs, That it was strange People of her Rank should be entertained with every Beggar's Brat an old Woman took a Fancy to.—Her Back was no sooner turned than a loud Laugh went round the Room, at which Lady *Bountiful* seemed much surprised, as not knowing the Foundation: but Mrs. *Tittle-tattle* let her into the Secret; for, says she, Lady *Bountiful*, did not you observe how my Lady turned up her Nose, and how many Brats and Things she called the pretty Innocent, when she came to know she really was a Parish Girl; but your Ladyship perhaps may not know, though I believe every Body here does, what makes her so much offended at the Sight of a Parish Child: You must know, Madam, though she is of a very good Family herself, she is Daughter to Sir *Abraham Cutwood*, by his first Lady, Lady *Mary Cocker*, Daughter of the Lord *Cocker*, which your Ladyship knows is a very old Family in *Oxfordshire*, of which her Ladyship is most superlatively proud: But here lies the Cream of the Jest; her Husband, Sir *Timothy Squeamish*, cannot boast of so noble an Extraction, and married her to

mend the Breed of his new Family ; for his Father, Sir *Nicholas Squeamish*, was originally the Son of a Cocker in *Thames-street*, was bred in the *Blue-Coat Hospital* (there the Lady's Shoe pinches) was bound Apprentice to a Tanner, and had the good Fortune to raise a very great Estate in the late troublesome Times, was knighted for what he ought to have been hanged, bought a Baronet's Patent for his Son *Tim*, and by the Help of a great Deal of Money, Part of which he had secured on Sir *Abraham Cutwood's* Estate, a Match was made with the Lady just now gone out, who never can see a Parish Procession, but she believes every one is pointing at her, in Remembrance of her Father-in-law's Original.—I'm sorry, reply'd Lady *Bountiful*, that the Child was brought in while she was here ; had I known that Part of her History, I should have been tender to have given any Occasion to herself to reflect on it, or any Pretence to make any Mention of her Name with less Respect than is due to her own Merit and apparent Station in Life. —The Manner in which Lady *Bountiful* uttered the last Words, gave Mrs. *Tittletattle* to understand, that her little Piece of secret History was far from being well receiv'd by the Lady *Bountiful*, to whom she was
but

but a transient Acquaintance, and obliged her to lay some Restraint upon a Talent which she enjoyed in great Perfection, otherwise it is more than probable the Reader might, on this Occasion, have been favoured with many curious Anecdotes of the scandalous Kind; for I have Reason to believe Mrs. *Tittle-tattle* has great Store in her Possession; but as I am obliged by the Laws of this true History not to mention a Word but what was actually uttered by the Parties themselves, I dare not repeat some very interesting Circumstances relating to the *Squeamish*, and other Families, which I have heard that Lady hold forth upon other Occasions, and in different Companies, where my Parish Girl was in no Measure concerned: However, that Class of Readers who are hungry after such Stories, and who perhaps may have contracted a Friendship for Mrs. *Tittle-tattle* on first Sight, need not be disheartened, for she spoke no more on this Subject, yet it's more than probable she may open her Mouth two or three Times before the End of our History, and I advise them to keep their Stomachs till the Course they like comes upon the Table.

A Silence ensued, not quite so long as half an Hour ; that would be impossible amongst a Dozen of Women, it did not last above three Minutes by my Watch, when Mrs. *Lovely* asked the Lady *Bountiful*, what might be the pretty Orphan's Name ; which gave that Lady an Opportunity of acquainting the Company with the Manner of her meeting that Child, and what she knew of her Circumstances, and that her Name was *Charlotte Summers* : — *Charlotte Summers*, replied Mrs. *Lovely* ! by her Name *Charlotte*, she can belong to no mean Person ; my Life for it, she is called so after some of our late Royal Family, and her Parents must have been true Loyalists, and ten to one but they have been among the Number of the unhappy Sufferers, on Account of their Attachment to that unfortunate House ; my dear Lady *Bountiful*, I am overjoyed the dear Infant has fallen into your Hands ; I almost envy you the ravishing Pleasure of relieving any that suffered in so good a Cause ; for I am convinced nothing else could reduce that dear little Angel to the State she is in. Oh the Barbarians, not to be moved with the Cries of the beautiful

ful Innocent, but to rob it of all its Support, and then cast it on the Parish like some vulgar Thing.—I believe you have hit upon the Cause of her Misfortunes, reply'd another; for I remember some Gentleman of the Name of *Summers*, that suffered in *Lancashire* the last fatal Year, and this must be one of their orphan Children; but how could all the rest of its Relations be so hardened, as to suffer it to go upon the Parish? it could not sure be interpreted Treason to succour so much Innocence, and preserve it from such dismal Wretchedness; but I like it all the better, that its Parents were on what they now call the wrong Side. God Almighty, Lady *Bountiful*, will certainly bless you for your Bounty to the helpless Orphan, and who knows but a Time may come, when its Friends may be able to show themselves, and own the little Beauty, and perhaps return the Favour you bestow upon her ten fold, to you or yours.—I can as yet, Ladies, form no Conjectures about the Birth of my little Charge, I believe it is genteel, but I assure you what I do is purely out of Compassion to its Innocence, and without the smallest Prospect of so much as Thanks from any one who may hereafter appear to belong to her.——Pardon me,

D 5

Lady,

Lady Bountiful, replied the Lady who spoke last, I did not mean by what I hinted, it might possibly happen, that such Contingencies were any Part of your Ladyship's Motives to protect this Child. I know your Ladyship's natural Disposition too well to suppose such Things could have any Weight to determine your Charity ; but, Madam, such glorious Deeds as are your daily Exercise, meet often with their Reward here, I would say a Part of their Reward here, and though your Ladyship may not build your Hopes on such Events, yet you must permit your Friends to wish it. I remember a Story, Madam, that happened in the Parish where I was born, almost similar to what we have been talking of, only making Allowance for Difference of Personages, which I shall take the Liberty to relate, if your Ladyship and the Company will give me Leave, as I know it to be literally true, and evinces this Truth, that no one virtuous Action in the Power of Man to perform, meets so often with a temporal Blessing as that of relieving and protecting the innocently Distressed.

All the Company had too great an Esteem for the Lady who spoke, not to signify their Willingness to hear the Story, and *Lady Bountiful*,

Bountiful, though she foresaw it would turn into a Panegyric upon herself, which always gave her great Uneasiness, yet her good Manners got the better of her Delicacy in that Point, and she nodded an Approbation, and the Lady proceeded as follows.

Charity rewarded, or the History of the Charitable Farmer.

THE Scene lies, Ladies, in *Dorsetshire*, and the Lady *Bountiful* I am sure remembers the very House where the principal Person in this Narration lived when the Affair happened. Don't you remember, Madam, (addressing herself to Lady *Bountiful*) the last Time you favoured me with a Visit at my House, that one Day we straggled in our Walks a great Way from the House, through the Park, and were overtaken in a thick Shower of Rain, that we took Shelter in a little neat Farm House, situated in the Midst of a Grove of Trees, which you said looked like a little rural Paradise.—I do remember the House perfectly well, (replied the Lady *Bountiful*) and the Family, Children, and every Thing I saw, carried an Air with it, more of a Gentleman's Retreat, than a Farmer's House.—Well then, Madam, (continued the other)

in that very House lived Farmer *Dobson*, the Father and Grandfather of the Family you saw then at that Place.

Farmer *Dobson* had been for several Years married, without having any Children by his Wife, a very frugal Pains-taking Woman, but a little more upon the penurious than suited with the Disposition of the honest Farmer, who with his good Will, would have made the Day and the Way alike long, not in riotous Living, but in pure Donatives to the Needy, whose Wants he felt more than many of them did themselves. He has often cloathed them with the Cloaths from his Back, and gone home to his own House almost naked, which often bred Words between him and his Spouse, who thought it prudent to save something, no matter who should enjoy it ; however, the Farmer was not to be scolded out of his natural Disposition, and never slipt an Opportunity of doing all the Good in his Power.

One Day a Company of Gipsies called at the House, the only Species of Beggars the Farmer disliked ; but as his Wife and he were both in the Prime of their Years, and had no Children, the good Woman who was
anxious

anxious for an Event of that Kind, treated her Guests with uncommon Generosity, in Hopes to have her Fortune told ; they promised as much as the Angels promised *Sarah*, and met with much greater Belief perhaps, because it was more probable ; which wrought so much upon the Woman's good Humour, that she gave them the Use of her Barn for that Night, and as much Provision as they could use. Though the Farmer disapproved of his Guests, yet he thought it prudent to yield to his Wife's Whim without murmuring, in Hopes of the same Indulgence on a more justifiable Occasion ; but there was one Object amongst them, which attracted the good Man's Sympathy, that was a Child of about two Years old, that seemed in a very sickly Condition, and for which the Woman who carried it, seemed to have very little Tendernefs. He asked what was the Matter with the Child, and was told it was a poor, puny, rickety Creature, that would never do any Good, and was a Burthen to itself and its Mother, and who had Reason to pray that God might take it to himself. ——— That, replied the Farmer, would be a very impious Prayer, to pray for the Death of the poor Infant, we should wait for God's Time patiently ; but if you are, addressing himself to the Mother
of

of the Child, uneasy at the Trouble of the poor Baby, leave it with me, and I shall take Care of it while it lives, and recover it if I can ——— It was no difficult Matter to persuade the Gipsies to do what they intended to have done, without asking the Farmer's Leave ; for their only Intent of calling at a House so much out of the high Road, was only to drop this sickly Infant at the good Man's Door ; but his Request prevented their doing it clandestinely. The Mother scarce permitted the Words to be out of his Mouth, before she tossed the Child into his Arms, saying,——Aye, take her, and God's Blessing and mine go along with you and her, for many a weary Hour have I had with her since she was born.——Come, Farmer, you'll give us a Jug to the Finishing of the Bargain?——That I will, with all my Heart : Here, *Molly*, bring out a Jug of the best Ale to these good People ; see, I have got a Present here ; a fine Girl, *Moll*, only she's a little sickly at present, but you know how to make her well in a Crack.——I make her well, *John Dobson* ! I believe the Man is mad ; I am not yet past Hopes to have Children of my own to nurse, that I must needs go dangle another's Brat ; give the Woman her Child again, it shall never come under my Roof, I assure you.

Marry,

Marry, is this the Thanks I get from the vile Sluts, for entertaining them four and twenty Hours, to faddle me with the keeping of their rickety Brats: No, *John Dobson*; I tell you *John*, I'll have no such Doings in my House, indeed shan't I; give the Child, I say, *John*, to its own Mother, and let them get about their Business, I have been long enough troubled with such Trumpery.—Hark ye *Moll*, says *Dobson*, with a Look which he knew carried irresistible Persuasion in it, get ye in, I say, and bring me out a Jug of the best Ale, and let Mum be the Word. *Moll*, you had best do good, *Moll*; for I have a woundy Itching in the Ends of my Fingers, and you know what Sign that is, don't you, *Moll*?

Moll, who understood both the Theory and Practice of the Doctrine of passive Obedience and Non-resistance, brought out the Ale, and saw the Gipsies quit the Close, leaving their Pledge behind them, which Farmer *Dobson* still held in his Arms. — Now my dear *Moll*, says the good natured Farmer, with a Countenance less severe than he had lately assumed, how can you be so hard hearted as not to take Compassion on this poor Infant? you could not but observe with how little Tendernefs, the Wretch its Mother

Mother treated the helpless Thing, a Bear would be infinitely more tender of its Cubs ; the poor Thing must have pined and died in the utmost Misery, purely for Want of proper Care, or perhaps they might have thrown it behind some Hedge, and left it to perish and become the Prey of the Fowls of the Air, or some other ravenous Creature. Such Things as these, *Moll*, are often done by these hardened Wretches ; and then if it had lived, what must it have been ? a Vagabond, a Thief, a Prostitute, without the Knowledge of any Thing that is good, and in the Practice of every Thing that is vicious ; is it not a Deed of Charity to preserve the harmless Innocent from such dreadful Calamity ? can the Care we bestow on it, or the little Charge it may be to us, be ill bestowed, or miss its Reward here or hereafter ? No, *Moll*, I know it cannot, and I feel such a Pleasure in having it in my Power to do something for this Infant, that I would not be without it for all I am worth in the World. The Child has good Features, see how wishfully the poor Thing looks at you, *Moll*, and may prove a fine Child if it recovers its Health ; do, let me entreat you to be tender of it, *Sukey Barecroft* may look after it, she has little else to do.—Indeed Husband you make me weep, to see
that

that you have so much more Compassion in your Nature, being a Man, than I have that's a Woman ; I am ashamed I should have appeared so backward, at first, to do a Thing which I now see must bring a Blessing upon us : But, *John*, you know we Women cannot see so quickly into Things as you do ; but I shall be as careful of the Child as if it were my own. But, dear Husband, what is its Name?—That I protest, my Dear, I don't know: Tell your own Name, my little Darling ? tell your own Daddy :—*Cany, Cany*, said the Child, for it could lisp but a very little.—*Jenny* is its Name, said the Farmer ; but what more I know not. I will give it a Surname myself, and call it *Dobson*.——No, dear Husband, the Gipsies are scarce got beyond the Grounds, you'll overtake them before they get to the Common ; hie you after them, and enquire the poor Thing's Name : I should be glad to call it by its right Name. The Farmer took his Wife's Advice.—But the Reader must remember *Polly*, Miss *Dimple's* Maid, is reading all this while. She had just come to this Length, when she looks about at her Mistress, and finds her fast asleep.——Ah la ! says she softly to herself, how can my Mistress fall asleep at hearing this sweet Book read ? I am sure

I will not sleep a Wink, at least, till I get to the End of this pure Story of the Charitable Farmer; sure he was a good Man. But I will steal away softly to my own Bed, and there read, for I shall never be tired. But stay, I must not lose my Place, nor yet fold down the Leaves: Oh, I shall remember it, for I am just at the End of a Chapter. The sixth Chapter is next; that I shall not forget, for I will put just six Pins in my Sleeve, and that will make me remember it when my Mistress asks me.—The Reader may do the same if he pleases, for its time to put an End to the Chapter, when pretty Miss *Dimple* sleeps over it.

C H A P. VI.

The Continuation of the History of the Charitable Farmer.

THE Farmer, continued the Lady, made all the Dispatch he could after the Gipsies, but did not overtake them till he came to that Lane which leads to a large Common: You may remember it, Lady *Bountiful*, we came through it as we went to Church. The Gipsies looked very furly at him when he accosted them, suspecting, I suppose, that he had repented his Bargain, and
was

was come to persuade them to take the Child again ; but when he told them his Errand, they seemed better pleased, and told him her Name was *Jenny Jenkins*. The Farmer had wished them a good Journey, and was making over the Stile to return Home, when one of the Men, a lusty, robust Fellow, clapt a Pistol to his Breast, and ordered him to deliver. The Farmer would have expostulated with them, on the Ingratitude and Wickedness of the Proceeding, but was stopped in his Harangue, by a sound Blow on his Head, bestowed on him with a Hedge-Bill, by the Mother of his Charge. The Blow left him no Power to speak or stand ; so they rifled him of about forty Shillings and his Watch, gagged him, and for further Security, tied him Neck and Heels, and tossed him over the Stile, where the poor Man lay miserably bruised till towards Evening, my Father's Huntsman coming that Way, unbound him and helped him home.

When his Wife saw him in that Condition, and heard by what Means he had come by his Misfortune, she had the poor Baby in her Lap, which she threw from her with some Vehemence.—Curse upon you, says she, it's your unlucky Face has brought
this

this Misfortune upon us, nothing can prosper that harbours any thing belonging to so wicked a Crew ; please God you shall go To-morrow to the Parish, for I'll never foster the Brat of one that has robbed and half murdered my Husband. This, *John Dobson*, is the Reward you wished yourself, for your Charity to this Spawn of Hell ; but it was your own Doings, my Mind told me at first that nothing could come of it but Mischief. Hold your Tongue, you squalling Devil, or I will beat your Brains out ; for the Child screamed out on being tossed on the Floor. — The good Man, tho' he could scarce crawl, hastily snatched up the Child, and hugged it to his Bosom — It's a Shame, says he, *Moll*, to see you act more brutishly than the Wretches that robbed me. How can you use the helpless Innocent so harshly on their Account ? What has happened is a common Dispensation of Providence, allotted us perhaps to hinder us from being vain of what we think good Works ; but this Accident is so far from making me repent what I have done for the Child, that it convinces me I am right in so doing ; but *Moll*, if I had been nice enough not to have humoured your Curiosity after a Name, I might have saved my Watch, Money, and a severe Knock on the Pate ;
but

but they call her *Jenny Jenkins*, *Moll*, and that is all I have got by my Journey, unless it is a little Exercise of my Patience, which I desire may not be tried too much by your Chatter.—*Moll*, who now recollected that it was her Advice that sent her Husband on that foolish, and as it turned out, an unlucky Errand, drew in her Horns, took the Child from her Husband, dandled it into Good-humour, and got a Plaister for her Husband's Head, which she dressed, and all was quiet again, as if no Misfortune had happened.

In less than a Month, by the Care taken of the young Gipsy, she recovered her Health, and could walk about the Room without Help, though before she could not set a Foot to the Ground, and grew in a short Time a fine, sprightly, prattling Girl, and afforded a great deal of Satisfaction to the honest Farmer, who was never so well pleased, as when entertained by the little innocent Prattle of his adopted Daughter. The Wife herself was thoroughly reconciled to it, and used it with unforced Tenderness, which gave the Farmer still greater Pleasure. However, within less than a Year after this Accident, *Moll*, the Farmer's Wife, was delivered of a fine Boy, which the honest Couple received and looked upon

upon as a Blessing sent them for their Benevolence to the young Gipsy, and this honest Conjecture increased their Affection for that poor Orphan, whom they now cherished with as much Fondness as they did their own Boy. They had several other Children, but they all died in a Year or two after they were born; but the Boy and adopted Girl throve apace, and the honest Farmer increased every Year in his Substance; his Crops were remarkably better than most of his Neighbours, and his Cattle never subject to any Murrain, or other Misfortunes; so that in a few Years he was reckoned one of the wealthiest Farmers in the County, and esteemed for his Hospitality and Charity by all the Parish. Both he and his Wife looked upon *Jenny Jenkins* with the Fondness of natural Parents, took great Care of her Education, and she made them suitable Returns, improved beyond their Expectation, in every female Accomplishment suitable to the Pains bestowed on her, and behaved with all the Duty and Affection to her kind Benefactors, which Virtue, Good-nature and Gratitude could prompt. They were so pleased with the Child and her Behaviour, that they thought of nothing but uniting her and their only Son in Marriage, so soon as their Years would

would permit of such an Union, and so close and tender an Amity grew up between the two young Ones, that the old People had every Prospect before them, of leaving them the happiest Couple in the Parish. The Boy, it is true, when he turned of Fourteen, was a little wild, but that was owing to a sprightly Disposition, rather than to any fixed Habit, and he never was guilty of any Thing but what Youth might be a very proper Excuse for.

Jack, for that was his Name, had a Relation by his Mother, who lived at *Gosport*, who was very fond of him, and invited him often to pass a Month or two with him. As that is a Sea-Port, by being frequently there, *Jack* took an immoderate Liking to the Sea, and urged his Father to permit him to make a Voyage ; but the old Man could not be prevailed on to trust his only Son on that treacherous Element ; but *Jack* was so bent upon it, that when he was just upon the Eve of his fifteenth Year, he pretended to make a Visit to his Kinsman at *Gosport*, and without going near him, or consulting any Body, shipped himself on board the *Primrose* Galley, a Vessel belonging to *Bristol*, bound on a trading Voyage to the *Mediterranean*, commanded by one *Renton*.

Renton. When *Jack* got safe on board, and the Ship ready to sail, he wrote a Letter to his Father, excusing himself for following the violent Bent of his Inclination, contrary to his Commands, and comforting the old People with the Hopes of his making a prosperous Voyage, satisfying his Curiosity of seeing the World, and being able to return and settle in a short Time for Life with his dear *Jenny*, who he hoped would be a Comfort to them in his Absence. The honest Farmer and his Wife were Thunder-struck, when they received this unwelcome Letter, and poor *Jenny* was inconsolable. However, as the Misfortune was irretrievable, they gathered some small Hopes from *Jack's* Letter, and endeavoured to comfort one another in full Assurance that Providence would protect him, and return him safe and free from the roaming Itch which now possessed him; in the Space of a Year they had two or three Letters from him, full of dutiful and tender Expressions, of Love and Duty to all of them, which enabled them to bear his Absence with some Degree of Patience; but a second Twelvemonth passed without either they or the Owners hearing one Word from the Vessel, and at last all Parties remained satisfied that she was cast away, in a violent Hurricane upon the
Coast

Coast of *Barbary*: The Grief of the Farmer, his Wife, and adopted Daughter, was inexpressible, Time seemed rather to add to their Sorrows, than mitigate them. The old People had no Comfort, but in the affectionate and tender Care of the pretty young Gipsy; but even that received an Allay, as often as they reflected how happy their lost Son would have been, matched to so much Goodness. They continued for near the third Year, in this desponding Condition, when one Morning the pretty Gipsy came into the old People's Chamber, with an Air of Chearfulness and Content in her Countenance, which she had not wore ever since her dear *Jack* left them, and told the old Farmer to be of good Heart, for she was sure *Jack* was alive, and would certainly return to the Comfort of them all.— Oh, how dost know it? my dear Girl, tell me that my Boy lives, and make me happy. I see the News in thy Face, thou can'st not hide the Joy. Oh, why so slow, in telling me what must renew my old Age, and make me for ever young?— Indeed, Sir, what I know is only from a Dream I had last Night, or rather a Vision, for I almost could swear I was broad awake; but whatever it was, it has made such deep Impression on my Mind, and given such Ease

to my heavy Heart, that I cannot miss thinking it some heavenly Notice, of some great approaching Good to this Family.—

Tell it, *Jenny*, says the Farmer's Wife, for I have been dreaming these many Nights past of my dear Boy, and I always thought him alive, and that he had sent Letters to tell his Father he would shortly be at home, and who knows but God in his infinite Goodness may have saved him from the Shipwreck, and may yet make these old Arms happy in folding him to my Bosom.—Here the old Woman wept bitterly, and the Farmer desired *Jenny* to proceed with her Dream, for if we reap no more Comfort from it, it may flatter our Misery, and enable us to bear our Misfortunes with greater Patience.—

Why then, Sir, says *Jenny*, I waked after my first Sleep, I think it might be about Midnight, and, as I thought, lay awake for some Time, and saw *Jack* come into the Room, not dressed like a Farmer, nor a Sailor, but like a young Gentleman with a Sword and laced Waistcoat, his Hair flowing in pretty Curls about his Shoulders, and looked much more beautiful than ever I saw him in my born Days; his Eyes did so glance, and he looked so tenderly at me, that I almost cried for Joy; I thought after him came in an elderly, grave looking Gentleman,

tleman, to whom he said, look you here, Sir, is all the Return I can make you for your Kindness to me ; this is your Daughter, you know her by the Mark of a Strawberry on her left Breast, which you have often told me of.—I thought the old Gentleman run eagerly to my Bosom, and seeing the Mark, grasped me to his Arms, crying,—*Jack*, you have made me happy beyond my utmost Hopes and Wishes, but you and your Parents shall share the Bliss ; let us haste to tell them the happy News — With that the old Gentleman started from me, *Jack* and he went out of the Room, saying,—Be patient for a little, we shall soon return when all shall be well.——I thought, my dear Sir, that I should have died with the Joy, and was so transported, that I could not utter a Word while they staid in the Room ; but I waked with the Thoughts strong in my Head, and found my Heart so light, that I am thoroughly convinced we shall soon see him.—I am of your Opinion, *Jenny*, replied the old Woman, there is something very remarkable in that Dream, which certainly portends Good to us all ; it has quite revived my Hopes ; I will no more grieve for the Death of my Son, but hope and pray for his Return.—It

is easy for People to persuade themselves into a thorough Belief of what they wish.

These honest People, who, like all Country People, had great Faith in Dreams, laid full Stress upon this; in which they were confirmed by the judicious Interpretation of all the good Women in the Neighbourhood, who all assured them it boded great good Luck to them all. The old Man began to be comforted, and in a little Time the Gaiety and Good-humour of the Family returned, looking upon their Son as gone upon a Journey, from whence they believed, with a great Degree of Certainty, he would return soon, and happy. *Jenny*, whose Looks had faded on the supposed Death of her dear *Jack*, now recovered their Bloom, and she had many Suitors of the most substantial young Farmers in the Country; but she was so prepossessed with the Notion of *Jack's* Return, that she would listen to none of their Proposals. Somewhat more than two Years passed without any Explanation happening in Favour of the Dream; so that the old People began again to droop, and despair of their Son; and they had settled their Affections so entirely upon this Girl, that they began to be anxious about her Settlement in the World, as she
was

was now turned of two and twenty, and proposed a Match between her and a Kinsman of theirs, who, failing their Son, had the Right of Blood to their Effects. Miss *Fenny* was under great Concern, when she found her Benefactors in this Disposition, since nothing could persuade her that *Jack* was dead, or put her out of Hopes of seeing him ; but as she was now single in this Opinion, and had nothing to support her in it but mere Strength of Fancy, she found herself greatly at a Loss how to behave, as to the proposed Match, which the old People, as well as their Kinsman, urged with great Earnestness. She had no Exception to the young Man's Person or Behaviour, nor had any Aversion to him ; yet she could never work herself up to an Affection for him, in Prejudice of *Jack* ; nor durst she dispute the Commands of her Benefactors, to whom she paid the same Regard as if they had the Right of a Parent over her Person and Inclinations. She urged the Possibility of their Son's being alive, as long as it could find any Credit ; and now she observed the Mention of his Name only added to the old People's Sorrow, she was obliged, out of Tenderness to their Peace, to forbear making Use of that Plea for the future ; and resolved, out of a pure Sense of the Obligations

gations she owed them, to endeavour to bring her Mind to sacrifice her own Happiness to their Peace and Satisfaction ; for though she foresaw it was impossible for her to get the better of her Prepossession of *Jack's* still being alive, and, that whether dead or living, she could never relish Life with any other Man ; yet, as she knew all she was, and all she could expect, flowed from the generous Farmer, whose sole Satisfaction was now centered in seeing her prudently settled in the World, she determined to make one grand Effort upon her Temper, and submit to be miserable, to make them happy. However, she resolved to spin out the Time of this Sacrifice as long as possible, and prevailed on the good-natured Couple, to permit her to live single for a Twelvemonth longer ; after which Time she promised an absolute and unlimited Submission to their Inclinations. The Lover was the most unwilling to come into this Delay ; but as the old People, who partly knew the Sacrifice she made them, would not refuse to gratify her in this Point, he was obliged, though with Reluctance, to submit.

This Year drew towards a Close, and poor *Jenny's* Despair and Anguish increased, in
Pro-

Proportion to the Approach of the fixed Term, in which *Roger* had a Right to claim her Promise. No poor Creature dreaded the Day of Execution more than she did the End of the Year; she wished Nature might change its Course, and that every Day to come might be reckoned by a *Greenland* Calendar. She wished, nay hoped for Impossibilities, to avoid the fatal Knot, and never once could entertain the least Thought that her dear *Jack* was dead. She fancied she saw him every Hour, chiding her for her rash Submission to his Parents Will; but she loved them too tenderly, to have the least Thought of evading her Promise at the limited Time; which was now within a Fortnight of being at Hand, and all the Preparations for the ensuing Wedding in great Forwardness.—When, one Night, pretty late, after the Family were in Bed, they were alarmed with a Noise of Horses coming galloping into the Farm Yard. The Dogs made a hideous Yelping, and soon waked the whole House. And as *Jenny's* Window looked into the Yard, she got up, slipped nimbly on a loose Gown, and stepped to the Window, and by the Light of the Moon, which shone very bright, she could see a young Gentleman on Horseback, dressed in the direct Manner she had seen *Jack*

in her Dream ; and she presently knew him to be no other than *Jack* himself. He soon spied her, and was as quick at Discerning as she, for he knew her, and cried out,——My dear *Jenny*! it's I, for God's Sake open the Door, and let us in.——His well-known Voice dispelled all her Doubts ; but the Excess of Joy flowed too fast upon her Spirits ; she screamed out to his Parents, who lay in the next Room,——Oh, my God! open the Door, it's your Son *Jack*——and sunk speechless on the Floor. The Maid, who lay in the same Room, seeing her fall, squalled out,——Alas ! my young Mistress is dead ; help ! some Water, for God's Sake.——The old People, who heard both Sounds almost in an Instant, were distracted between Joy and Fear ; but the Mixture of both prevented the fatal Effects the sudden Surprise of either might have had upon their feeble old Age. *Roger*, the intended Bridegroom, who lay in the Parlour, was the first at the Door, and opened it, to let *Jack* and his Company in. *Jack* did not know him, passed him, and desired his Friend to follow him up to his Father's Chamber ; but found the old People in Miss *Jenny's*, busied in bringing her to Life. The Moment he entered, he ran to her without Ceremony, saying,——Surely filial Piety will
forgive

forgive me for offering first my Assistance here, where it seems so much wanting.— Speak, my Angel, it's *Jack* that calls; look up and blefs me with your Eyes, for whose dear Sake I have supported with Patience many Miseries: Yes, she breathes, my *Jenny* breathes, I shall yet be happy; Providence has not so wonderfully preserved me only to make me compleatly miserable, when in Sight of my wish'd-for Port of Happiness.— He press'd her to his Bosom, and bathed her with his Tears. At last she came to herself, and gave a new Turn to the general Joy.— *Jack* turned to his Father and Mother, and asked their Blessing, and Forgiveness for leaving them so undutifully, which they readily granted, and embraced him with Tears of Joy.— I left you, says he, to satisfy my vain Curiosity, for which I have been sufficiently punished, and had perished in the utmost Misery, were it not for the charitable Bounty of this worthy Gentleman, who has been more than a Father to me; he has redeemed me from Slavery, Wretchedness, and Perdition.— This turned the Eyes of the Company upon the Stranger, which the general Confusion had hindered them from taking any Notice of before. The good Farmer ran to him, kissed his Hand, and bathed it with

Tears of Gratitude, for his honest Heart was too full for Utterance ; and the Woman blessed him as the fond Mother blesses their First born. But the Stranger stood motionless, gazing upon Miss *Jenny* with the utmost Marks of Grief and Sorrow in his Countenance. *Jack* first observed it, and cry'd out,—Good God ! what is this ! my Patron, my Benefactor, what means this Sadness, these Tears, and that poignant Sorrow with which your Bosom bursts ? Tell me, is there any thing here that moves your Grief, or must my Joys be for ever mixed with Bitterness ?—Cease, my Son, said the Stranger, in a feeble Voice, and seating himself on the Bed-side, you are now happy, and I rejoice in it ; but that young Creature, pointing to Miss *Jenny*, revives the Memory of my greatest Sorrow. She has all the Features, the very Look, Voice, and Air of my much-lov'd Wife, and the identical Mark of my long and for ever lost only Daughter : You have heard me often mention, that I had but one, and that she was cruelly snatched from me by a Company of vagrant Gipsies, of whom I never since could hear any Tidings. This Loss put an End to my dear Wife's Days, and poisoned all the Happiness I enjoyed on Earth : I grew melancholy under my Misfortunes,

fortunes, and began to decline in my Health; every Object which I saw, while I staid in my native Country, renewed in my Memory the piercing Idea of my unsurmountable Loss; so that, to preserve Health, the only Blessing I had now on Earth, I took a Resolution to leave the Kingdom: I sold off what real Estate I had in the County of *Devon*, and converted all my Effects into Cash; and, that I might have something to employ my too anxious Mind, I commenced Merchant, a Business I had a pretty just Notion of, by the Experience I had learned under my Uncle, who was a considerable *Levant* Trader, and who had for some Years, when I was a Youth, trusted me with the chief Management of his Compting-House.—I had no settled Home, but staid in such Places where my Business required most of my personal Attendance. I had large Dealings on the *Barbary* Coast, and was pretty much respected by the *Moors*, which was the Reason I so easily obtained your Freedom from the *Algerines*, who have frequently gratified me on such Occasions, on Account of some Favours I was instrumental in procuring to a *Moor* of Distinction, who was detained a Slave in *Malta*, when I happened to be on that Island.—It's now near twenty Years since I left the

Kingdom ; that, and the Hurry of Business in which I have been since engaged, has pretty much worn off the Impression of my Sorrows, and made me think I should be able to bear the Sight of my native Country with some Tranquillity ; especially as I had the Satisfaction of your Company, *Jack*, for whom I have conceived so strong an Affection, from the first Moment I saw you a Slave at *Algiers*. But, alas ! my dear Boy, I am deceived in myself ; I find the Memory of my past Sufferings were but stifled for a while, and not quite rooted out ; for now my Sorrows bleed afresh, I feel all the Pangs of killing Grief, all the tender Emotions of a fond Parent's Heart, on the Sight of that young Creature, who is so like my lost *Jenny*. Oh, my God ! teach me to bear thy Hand with Patience, and to submit to the Dispensations of thy Providence, as becomes a Christian ; help my Weakness to forget my lost Child ; and be not offended at my thus obstinately bewailing her Loss. — Here the Stranger's Tears stifled his Expression ; he was unable to proceed with his pious Prayer, but sat motionless, gazing with eager Eyes on Miss *Jenny* ; and she and all the Company felt themselves strongly moved with the Gentleman's Misfortunes ; and Miss *Jenny*, finding that her Presence was

was the Cause of his present Pangs, got up and left the Room. The Stranger would have hindered her ; but the Farmer, who had recovered himself a little from the Surprise, into which his Son's sudden Appearance had thrown him, begged him to let her go for some Minutes.— Her Sight, Sir, added he, gives you Pain at present ; but if you can calm your Sorrows for some Moments, it is possible, Sir, that it may give you as much Joy ; for my Heart presages, that there is the Hand of Providence in all this Transaction ; and that it is probable, some Means may yet be found out to recover your Daughter.— Oh, speak that joyful Sound again, good Father, cried the Stranger in a Rapture ; speak it, if it is but to deceive me into one Moment's Happiness ; for I must be superlatively so while I but flatter myself of the bare Possibility of my ever seeing my darling Child.— Then sinking again into a melancholy Tone,—But why do I hope for Miracles ; can I expect the Course of Nature should be changed to humour a Parent's fond Caprice ; no, the Barbarians that stole her have destroyed her ; it is impossible she can be alive ; she was of too delicate a Make for their Purposes ; their Usage of my dear Infant certainly killed her in less than a Month. My Daughter,

ter, the dear Image of my chaste Wife; my poor *Jenny Jenkins* is no more!——Ah! *Jenny Jenkins*! cried the Wife, the Farmer, and their Son, almost in a **B**reath, with all the Marks of Amaze and Astonishment in their Countenances.——Tell me, Sir, says the Farmer hastily, is your Name *Jenkins*? if it is, your Daughter lives.—Yes, replied the Stranger, with Joy kindled in his Countenance, my Name is really *Jenkins*, though I have gone, ever since I left this Kingdom, by another, and intended to conceal my Name now, that neither that nor my Person might be known to my Relations, from whom I have received the worst of Usage; but in the sudden Emotions of my Grief, it seems, I mentioned it, which must be my Comfort, if it affords any Light to the Recovery of my Child.—Oh, tell me, Father, quickly, on what you ground your Assertion that my Child lives, for you speak of it with such Assurance, and I see such Marks of Amazement in all your Faces on the mention of my Name, that I begin to believe you are my Guardian Angel, my good Genius, that is to make me compleatly happy.—Sir, replied the Farmer, you have already made me more than blessed in restoring me my Son, which I gather only from broken Hints that have
fallen

fallen from you both ; a Blessing, Sir, the Value of which you are only capable of judging of, by measuring my Joy with what shall be instantly yours ; for I think I may venture to affirm, that the young Woman, who has just now left the Room, is actually your Daughter, for I had her from a Company of Gipsies about twenty Years ago, who told me her Name was *Jenny Jenkins* ; her Name, the Resemblance of her Features to those of your Lady, and the conspicuous Mark of a Strawberry on her Breast, I think is sufficient to convince you, that this is your Child.

The Stranger listened while the Farmer spoke as if he had been all Attention, and when he had done, he would have spoke, but his Joy was too great for his Faculties to bear ; he could only express himself with a Look, that spoke sufficiently the Sentiments of his joyful Heart, and sunk down on the Bed speechless. The Farmer's Wife gave a Shriek when she saw him fall, which brought Miss *Jenny* back to the Room ; but the Farmer leaving his Wife and Son to bring the Gentleman to himself, carried her to the next Room, in order to prepare her for the Discovery, lest too sudden a Surprise might hurt her. He asked her, if she

she remembered the Dream that had so strong an Effect upon her two Years ago?——

Yes, Sir, I remember it, and I think this Night has explained the greatest Part of it; for I assure you, the Cloaths which your Son has on now, are the same I saw him dressed in when in my Dream; it was the Sight of them, and the sudden Remembrance of my Dream, that fluttered my Spirits so much when I first saw him in the Yard.—Yes, *Jenny*, it was the Sight of the Cloaths, no Doubt, Child, and some Thoughts about the Person that wore them, and the Redemption from *Roger's* Courtship, that fluttered you, as you call it. I warrant you, *Jack* puts you once more in a Flutter if he lives many Weeks. But what think you, *Jenny*, of this Stranger, did you ever see him before?——Never, Sir, but in my Dream, and I had so strong an Idea of him from That, I knew him the Moment I lifted my Eyes. Sure he is a comely old Gentleman, and there is something so moving in his Grief, so benign and humane in his Countenance, and so much Tenderneſs in his Wailings for his Daughter and Wife, that I feel myself strongly biaſſed to love and honour him; if it were not for Shame, I could have kissed the Tears from his venerable Cheeks; methinks I feel all that he feels,

feels, and sympathize with him, in a manner I never did with any Body in Distress before. There is something so moving in the Distress of old Age, especially when accompanied with Charity and Benevolence, that I believe every Body who sees that old Gentleman must suffer with him: I know, Sir, you do, for I guess he has been instrumental in saving *Jack*. I long to hear that Part of the Story, though I believe without that Circumstance I should very much pity the old Gentleman; I am sure I do as much as if I were his Child. I wish you were, replied the Farmer, for I fancy he is very rich.——That Motive, returned Miss *Jenny*, with the Tears starting from her Eyes, would never influence me to wish him my Father; I need wish for none but you; you have been more than a thousand Fathers to me. May Heavens preserve you, and render me grateful for all your Kindnesses; but I shall never be so happy as to see a Father, or any Relation, capable of thanking you for your pious Charity towards me. No, Sir, my Parents gave you early Earnest of their ungrateful Disposition, which you have been so kind as never once to object to me.——I needed not, *Jenny*, it would have been unjust, for those Wretches
could

could not be your Parents ; such base abandoned Reprobates could never give Being to such as you. — Alas ! Sir, what mean you ? I never heard you talk at this Rate before ; you have taught me to think of them as my Parents, to pray for their Conversion, and to separate their Sins from their Persons. How is it now that you shock me with such Epithets, which wound me as a Child ? for sure there is still something owing to those who gave us Birth, let their Follies be never so great. — You are right, my dear Child, I know you will not be wanting in your Duty to those who have a just Title to it ; but I assure you, the Gipsies, from whom you have often heard I had you, were not your Parents ; they stole you, which you may have heard is no uncommon Thing for those Vagrants. Remember your Dream, and believe what I say to be absolute Truth, and you cannot be at a Loss to guess at your Father. — Oh, my God ! is it possible that I can be so happy as to find a Father in *Jack's* Benefactor ; it must be so ; my Heart confirms the Claim of Blood. Oh ! lead me to him, and teach me, Sir, how I shall express my Duty to so good a Father.

By

By this Time Mr. *Jenkins* was come to himself by the Help of the Farmer's Wife, her Son and the Servants of the House, and was told to compose himself, for that the Farmer was gone to prepare his Daughter, lest the Surprize might prove dangerous. The fond Father had Patience for some Moments, out of Regard to his Child; but at last he grew impatient, and could not be with-held from going into the Room where she and Farmer *Dobson* were in Conversation, and were just thinking of coming to him. He no sooner entered the Room, than Miss *Jenny* ran to him, fell on her Knees, and embraced those of her Father. He raised her up with great Eagerness, and pressed her to his Bosom, blessed her with parental Warmth, and shed Tears of Joy over his darling Daughter. — Yes, cry'd he, my Child, I hold you in my old Arms, kind sympathising Nature proclaims you my Flesh and Blood, I feel those joyful Throbs my Heart used to beat, when I dandled my infant Daughter, and was ravished with her innocent Looks, before you could lisp out the tender Name of Father; now I hear it from your Lips, how does my Heart rebound with unknown, unfelt ravishing Joy. — Then falling on his Knees,

Knees, with Eyes and Hands uplifted,—
Oh great Creator! thou sovereign Disposer
of all sublunary Things! teach my Heart
to adore thy Mercy, and fill me with a
grateful Sense of this thy supreme Good-
ness, in restoring my long-lost Daughter;
my Joys here are now complete, I can go
down to the Grave in Peace.—The whole
Company joined the good Man in this so-
lemn Invocation of the most High, and of-
fered up the First-fruits of their Happiness,
to that Being who alone can glad the Heart
of Man, with Blessings worthy of a reason-
able Creature.

As for *Jack*, he was like one newly awak'd
out of a Dream; his Return to his native
Country, the Sight of his fond Parents, the
Presence of a much-lov'd Mistress, the Com-
pletion of the Happiness of his great and
good Benefactor, and the Thoughts that his
Mistress was the Daughter, the Darling,
the Idol of the only Man on Earth, to
whom he could wish to be allied, were all
Subjects too interesting, taking each of
them separately, not to affect the young
Man's Heart; but when they were accumu-
lated, and attacked him all at once with
Surprize, it is no Wonder to find him be-
wildered in his Reflection on so many joy-
ful

ful Incidents, and incapable for some Time of relishing his Happiness with any Sort of Tranquility of Mind.

Mr. *Jenkins* saw his Embarrassment, and in order to rouse him from the deep Study, into which he had seemingly fallen, took him by the Hand, saying, Come my Son, I now can call you Son by another Title than that I have hitherto had. Before I came here, I had settled upon you all I had, but I have since recovered a Jewel more precious to me than all the rest, which I likewise make yours, and shall add a Codicil to my Will to that Effect. I suppose, young Man, by what I have seen and know of you, this will not be the most unwelcome Part of my Legacy. Take her, presenting Miss *Jenny* to him, and may you both taste every Day as much Happiness as I do this joyful Hour, which can admit of no Allay, since I now see joined the only two Persons on Earth I love.

Jack received the Blessing with all the Marks of Gratitude it deserved, and told his Benefactor, that to his Bounty and Charity, he owed his Life, his Freedom, and now to his Goodness, owed what he esteemed

ed more than all, that it would be debasing the many Obligations he had to him, to endeavour to express his Sense of them in Words, which were too languid to express the grateful Sentiments of his Heart ; but that he would endeavour by his Actions, and a rigid Discharge of his Duty, to convince him, that he was not insensible, tho' he was too unworthy to merit, and utterly incapable of making suitable Returns to him, for such extraordinary Blessings as he had loaded him with. The old People were not behind in their grateful Acknowledgments to their Son's Patron ; which Mr. *Jenkins* hindered them from repeating, by telling them that they had travelled a great many Miles since Sun-set, and that a little Refreshment would not be disagreeable to them. The Farmer's Wife begged Pardon that she had been so long silent on that Head, but hoped that the Confusion they were in on so many joyful Accounts, which had put that quite out of her Head, would plead her Excuse, and immediately set before them what Cheer her House afforded. They all set down together, and the Farmer recollected that his Son-in-law that was to have been, had gone to bed in his House that Night, wondered that he was not there, to welcome his Son, and called to one of the Servants to enquire
what

what was become of him, but was told he had taken Horse the Moment Master *Jack* had entered.—Aye, says the Farmer, he knows he has now nothing to say to *Jenny*; Miss *Jenny* I must call you now, for as you have got a Father, I have no Right to be so familiar with you as I have been.—Say, not so, Mr. *Dobson*, replied Mr. *Jenkins*, you have been to her more than a Father; she owes to you what she is, and all the Happiness she can enjoy here, and more Duty than to me, who only begot her. You snatched her from Destruction, saved her from Ruin and Infamy, and have formed her Mind to Virtue and Innocence. She can never repay the Goodness you have heaped upon her, nor can I, were my Life to be thrice the Age of Man, find Means to discharge the vast Debt I owe you.—Indeed, Sir, replied the Farmer, you have more than paid it, you have saved my Son, and restored him to gladden my old Age, which has come upon me, sooner than Nature would have brought it, by the Grief I suffered by his Absence: But, continued he, let us drop the kind Debate, Providence has ordered it, that we should be instrumental in each other's Happiness, we are but Instruments in his Hands, and have no Reason to pride our-

ourselves in what we do ; to him alone all our Gratitude is due, for the wonderful Discoveries that have been this Night made. But pray, *Jack*, to turn the Discourse, will you let your Mother have a short Sketch of your Misfortunes and Delivery, for I am sure her Curiosity will not last till the Morning ; old as she is, she will certainly miscarry if you do not gratify her soon, for she has whispered me twenty times to begin the Discourse.—I shall be very willing, replied *Jack*, to satisfy my Mother ; but I believe we had best show Mr. *Jenkins* to Bed ; for however entertaining my Travels may be to her, he knows too much of them to be desirous of being present at the Recital.—The Motion was too reasonable not to be complied with ; the old Gentleman was showed to Bed, and the Farmer, his Wife, Miss *Jenny*, and *Jack*, set down together, in order to hear his Adventures, which he ushered in with a sensible Acknowledgment of his Error, in leaving his Parents in so undutiful a Manner, and added, that all that had happened to him was certainly a just Judgment for his Rashness.—After this Prelude, (which was highly agreeable to the old People, who, by it, were convinced that it is possible even for a Sailor to have some Religion, and filial Piety, a Truth

Truth in which they were in some doubt about before) he proceeded to give a distinct Account of his Travels and Disasters, but, added the Lady, I will not tire your Patience, Lady *Bountiful*, to be so particular as he was.

Just as the Lady had made a short Stop, to offer Lady *Betty* a Pinch of Snuff, and in order to take a little Breath, before she proceeded to *Jack Dobson's* Travels, the whole Company was alarmed with the Screaming of Women in the Parlour; and Mrs. *Margery* came hobbling into the Room all out of Breath—I beg Pardon, Ladies—Oh, Madam, will you please to let me have the Keys of the Closet—there is the—Lady *Fanciful*—below, just a dying—good, my Lady, will your Honour step down and see her—she is certainly at the last Gasp—God help her—that so small an Accident should do so much Mischief. Good lack, I am sure I should not take on so, if twenty such had died.—Dead, replied the Lady *Bountiful* frightened, are any of her Ladyship's Relations dead, that has thrown her into such Agonies; run, *Margery*, and carry down the reviving Drops, they will bring her to herself immediately; I will

go down myself, the mean while ; pray *Margery* make haste.

Mrs. *Tittletattle*, who it seems was very well acquainted with the Lady *Fanciful's* Foible, burst out a laughing, to see the Pucker the supposed Death had thrown the good-natured Lady *Bountiful* into, whom she stopped as she was going in a great hurry down Stairs, to visit her Fellow Lodger ; for this Lady *Fanciful* had the Parlours, and the Lady *Bountiful* occupied all the rest of the House. Don't be in such a hurry, my dear Lady *Bountiful*, the Affair is of no such Consequence as you imagine. The Lady is used to these kind of Fits ; her very Servants laugh at them, and go about bringing her out of them, as deliberately as if they were going to Church ; nor is the Cause so interesting as you fancy. My Life for it, the Death she laments so bitterly, is no more than that of a Cat, a Dog, a Monkey, or at most a Parrot. She would not shed a Tear if all the Race of *Adam* were in their Graves, so her Monkeys and Lap-Dogs are safe ; tho' over these she will mourn for a Month, and fall into Fits at their Departure, as if she had lost the nearest and dearest Friend she had on Earth. My Life for it, it is something like this
that

that has put all the House in this Uproar ; there must be some Stranger in the Room, which makes the Servants put on the greater Air of Concern for their Lady.—Sit down, and by the Time Mrs. *Margery* returns, we shall be satisfied of the Cause, and Depth of her Distemper.

The Lady *Bountiful* was amazed to think there could be such a fantastical Character in human Nature, as that Mrs. *Tittletattle* had given Lady *Fanciful*, and would willingly have discredited it, if some other of the Ladies present, had not joined in assuring her that every Tittle of it was true. She set down, and permitted Mrs. *Margery* to go down by herself with the Drops: the whole Company longed for her Return, to know the Cause of the mighty Bustle. But at last their Curiosity was gratified by the Doctor's passing the Door, in order to go up to his Room. Lady *Bountiful* knew his Foot, and called him in, to ask him if he had been called to their Neighbour, the Lady *Fanciful*. I was, said the Doctor, after he had taken a Chair, called first to the Assistance of her Squirrel ; the Creature had fallen into Convulsions, which alarmed the tender hearted Lady, as much as if it had been her first Born: I was just coming

in as the Lady was delivering a Message in the Hall to her Footman, to go for a Surgeon as far as *New Bond-street* ; whether the Fellow was unwilling to go so far, or really intended me a Compliment, I know not ; but he told his Lady as I passed by him, that her Ladyship had better take the Doctor's Opinion, who had better Skill than a Surgeon.—That's right, *John*, it is much better. Then addressing herself to me, —Pray, dear Doctor, for God's Sake, let me have your Advice for poor *Tommy*, for indeed I shall die if any thing happens to him but Good. He is the sweetest Creature you ever set Eyes on, and the poor dear Rogue is in the utmost Agony. Pray walk in, Doctor.—By the Manner, continued the Doctor, in which she spoke, and the Concern she seemed to be in, I judged that *Tommy* was her Ladyship's Son, or some very near Relation, and was pleased that I happened so opportunely to fall in the Way to give him what Assistance my Skill could afford. I followed her Ladyship into the Parlour, and wondered to see no Bed in the Room, nor the smallest Signs of a sick Patient. I saw only a Gentleman and two or three Ladies in a Group, at one of the Windows, with a smothered Grin in their Countenance, looking at something that lay on a Squab. The Lady run up to them,

them, and cried,—Come this Way, Doctor; alas, my poor *Tommy* is dead, he does not stir: Look at him, pray Doctor; what think you of him?—When I saw my Patient I was heartily vexed, and could scarce form an Answer consistent with common Civility. The Gentleman, I believe, saw my Embarrassment, and plucked me by the Sleeve to come nearer; he turned the Squirrel upon its Back, saying very gravely,—I believe, Doctor, all Remedies are in vain, *Tommy* is actually dead; all Flesh is mortal; we must all, sooner or later, come to this End.—By this I understood I was to humour the Lady as well as the rest, and took the Creature up very tenderly, and told her Ladyship it was actually gone, and I supposed had died of a Surfeit, for it seemed to be very full. The Words were no sooner out of my Mouth, than the Lady grew pale as Ashes, falter'd in her Speech, and cried out in a very lamentable broken Tone,—Oh my dear sweet *Tommy*! you are gone, you will never comfort your poor Mistress, eat Nuts from her Hand, or lap Tea from her Saucer. Oh! I shall never bear it, cruel Death, thus to rob me of the prettiest, dearest, sweetest Companion alive.——Comfort yourself, Madam, says the Gentleman, your Loss, though great, is not irretrievable! it was cer-

tainly a pretty Creature, but such another may be had soon. Oh, no, I shall never see Comfort nor Quiet more; my Delight, my Darling is gone, I shall die for Grief, talk not to me of Comfort, such another is not on Earth, and then fell down in a fainting Fit. The Ladies screamed out, the Servants run in, and all was in the utmost Confusion; we raised her up, chafed her Temples, threw Water by Pails full in her Face, held Feathers, Salts, Drops and Hartshorn under her Nose. She now and then gasped, and oh my poor *Tommy*, and fell again into her Fits. I desired a Surgeon might be sent for to let her Blood. The Gentleman was so good as to say he would go and fetch one: He went, and returned in about ten Minutes without a Surgeon, and whispered me laughing, I have brought, Doctor, a Surgeon that can do his Business without a Lancet, if we can get her but to open her Eyes; Mrs. *Margery* was then come, and gave her a few of your Ladyship's Drops. She revived a little, and the Gentleman, whom I think they call *Careless*, showed her another Squirrel, full as pretty to look at as that lately dead. She sprung up in an Instant, snatched it out of the Gentleman's Hand, oh the dear little Rogue, oh my charming Mr. *Careless*, you
are

are the most obliging Creature alive; where did you get this pretty little Creature? It is so like poor *Tommy*, that, as I live, I thought at first it had been he come to life again. She hugged, smuggled, and caressed it with all the Fondness imaginable, and thought no more of her Fits. I saw her deeply engaged with her new Favourite, and stole out of the Room without any Compliment. You see my Lady *Bountiful*, said Mrs. *Tittle-tattle*, what I told you of your Neighbour, is literally true. I could tell you a thousand such ridiculous Whims she is guilty of, on Account of her Fondness for these Kind of Creatures; but this is sufficient to let you so much into her Ladyship's Character, as to keep you from being alarmed at every Fit you may chance to hear she falls into. But hold, I forgot that my Chapter must have an End sometime, I have made this unconscionably long, but shall make amends for that Fault in the next.

CHAP. VII.

Containing the Adventures of Jack Dobson.

THE Death of my Lady *Fanciful's* Squirrel, occasioned a wonderful hurly burly in the Family; and had like to have produced very fatal Consequences, if the Wit and Address of Beau *Careless* had not opportunely interposed, to remedy those Disasters the fatal Accident occasioned: But the whole Affair being happily ended, as has been related by the Doctor, in the preceeding Chapter, and the Observations made by Lady *Bountiful's* Company, on the fanciful Caprice of that Lady finished, the Conversation was quickly turned upon the Narrative, which Lady ——— had been interrupted in, by the Noise that Accident made; and all the Company joined in their Entreaties to that Lady, to make an End of it, which she obligingly complied with, and delivered herself in this Manner.

I left off Ladies in my History, when *Jack Dobson* was just about to begin his Account of his Travels and Adventures to
his

his Mother, and the rest of that overjoy'd Family. I went out Mother, said he, in the *Primrose Gally*, a stout new Ship, bound on a trading Voyage up the *Straits*. We had a fair Wind up the Channel, and left Sight of Land with a brisk Gale, and a rough Sea, in about three Days after leaving *Gosport*. I was mighty well pleas'd with my Change of Life, and got my Sea-Feet before I was twenty-four Hours on Board, and had not the least Qualm or Sicknefs till we arrived at *Alicant*, in about twenty Days after leaving *England*, when on going on Shore I had a slight Fever, which lasted but a few Days, and I got pure and hearty before the Ship was ready to sail again. We took in a Loading for *Constantinople*, and I had the Pleasure of seeing that proud City, which is indeed the finest I ever saw. The City forms an Amphitheatre round the Harbour, and the fine Gardens, the lofty Minorets, and stately Buildings belonging to the Grand Signior's Seraglio, form one of the most delightful Prospects in the Universe. Here we took in a Loading for *Smyrna*; but in our Return to *Venice*, we were attacked in the Entrance of the *Adriatick* Gulph, by an *Algerine* Rover, mounting thirty-six Guns and ten Swivels, with two hundred Hands on

Board. We were heavy loaded, and but ill provided in every Respect for an Engagement, in which we had not the least Suspicion of being engaged when we set out ; our Nation having but lately concluded a Treaty of Peace, with these piratical States, and being furnished with all the Necessary Passes.

It was about an Hour before Sun-Set, when we espy'd the Rover coming down upon us, full before the Wind. As our Captain and most of our Crew, were well acquainted with the perfidious Dealing of these Barbarians, the whole Ship was in the utmost Pannic on Sight of her, and we crowded all the Sails our Masts could bear to get out of her Way, hoping if we could prevent her coming up with us till Night, we might have a Chance to escape under Favour of the Darkness. But our Ship being foul, and the other clear bottomed, and plied all her Oars as well as Sail, so that she gained upon us every Minute, and much about Sun-Set, fired a Gun at us to bring too, and hung out black Colours. The Captain and some few of the Sailors, were for clearing all fore and aft, and making ready for an Engagement. But a Jew, who freighted a great Part of our Ship,

Ship, was so much afraid of fighting, that he represented to the Captain, that our offering at any Resistance, would but give the *Moors* a handle to make a Prize of us, and that considering the superior Force of the Enemy, for we could now distinguish her Guns and exact Bulk, it was better to trust to our Passes. While we were deliberating what to do, and still keeping all our Sails spread, a four and twenty Pounder whisked by my Ear, as I was standing by the Captain, and wounded our Main-mast. This put an End to our Captain's Doubts, we hoisted an *English* Jack, and lay by for the Barbarian. When they came up within Pistol-Shot of us, they ordered our Captain to come on Board them, and immediately laid him in Irons, without once examining his Papers, and manned all their Boats, and boarded us with about a hundred Men in an Instant. It was to no Purpose to make resistance; they took quiet Possession of the Ship, stripped us all naked as we were born, and crammed us into the Hold, like so many Sheep in a Pen, and set Sail for *Algiers*.

We came to an Anchor at that Port next Day about Noon, and were all carried ashore to a great House, where all the

Slaves in the City are locked up every Night. Our Consul at that time, one Mr. *Black*, an *Irish* Gentleman, understanding it was an *English* Ship, demanded a Sight of the Captain's Papers, which they had taken from him, but he could find no Pass amongst them, for that the Barbarians had taken Care to destroy. The Captain protested that he had one when he was seized; but it was to no Purpose to suppose that the Oath of a Christian would be taken against the Assertion of a Mahometan Pyrate. The Ship was condemn'd, with all her Cargo as a lawful Prize, notwithstanding all the Remonstrances the Consul could make to the Dey and Divan, and all her Crew sold as Slaves, after the Dey had made Choice of as many as he had occasion for.

For two or three Days that we were all kept together in that Kind of Prison, I had no great Notion of the Nature of Slavery, but what I heard from the Relation of some of my Companions, who bewailed their Misfortunes very bitterly; however, their Tears and Cries, and all the melancholly Accounts they gave me of Chains, Whips and all that, had very little Effect upon me, till we were carried to the Slave-Market, to be sold like so many Oxen, exposed naked, and
viewed

viewed in the same Manner as a Jockey does a Horse. This shocked me to see so many of my Fellow-Christians treated like brute Beasts by these vile Barbarians, who had no other Name for us than Christian Dogs. I often thought that now the Punishment of my Undutifulness had come upon me, and that I suffered all this for rashly leaving my tender Parents, to gratify a wild roaming Disposition.—Here Mrs. *Dobson* fetched a deep Groan, with,—Ah, my poor Child, what has he not suffered?

It was my Lot, Mother, to be viewed by several: All of them appeared hideous to me; but it was my Misfortune to be liked by none, but an old ugly hump-back Renegado, the ugliest Creature you ever set Eyes on, with a Countenance so rugged, that every Time he looked at me, I trembled every Limb of me. While he was viewing me all over with great Attention, I wished (God forgive me) that Heaven might strike me with some terrible Disorder, that he might not like me; for of all I saw of them, I dreaded none so much as this Monster. But my unreasonable Prayers were not heard, for I saw the Bargain struck, and I was formally delivered to my new Tormentor.

The

The Creature seeing me all of a Tremble, put on as kind a Look as his ugly Visage could form, and jabbered something to me; but I did not understand him, though I believe it was to bid me to be of good Courage, and that he would be good to me. He beckoned me to follow him; I did so, but with a heavy Heart, and took Leave of the rest of my Companions, with a Look more expressive of Misery than Words could form. They were too full of their own Sorrow to mind me much; some gave a Nod, and I lost Sight of them in a few Minutes, and followed my Tyrant down to the *Mole*, where a Row-Galley, belonging to my Master, lay at Anchor. We got on Board, and I was furnished with a Slave's Habit, and immediately chained to a Bench, and pointed to by a brawny Rascal with a Cat-and-Nine-Tails in his Hand, to shew him how I could handle my Oar. I did it but awkwardly, and had two or three unmerciful Switches across the Shoulders, to help the Remembrance of this first Lesson. — Here Miss Jenny dropped a Tear, looked wishfully on Jack, and sighed. Jack caught the dear Drops with his Lips, swore he would undergo ten Times as much, for such another kind Look, and then went

on.—The Crew, which consisted of thirty six Christian Slaves, besides five or six *Moors*, went to Dinner, I had my Share of the poor Allowance, which went down with me like chopt Hay, for my Shoulders smarted with the Blows, and my Heart was too full of the Misery into which I saw myself plunged, to relish Food or any earthly Enjoyment. I wished for Death in any Shape, and if I had not been chained to my Seat, I had certainly jumped over board. Every Way I cast my Eyes about me, I saw nothing but Wretchedness, without one Glimpse of Redemption, and when I allowed my Thoughts to search for Comfort in my own Reflections, alas! they were full of Woe and Bitterness. The Manner of leaving my Parents occurred to my Remembrance with all the Horrors of Guilt and Agony. The Misery and Sorrow which I knew my Absence would reduce them to, threw me into Despair, and the Image of my *Jenny* becoming the Prey, the Property of some other, heightened all my other Calamities into downright Madness. I pondered over my Wretchedness so long, that my Mind grew stupified with too much Thought, and a senseless Insensibility sometimes seized me, which were the only Intervals I had from the inward Tortures of
my

my Soul. But these happy Moments were generally short, for the hideous Wretch, with his Cat-and-Nine-Tails, watched my Looks, and always roused me from my Lethargy with some Strokes of that unmerciful Instrument of Cruelty.

We put out to Sea that Night, upon a short Cruize along the Coast, and continued at Sea for about eight Days, in which Time I made a kind of Acquaintance with some of my Fellow-Slaves, who could speak a kind of *Lingua Franca*, of which I had learned a little at the Ports I had touched before our unhappy Capture, and gathered from them the History of our hideous Tyrant, which offered me very little Prospect of Happiness, either from his own Disposition, or that of any belonging to him. The Character they gave me of that Brute and his Family was exactly corresponding to the Idea his Appearance had suggested to me of him, and both fell short of what I afterwards felt by Experience.

It was our Happiness, that for the eight Days we remained on this Cruize, that we met with no Christian Vessels, but such as were too strong for our Force, and our
Master

Master judging that the Vessel he waited for in particular, had got past him in the Night, he ordered us to row for his Country House, which lay upon the Coast about twenty Miles from *Algiers*.

It was about Eleven o'Clock in the Morning, when we cast Anchor in the Bay, which lies before a House too charming for the Monster that owned it. When we had moored the Vessel, I was ordered up with some Luggage, which my Master had bought for the Use of the Ladies, and some Part of the Cargo of our own Vessel, which he presented to his favourite Mistress, for whose Sake he had purchased it. It was some Pieces of fine Holland, and some Yards of superfine thin scarlet Cloth. The Women were with him in a Summer House in the Garden, when I brought the Things. But though they were unveiled, and my Companions told me they were extreamly handsome, yet my Mind was so intent upon my Misery, that I never once looked at them ; so that when I left them, after opening the Bales of Goods in the Summer-House, I did not know but they might have been either Angels or Molattos. But, it would seem, that they had been more exact in surveying

veying me, and to my unspeakable Misfortune, had taken a greater Fancy for me than squared with my Peace.—Here Miss *Jenny* looked surprized and concerned, which *Jack* observing——Don't be alarmed, my dear Creature, my Fidelity to you met with no Trial; if the *Moorish* Ladies had a Liking to me that Way, they never once explained themselves; but forgive me, my Angel, if I tell you they assaulted me in a Point still more tender, and infinitely more dangerous; their Design, at least their first, was upon my Soul; how they might have laid claim to this Carcass afterwards, I cannot at present determine.

After leaving my Luggage with the Ladies, I was conducted into the House by an old Negro Slave, who it seems had received Directions concerning me from my Master, which I had not understood, for they spoke in *Moresco*. The Slave told me when I was set down, that I was very happy in falling into his Master's Hands, for that he was a very kind Master to those of my Religion, having formerly professed it himself; and that his favourite Wife had begged of him, to send me no more to Sea, but to permit me to stay at home and look after the Garden, with some other Slaves
that

that had it in Charge. Your Task, added he, will be very easy, and if you but happen to please our Mistrefs, of whom my Master is doatingly fond, you will have no Cause to wish to return to your own Country.—I gave a deaf Ear to all he said, for I did not believe one Tittle of it, especially what concerned the Brute his Master, as his Character contradicted all I had seen of him, or heard from the Slaves in the Galley; however, I was pleased to be released from the Oar, and freed from the Discipline of the Cat-and-Nine-Tails, with which my Shoulders had been very familiar for the few Days I had been on Board, and as I was not altogether ignorant of the Use of the Spade and common Gardening, I hoped at least to live free from Blows, though I could form to myself no Prospect of Ease or Happiness.

That Day and the next was spent in rejoicing for my Master's safe Return, for it seems he had been absent some Months, so that I was not assigned any particular Task till the third Day, when I was put under the Direction of a *Spanish* Renegado Slave, who looked after the Garden, and had the chief Direction of Half a Dozen Slaves who wrought in it. As soon as I
knew

knew the Fellow had formerly professed Christianity, and had renounced it, my Heart recoiled at the Sight of him, and I conceived a strong Antipathy to him, which though I endeavoured to hide, yet he had Penetration enough to discover, and endeavoured by Mildness both in his Words, Looks and Actions to remove it. He seemed to put a greater Confidence in me, than in the rest of the Slaves under him, and made my Labour as easy as possible, so that my first Impression began to wear off, especially when he told me one Day, when he and I were together in private, that though he had in a Fit of Despair permitted himself to be circumcised, yet he was in his Heart as good a Catholic as ever; and only continued his Disguise of *Mahometism*, the better to procure an Opportunity of escaping; for that he could never be easy in his Conscience, till he had wiped off the Scandal he had brought upon his holy Profession, by his Apostacy, and was once more admitted into the Bosom of the Church. To confirm what he said, he shewed me a Crucifix which he durst not wear about him, but kept it in a concealed Place in the Garden, before which he pray'd with great Devotion. Though I had no Faith in Images, yet in that State to which

I was reduced, I could not help kissing with Reverence that Symbol of Devotion, and encouraged the *Spaniard* to preserve his inward Faith, and endeavour at his Escape as soon as possible, in which I promised to assist him. He then opened himself more fully, and told me, that he had been employed by his Master to try to convert me to the *Mahometan* Religion, but instead of complying with these Orders, he advised me with great Warmth to be steady in my Religion, and not submit myself to these dreadful Pangs of Conscience, which he felt on Account of his base Compliance. I thanked the *Spaniard* for his Caution, and resolved within myself to suffer a thousand Deaths rather than violate my Faith.

In order that I might be well used, and the Severities might not be tried, which the *Spaniard* was afraid my Youth could not support me under, with sufficient Constancy, he made the Master believe that he had Hopes of my Conversion by voluntary Means. He drilled him on this Way for upwards of four Months, during which Time I cannot say, if my Mind had been capable of Peace, that I had any Cause to complain of the Hardships of Slavery. But at the End of that Time, the Tyrant, my Master,

Master, would needs converse with me himself on the Subject of Religion, as I had learned as much of their Language, as to be pretty well understood.

The *Spaniard*, who was apprized of the Approach of this Trial, advised me not to appear obstinate, but rather to give some Hopes, in order to gain a few Months more Time, which was necessary to ripen a Project we had laid for our Escape. But I durst not equivocate on so solemn an Occasion, and if I had been so inclined, had not Temper enough to carry on the Deceit, when I heard the horrid Blasphemies which that Barbarian belched out of his unhallow'd perjured Lips, against the most sacred Mysteries of our holy Religion, my Spirit boiled at his horrid Impiety, and I could not help retorting his Execrations against the *Messiah*, on the Impostor *Mahomet*; which set the Barbarian in such a Rage, that I was threatened with being impaled alive. However I escaped for that Time, by the Intercession of the *Spaniard*, with a horrid Course of the Bastinado, which stripped my poor Soles of every Bit of Skin and Flesh they had on them.———Oh curse the cruel Dogs! God's heavy Judgment overtake the Villain, for using my
poor

poor Child so—Ah, how my Heart akes at the bare Recital ; how then could my dear Child suffer all that Barbarity, cried Mrs. *Dobson*, with her Eyes brim full of Tears. Why Mother, continued *Jack*, I did the best I could, and never once repented it, though I was confined with the Blows for three Weeks to my Bed.

When I recovered, I was admitted no more to the Garden, but put upon all the hard Drudgery and Slavery the Slaves could invent, all which I bore patiently, in hopes that the *Spaniard's* Project for our Escape would soon take Effect. The Time appointed for putting it in Execution, at last drew near, and all Things were fixed for our Departure in two Days : But I had other Trials to go thro' ; for on the Morning of the Day, before we were to have made our Escape, the Plot was discovered by one whom the *Spaniard* had entrusted, an *Italian* by Birth, and Slave to a Moor of Distinction, who lived within a Mile of us. The Wretch had fallen in love with a Moorish Girl, on whom he could not prevail to go along with him, and rather than live without her, he turned Mahometan, and discovered the *Spaniard's* Plot. The *Spaniard*, and three more belonging to the
same

same Master, were seized that Morning in their Beds, and confronted with the *Italian*, who had been of their Party. It was in vain to deny, the rest of the Slaves pleaded for Mercy, and offered to turn Mahometans, on which they had their Pardon, and discovered all they knew to be in the Plot. But the *Spaniard* grew desperate, abjured Mahometism in the strongest Terms, cursed their Prophet with the most dreadful Imprecations, and kissed the Cross with holy Zeal, which he had the Night before tied to his Bosom, as believing that to be the last Night he should sleep amongst the Infidels. It was so, but not as he believed ; for he was in my Sight impaled alive, and in the midst of his Torture asked if any else were concerned with him, than those his Accomplices had named.— When the Question was asked, I trembled like an Aspin Leaf, so much, that if the Parties present had not been more intent on the Execution than on any besides, they might have discovered Guilt in my Countenance. I was then in Agonies ; but how dreadfully were they increased, when I heard the *Spaniard* answer *Yes*, and at the same Time cast his Eyes on me with a Side Glance. You might have knocked me down with a Feather, I had much-a-do to keep
keep

keep my Feet ; but I was not long in this Surprize, for the suffering Martyr added,— There are several others concerned, but, thank God, their Names are only known to myself, all the Tortures Hell and your Devil of a Prophet can teach you, shall never prevail on me to reveal their Names ; and I hope in that God, who enables me to laugh at your Malice, they will remain firm in their Faith, and may one Day, by their Liberty, have an Opportunity to revenge my Blood.—This said, he breathed his last, and died with a Smile on his Countenance.

The Execution over, my Tyrant of a Master gave Orders to keep a strict Eye over those Christian Dogs, meaning us Slaves ; and his Orders were strictly obey'd ; for our Miseries were increased by every possible Means the Devil, or the Malice of the Barbarians could invent, insomuch, that to my Shame I confess it, I began to stagger in my Resolutions, and began to believe the horrid Treatment I met with, so much beyond mortal Sufference, would, at least palliate, if not wholly excuse my Apostacy : For Blows, Whips, and the Bastinado were Punishments only for a wrong Look, a false Step, for mere Trifles ; but if any Thing

happened, though by Accident, which the utmost Stretch of their hellish Malice could construe into a Fault, our Flesh was scorched, salted, and sometimes Thorns, Pins and Nails stuck up between our Nails and the Quick, and every Torment exercised upon us, which Hell could invent, or Devils could have the Heart to execute.

I was in this staggering Condition, when Providence put it into the Head of my Tyrant to go to *Algiers*, and carry me with him to drive his Mules. When we arrived in that City, he sent me with a Present of dried Fruit to an Acquaintance of his ; as I was going along the Market-Place, a Mulateer was driving some Mules loaded before him, and one of the Bales hit against the Basket which was upon my Head, and overturned it with all the Fruit into the Street, which was too dirty to permit any of it to be saved. It was an Accident might have happened to any Body, and the Mulateer was so concerned, that he sent one of his Men Home with me to excuse the Misfortune. But my Master no sooner heard that his intended Present was lost, though he had ten Times the Quantity of the same Kind in the House, than he stamped and

and raved like a Madman, and would not hear the Mulateer's Servant one Word in my Vindication, but swore by *Mahomet* and the twenty-four thousand Prophets, that I had made away with them, and that he would have the Value of them out of my Flesh.

The Mule-Driver, seeing the Rage he was in, was afraid he might come in for Share of the Resentment, and made off as fast as he could. I was immediately tied naked to a Post in the Court, and a Couple of old malicious Negroes ordered to strap me without Mercy. They had exercised their Cruelty upon me for near a Quarter of an Hour, and I was ready to faint under the excruciating Anguish; for besides the Blows, every one of which laid me bare to the Bone, the Sun shone hot and encreased my Agony, when it pleased God to send my Patron and Benefactor, Mr. *Jenkins*, who went then by the Name of *Arnold*, to enquire for my Master. He was standing in a Parlour which looked into the Place where I was tormenting, and took malicious Pleasure in scoffing at the Prayers I put up to my Redeemer, in the Agonies of my Tortures. When Mr. *Jenkins* came in to him, he would have shut the

Window, but that Gentleman hearing my Cries, asked what was the Matter, and I saw the Tears trickle down his Cheeks when he looked at me, and heard me sometimes lament myself in *English*. He shut the Window with all the Symptoms of Grief and deep Sorrow in his Countenance, and in a few Minutes after, my Tyrant opened it, and ordered the Slaves to leave off, saying at the same Time, Christian, you are no more my Slave, this *Frank* has paid your Ransom.—I was no sooner released from the Stake to which I was bound, than, having first thanked God for my Deliverance, I run with the Blood streaming down my Back to my Redeemer, fell at his Feet and embraced his Knees; but he would not permit me to remain long in that Posture, he raised me up, with Tears of Compassion in his Eyes, with such Mildness and Benignity in his Countenance, as assured me his Heart was conscious of the greatest Pleasure in what he did.—Forbear, said he, young Man, your Thanks to me, render it to God, to whom alone it is due, and for whose Sake I have taken Compassion on you. As I was no more the Property of the old Renegado, he showed his Complaisance to his Friend, by an officious Care about me: He ordered my Wounds to be anointed with

with precious cooling Oils, and gave me an *English* Dress, which had been the Property of some of the unhappy Prizes. Thus equipped, I followed my new Master, a Term he would not permit me to use. He told me, when we got to his Lodgings, that I was free, and that he would take Care of me till he had provided a Passage for me to *Europe*. We staid in that City for two Months, in which Time that good Man conceived such an Affection for me, that he treated me as his own Son, and would not hear of my going to *Europe* without him; and when my Anxiety to return to my native Country, and to see my Parents made me appear uneasy, he condescended to settle his Affairs with all his foreign Correspondents, and to return with me, with what Design he has himself told you.

Thus, continued the Lady, *Jack* ended his Narration to his Father, Mother, and Mistress. They all congratulated his Escape, and their mutual Happiness in their Meeting after so many Accidents, in which there seemed so much of the divine Hand of Providence. They went to Bed that Night, and next Morning, so impatient were the old People to confirm the Happiness of their

late lost Children, *Jack* was married to his beloved *Jenny*. The old Gentleman, Mr. *Jenkins*, purchased a small Estate in the Parish, but lived always with the Farmer and his Son. The old Farmer was dead, Lady *Bountiful*, when you was at that Farm, and it was Miss *Jenny* and her pretty little Children you was so much taken with at that Time. I wonder I did not tell you their Story then, for I own to you, there seems to me something so very remarkable in it, that I rarely miss an Opportunity of sounding the Praises of the Charitable Farmer; but I am afraid the Length of my Tale has tired you.

I pass over the Compliments, Lady *Bountiful* and her Company paid the Lady on the Occasion; good Manners would have taught them to have said very handsome Things, if they had not liked it, therefore you may easily conclude she came off with Applause; but whether that is to be my Lot in repeating it after her, is a Question amongst the Divines. We Authors are not always treated with the same Complaisance: Every Reader damns the Block-head without Ceremony, and thinks himself obliged to use no Decorum in expressing

sing his Dislike. But I am determined not to be dashed, say what you will; nay, it is ten to one but I appeal from your Judgment, since I am sure the Story pleased me when I heard it, and therefore I ordain and decree, that all to whom these Presents may come, shall be highly delighted, moved, and pleased with my Charitable Farmer, his Wife, Son, and all his Family, under the Pain of our highest Displeasure, in Witness whereof we put an End to the Chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

Containing just as much to the Purpose as the Author has thought fit, and perhaps more than some Readers will allow to be to any Purpose at all.

WHETHER the Lady Bountiful had any farther Business in Town, or not, I am not obliged to acquaint my Readers; it is sufficient that I have Business with her Ladyship at her Seat in *Carmarthenshire*. There she and all her Family, with the pretty Parish Girl, are arrived, after spending about two Months in Town, and there the Reader must follow her, if he

has the least Curiosity to be further acquainted with her.

The longer the Lady *Bountiful*, and those of her Family, were acquainted with *Charlotte*, the more her mild, affable, and courteous Behaviour engaged their Affections. She was the Doctor's Darling, and the Parson sometimes forgot his Sermon, in amusing himself with her innocent Prattle ; but that was a very small Loss to his Congregation, for on such Occasions, when he had not Leisure to fabricate a Sermon of his own, he was not ashamed to entertain them with one of *Tillotson's*, with some few Notes and Explanations, adapted to the Capacities of his Hearers. But none was so much delighted with Miss *Summers*, as the young Baronet, Sir *Thomas*, who was much about her own Age. He doated on her, was never easy out of her Company, called her his little Wife, parted his Sweetmeats with her, and could partake in nothing in which she was not Sharer. The Lady *Bountiful* was pleased that he had taken such a liking to her young Charge ; for she thought it softened his natural Wildness, calmed the Impetuosity of his Temper, and rendered him more docile and tractable ; for they had no Occasion to chide him for any thing

he did amiss, it was only telling him, Miss *Summers* thought it a paupau Thing, and would not love him if he did so. Such is the natural Effect of the soft Sex upon ours, even before we are capable of forming any Notion of the Distinction of Sexes, that they soften and polish the most savage Tempers, and give a Taste of Delicacy to the most brutal, and I have always remarked it, that where this Effect was not visible, that there was something of more than natural Ferocity and Cruelty in the Temper of the Male, or something too Masculine in the Female, to produce the charming Sympathy. But this Remark is in Parentheses. I was going to tell you how happy the whole Family thought themselves in the Company of this charming Innocent. They continued so for some Months, till the Care the good Lady *Bountiful* took to improve her young Charge had like to have overturned every Prospect of Happiness, which that dear Creature could form to herself in the Protection of so good a Lady.

Hitherto she had read the *Spectators*, and other such Books to the Doctor, in order to preserve her Reading, and Mrs. *Margery* had been very assiduous in teaching her to sew, and give her all the Instructions she was

Mistress of ; but Lady *Bountiful* would not permit her Education to be conducted in so unsettled a Manner. She wrote to a Relation of hers at *West-Chester*, an ancient maiden Gentlewoman of a good Family, but no Fortune, to come and pass the Summer with her ; and to this good Woman, whose Name was Mrs. *Betty Eggeston*, she entrusted the Care of Miss *Summers's* Education. Mrs. *Eggeston* understood *French* and *Italian*, was an excellent Needle-Woman, and an expert Housewife ; in short, Mistress of every female Accomplishment, and might be said to be truly a very polite well-bred Woman, and therefore very fit, as one would apprehend, to undertake the Tuition of a young Lady. But it was her Misfortune, and perhaps partly her Fault, that her Temper was sullen, morose, proud, vindictive and peevish, which in my Eyes over-ballanced all her other Excellencies ; and I took the Liberty to remonstrate as much to the Lady *Bountiful*, and was seconded by the Doctor and Parson ; but her Ladyship, before whom Mrs. *Eggeston* laid a Restraint upon the dark Side of her Temper, preferred her to all others, as she was so well qualified and so much the Gentlewoman, she would instil every Principle into Miss *Summers*, which could make her

a fine Woman. We were over-ruled by the superior Powers, and my pretty Parish Girl was given over to the Direction of this malicious, designing Termagant.

As Mrs. *Eggelston* observed the Lady and all the Family fond of the Child, she pretended to fall in with the prevailing Humour, and affected Abundance of Tenderness towards her, as far as outward Show; but I could observe with the Penetration of an Author, that it was all Grimace, that she stomached so much Notice being taken of a Charity Girl, and that she resolved by slow Degrees, to work her out of the Esteem of her Patroness.

She had not been above a Fortnight in her Charge, before some Complaints were preferred against her, which were but little regarded by the Lady *Bountiful*, and put the old Maid to the Necessity of laying her ill-natured Schemes a little deeper.

About a Month after her coming to the House, she went on some Errand to *Carmarthen*, and as she went in the Chariot, she took Miss *Summers* along with her, for whom she had expressed, for two or three Days past, more than ordinary Good-will. They were away for two Nights, and came

Home on the third Day, just as the Lady *Bountiful* was sitting down to Dinner; when Miss set down, her Eyes appeared red and swelled, and she could scarce smother the bursting Tears. Lady *Bountiful* observed her, and with great Tenderneſs asked what was the Matter. Mrs. *Eggelſton* would not give her Time to reply, but answered for her, — Nothing very material, Madam, I aſſure you, only the young Lady has had her Pride pulled down a little, ſince ſhe left you. She has been told ſhe was no Gentlewoman, but the Brat of a dirty common Whore; and this has ſo nettled her proud Stomach, that ſhe has done nothing but ſob and cry ever ſince Yeſterday, that I accidentally made the Diſcovery what a fine Lady I had got under my Care.

The pretty little Infant, on hearing her Mother called Whore, and ſpoken of in ſuch rude Terms, ſobbed, ſwelled, and heaved its little Boſom, as if it would have burſt with Vexation. She would have cried, but ſuch was the Swell of Sorrow and Rage that oppreſſed her, that ſhe could not for ſome Minutes get Relief that Way; ſhe ſeemed as if ſhe would have fallen from the Chair. The Doctor, with his Cheeks wet with Tears, and Rage in his Countenance at
Mrs.

Mrs. *Eggelston*, who was the only Person at the Table that could look on her Agonies unmoved, run to her and cut the Lace of her Stay, which gave the pretty Sufferer some Ease and Power to say with some Smartness, ———My Mamma was no Whore, and would not have called any Body so, if she knew them to be such; she had more Manners.—Lady *Bountiful* took the little Mourner to her Arms, bid her be calm, and nobody should affront her Mother's Memory. —I thought, said she, turning to Mrs. *Eggelston*, that good Manners, as well as Good-nature would have obliged you to have expressed yourself in more decent Terms of any Body whose Child was present. I never knew you so far out in my Life, and I durst almost lay my Life, the Story you are so full of, as to mention it with so little Prudence, is a scandalous Aspersion. ———Mrs. *Eggelston* blushed, rather with Anger than Shame, but thought fit to make no Reply. Miss grew so sick, she could not sit at Table, and begged Leave to withdraw; and the Lady *Bountiful* called Mrs. *Margery* to wait on her, and would not permit Mrs. *Eggelston* to go with her. The whole Company was so concerned for Miss *Summers*, that Dinner passed in perfect Silence, and the Cloth was hurried away, and every

every one withdrew to their Apartments, to ruminate on what had, or was likely to happen on this Discovery. The Lady *Bountiful* went to her Apartment to see Miss *Summers*, and found her feverish; the Doctor was called, and prescribed letting her a little Blood, and above all, that Mrs. *Eggelston* should not come in her Sight for some Time, which was punctually complied with. For about eight Days she continued ill.

During the Interval, Mrs. *Eggelston* told the Lady *Bountiful* a formal Story, how a Gentlewoman from *London*, happening to be upon a Visit at Mr. *Bates's*, where she and Miss *Summers* were, had recollected the Child's Features, and said, she knew her Mother to be first kept by a Fellow, who called himself Captain *Summers*, and had, on Pretence of his being a Son of a Gentleman of Fortune of that Name, taken upon Credit, an infinite Deal of Goods from Tradesmen, with which he furnished a House for himself and Mistress, whose Mother had formerly kept a Green Cellar in *High Holbourn*, and set up an Equipage; with which he and she flaunted for near a Year, till the Cheat was discovered, and then he was obliged to leave his House, which

which was in *Conduit-street*, and went Abroad, where he has never since been heard of. That her Mother spent all she could cheat the Creditors of, and then turned Street-Walker, and died in a House in *Broad St. Giles's* of the Foul Disease; and that this Gentlewoman had taken particular Notice of this Child, as she lived in the Neighbourhood, and frequently lamented that so pretty a Creature should be the Daughter of so base a Woman, who was buried by the Parish, and the Child afterwards sent out to Nurse at their Expence.

This Story tallying in some Measure with the Hints they could pick out of the Child, about her Father being a Captain, and living in *Conduit-street*, and keeping a Coach, with several other Circumstances, with which Mrs. *Eggelston* had embellished it, made some Impression on the Lady *Bountiful*, in spite of her Prepossession in Favour of Miss *Summers*. The Doctor, and every body in the Family, were willing to believe some Mistake in the Matter, and some whispered their Fears, that the whole might be a Fiction of the malicious Governante. However, my Lady *Bountiful*, who could not entertain any ill Opinion of any body without strong Proofs, was obliged to give way

way to that malicious Woman, and subscribe her Belief of the Legend she told of Miss *Summers's* Birth. However, she had so much Good-nature, that she gave her strict Orders never to upbraid her Charge with it, nor so much as to mention it, but to behave in every Respect to her, as if no such Thing had happened.

Mrs. *Eggelston* having gained this Point of lessening Miss *Summers's* Birth, made no doubt but by Degrees to lessen Lady *Bountiful's* Esteem, which she fancied, and perhaps not without Reason, partly founded on the Notion of her Gentility. It is hard to account for the Motions of the human Heart, or trace the little Springs that give Rise to its Affections. Numberless little latent Incidents contribute to raise or allay them, without our being sensible of their secret Influence.—The Lady *Bountiful* admired this Child, and was sensible that it displayed every Merit, that could entitle her to her Affection, and she believed nothing extrinsic to the dear Orphan could lessen it; yet by Degrees, the Notion of the Meanness and Wretchedness of her Birth, begot a Distance and Coolness in her Behaviour, which she could not account for, and perhaps did not at first discern.

But

But the prying Mrs. *Eggelston* soon discovered it, and took Pains, at the Expence of Truth and Good nature, to lessen the Esteem, and increase that Lady's Indifference to the helpless Orphan.

She was ever bringing Stories of her Pride, her Affectation of Gentility, which was now become a Crime, and complaining that she idled away her Time, forgot her Lessons, sullied her Work, or thumbed or *French* Grammar. In short, every Day brought new Accusations, against which, Miss, who was now kept in such Awe by her Governante, could not plead her Innocence. A new Punishment was invented for her supposed Faults, *viz.* To debar her the Table, which being once inflicted, Mrs. *Eggelston* found new Faults every Day to continue it, till it dwindled into a Custom that she was to dine, &c. with Mrs. *Margery*. By this Means she became more a Stranger to Lady *Bountiful*, and she lost the Advantage which the Innocence and Mildness of her Countenance begot in her Favour, almost sufficient to out-weigh the heaviest Accusation.

This wicked Woman wrought so much upon my Lady *Bountiful*, that poor Miss is
 now

now too mean to converse with Sir *Thomas* ; he must not speak to her, more than a Scullion ; which of all Things else, nettled Miss *Summers* most, for she had conceived the Affection of a Sister for the young Knight, from the first Moment she saw him.

Mrs. *Eggelston* had now prepared Things for a Conclusion, and the utter Ruin of the Parish Girl, a Name she now went by out of Derision ; *China* Cups, Saucers, and some favourite Toys of my Lady's were broke, no Body knows how, but the Blame lay upon poor *Charlotte* ; some Trinkets were lost, and all the House searched from Top to Bottom in vain. At last, Mrs. *Eggelston*, who had an excellent Memory, recollected that she had seen Miss *Summers* have them in her Hand but that Morning. She was taxed with the Theft, and swooned away at the Charge ; so much her young Heart resented the Indignity, of suspecting her capable of Theft. She protested her Innocence, as soon as she could speak, with all the Modesty imaginable, and absolutely denied having ever handled them. This was managed by the Prosecutrix Mrs. *Eggelston*, as a Proof of her Guilt, for she was sure she saw her have them in her Hand, in
the

the blue Room. The Doctor and Parson, who acted as Councel for the Criminal, urged that she might be mistaken ; but she pleaded her Infallibility ; and such was her Weight with the Judge, that poor Miss was pronounced Guilty, and what was worse a Sentence of Banishment from the House passed upon her.

The Doctor, the Parson, Mrs. *Margery*, and all the Servants down to the Postilion, petitioned for Pardon or Reprieve ; but that was not to be had, but on Condition of a full Confession of Guilt, which Miss, conscious of her Innocence, would not yield to. This was explained as Obstinacy and Hardness, Crimes which indicated a settled Habit of Vice, and rendered her unworthy of so much Indulgence from the Lady, as the Protection of her House. However, she was determined not to abandon her, but ordered the Parson to settle her at a Farmer's House, within three or four Miles of the Place, where she would be taken Care of, till she was fit to bind 'Prentice to some Business, that might get her a Livelihood. When the Doctor saw that all Arguments for altering the Lady's Resolution were thrown away, and that the Tears and Entreaties of the suffering Innocent, could
not

not work upon her Prejudices, he told her Ladyship, that he would take the Care of her himself, and that he would send her to his Apartments at the *Elms*, a Place where he used to reside when collecting the Rents, and holding the Manor-Courts ; and put her under the Care of a good motherly Woman, who looked after the Doctor when he was there, and after the House in his Absence.—It is odd, replied the Lady, that you should be so bewitched to this Girl, and that nothing can convince you of her Guilt, which is the only thing obliges me to part with her ; for I am sure Mrs. *Eggelston* would not tell me a Lye, in a Case of this Nature. You may take her under your Protection, Doctor, but she must still be my Pensioner, I shall allow you for the Trouble you are at with her ; and if you can work upon her to quit her Obstinacy, I don't know but I may take her into Favour again.

I omit the melancholy Parting between her and the Servants, and hasten to conduct her to the Doctor's Apartments at the *Elms*, where she had not been long, before her Affair took a different Turn ; but the Circumstances of that Change, I refer to a new Chapter.

C H A P.

CHAP. IX.

Containing a Detection of Miss Summers's Innocence, and the Malice of her Prosecutrix Mrs. Eggelston.

THE Doctor conducted his disconsolate Charge Home, to his Apartment at the *Elms*, who, young as she was, was fully sensible of the Loss of Lady *Bountiful's* Protection ; but such was her Pride of Spirit, that she stomached the Manner of her Disgrace more than any Thing else. She could neither eat nor sleep, with the Vexation of being thought a Thief. The good-natured Doctor believed her innocent, and condoled her Misfortune, by one of those unaccountable Impulses, which leads us stronger than the most glaring Evidence. He hated Mrs. *Eggelston* with cordial Hatred, and would have parted with a Limb, to have been able to detect her Malice ; for the same Impulse, strengthened by his Observations on the Woman's natural Temper, convinced him it could be nothing else. He stayed near eight Days, to recover his mourning Charge to some Degree of Temper, before he returned to the Lady *Bountiful*.

tiful. He told her he believed her innocent, that her Birth was belyed, and that he would do all in his Power to find out the Truth. These Persuasions, and the tender Usage of the Doctor, and the kind and respectful Behaviour of his Housekeeper, restored her to some Tranquillity, and the Doctor left her, to prosecute a Discovery of her Birth and Innocence, in both which he soon succeeded beyond Expectation.

The Lady *Bountiful*, the Doctor, the Parson and Mrs. *Eggelston* were sitting one Day, about a Month after this Affair, playing at Quadrille, and by some Accident the Quadrille-Box breaking, Mrs. *Eggelston* desired Mrs. *Margery* to step up with the Keys of her Drawers, and she would find in the Drawer next the Window a Quadrille-Box. Mrs. *Margery* went, and was not above two Minutes gone, when the old Woman returned, puffing and blowing into the Parlour, with all the Marks of Rage and Anger in her Countenance. She could only mutter,—Oh Lord!—what a wicked World is this we live in!————who could have thought—that God Almighty would permit such Doings in a Christian Country.—The Parson was alarmed, as judging Mrs. *Margery* had caught some of the Servants
at

at the old Trade of Basket-making, which had so much alarmed her righteous Spirit.— What is the Matter, Mrs. *Margery*, what has happened, you seem much moved.— Moved Sir, it would move the Heart of a Stone, to think what that poor dear innocent Child has suffered, (at this Word, Mrs. *Eggelston* grew pale, and dropped the Cards out of her Hand.) What Child, said Lady *Bountiful*, hastily? Why, says she, Miss *Summers*: There Madam, presenting the Amber Egg, and some other Trinkets that were lost, there are the Things the poor Innocent was banished for; I got them in Madam Sanctified's Drawers, without looking for them, but they were the first Things I set Eyes on, when I opened it to look for the Quadrille-Box.

Its impossible to paint the Confusion and Guilt, which covered Mrs. *Eggelston*, or the Amazement that sat in the Countenances of the whole Company. They looked at one another, without being able to speak. The Malice of the Contrivance struck them at once, for the Trinkets were of too little Value to be the Object of Avarice, and the Horror they conceived at so much premeditated Barbarity, shocked all present to the highest Degree.

Lady

Lady *Bountiful* herself was ashamed to look at Mrs. *Eggelston*, for fear of encreasing her Confusion; and the Part she had acted herself, in listening to that Woman against the Persuasions of every one in the Family, made her afraid to meet the Doctor's Eyes, which sparkled with Joy and Rage at the same Time; so strong both Passions actuated him, that he did not know which to give vent to first, and all were in the utmost Perplexity. At last, Lady *Bountiful* rose from Table and went out of the Room without speaking a Word, and Mrs. *Eggelston* nimbly skipt into the back ParLOUR, that had a Passage to the Gardens, from whence she went to her own Apartments. That Object of the Doctor's Anger being gone, and unaw'd by the Restraint of the Lady *Bountiful*'s Presence, he gave vent to the Joy that filled him; he got up, took a turn the Length of the Door, came back and clapped the Parson on the Back, by G—d Parson, with or without your Leave, I will be drunk To-night—shan't us my dear Boy?—By Heaven, I had rather see this than have had a Fee of a hundred Guineas. Come Mrs. *Margery*, I must buss you for your dear good News. Do, good *Margery*, order the Butler to send us
some

some Wine, I will drink Miss *Summers's* Health, my dear little Innocent, how its Heart will rejoice at this Discovery. God! it's well thought on, I will drink but one Glass, I will take Horse instantly to give her the News, you had best go with me, you cannot think, my Friend, what a pleasant Scene it must be, to see the rapturous Joy, with which the dear Innocent will receive this News. There is no Pleasure so transporting, as to be in any Measure instrumental in making any of the human Species so superlatively happy, as I shall make my dear Girl. Come, go along with me, hang you, don't mind drinking now, we will have a Glass of Thanks from Miss *Summers*. She is my little Housekeeper, and does the Honours of my Table to a Miracle.

Mr. *Goodheart* was in a deep Reverie, out of which the tumultuous Joy of the Doctor could scarce raise him. He could hardly persuade himself that what he had seen was true, that the whole was not the Effect of some Delusion; for his honest Heart could not easily imagine, that any thing human could be possessed of so much Malice as that, which at first Sight, appeared to be the Motive of what Mrs. *Eggelston* had done against the innocent Child. He wished

the pretty Parish Girl to be cleared from the Guilt, which had deprived her of the Lady *Bountiful's* Esteem, as much as the Doctor ; but his general Love to the Species, made him wish her Innocence could be made appear, without committing such a Violence upon human Nature, as would be the Case, if Mrs. *Eggelston's* Guilt was equal to the Appearances against her. Out of pure Benevolence, he was casting about in his Mind, for some possible Solution less shocking, or at least for some possible Excuse for what had been done.—I am, Doctor, said he, as much rejoiced to find that there are some Hopes of clearing your little Housekeeper as you are, but pray don't let us go to tell her the News, till we are sure of it, for though the Things missing, were found in Mrs. *Eggelston's* Drawer, yet there is a Possibility that they might have come there another Way, than you at present guess : She may possibly clear herself of the Suspicion, and leave us in the same Doubt we were in before, or perhaps confirm us more in the Guilt of Miss *Summers* ; for to tell you the Truth, I cannot easily believe any of the Species could be so wicked to hide these Trifles, and charge the Theft on the innocent Child ; let us hear what she has to say, before we conclude so uncharitably.

uncharitably.—Hang your incredulous ill-timed Charity, did not you see Guilt in her Face, was not she struck dumb with the Weight of the glaring Evidence of her Malice? Did she attempt to vindicate herself? No, no, Parson, if she herself, or the Devil could have suggested any Excuse for her, she would have done it, Innocence is never so much at a Loss, *Veritas odit Moras*, says old *Seneca*, who was no bad Judge of the human Heart; and I may conclude, without any Breach of Charity, that she is Guilty. You may, by seeming to doubt, put her upon forming some new Lye, to abuse the innocent Child, and impose upon the Credulity of the good Lady *Bountiful*, but I will give her no such Opportunity; I will go this Instant to the *Elms*, and glad the Heart of my little Innocent; you may stay or go as you please.—No, I won't go now, replied Mr. *Goodheart*, I will stay at home to watch and guard against new Plots, and maintain the Ground we have gained.

The Doctor posted away to the *Elms*, and found Miss *Summers* had got new Cause of Joy in his Absence; for a Servant he had dispatched to *London*, on purpose to make Search into her Birth, had been so

happy as to succeed beyond Expectation, and had returned but three or four Hours before the Doctor alighted, with a Woman, who had been Maid to Miss *Summers's* Mother, from her Marriage till about a Year before her Death, and knew the pretty Parish Girl the Moment she saw her.

When the Doctor came in, Miss *Summers* ran to him, and embraced him fondly—Now my dear Sir, says she, you shall see that what Mrs. *Eggelston* said of my dear Mamma, was all a Lye, and that I am not come of such naughty Parents, as she made my good Lady believe; for here, Sir, is *Bell*, that was my Maid when I was in white Holland Frocks, and lived with my Mamma, can tell you every thing about me; indeed and indeed I am overjoyed, to think that I shall make a Liar of that bad Woman, and I hope the Lady *Bountiful* will not believe now, that I could be guilty of so bad a Thing as to steal; no, I scorn such black-guard naughty Doings, and would rather die than be guilty of it. It breaks my Heart, to have such scandalous Things said of me.— Here, notwithstanding the Joy she was in about the Discovery of her Birth, she could not help sobbing as if her little Heart would have broke, so strongly did

did her Pride resent being charged with so mean an Action.——Calm yourself, my dear Angel, says the Doctor, for your Innocence is cleared; the Things are found in Mrs. *Eggelston's* Drawer, and you are no longer suspected.——At the joyful Sound she leapt about the Doctor's Neck, kissed and embraced him, and for several Minutes was scarce able to speak for Joy; and then it was in such frantic Mirth, that the Doctor almost repented telling her so hastily; for he was afraid it would turn her little Brain; yet when she had calmed a little, she asked what was done to Mrs. *Eggelston*.—I hope, says she, Lady *Bountiful* has not turned her out of the House, I should be very sorry for her; for though she hated me, yet I never wished her any Harm, and I could fall down on my Knees to beg Lady *Bountiful* to forgive her. You interceded for me, do so for her, my dear good Doctor, and I will love you;—here she hung about his Neck, and with all the Earnestness in her Words, and with all the little fond Endearments in her Actions, would extort a Promise from him, to interceed with Lady *Bountiful* in Behalf of her deadly Foe.——The Doctor was so melted with the Good-nature of the little Innocent, that he could scarce refrain from Tears; and to get rid of

her Importunities on that Subject, went with the Woman, who brought the News of her Birth, into the next Room, to learn the Particulars ; which so much contradicted the Account Mrs. *Eggelston* had brought from *Carmarthen*, that he made no Scruple to believe that Story of her's to be a malicious Forgery ; but that he might remove all Doubts from Lady *Bountiful*, with relation to it, he wrote a Letter to Mr. *Bates* at *Carmarthen*, in whose House and Presence Mrs. *Eggelston* had said she had got that Information from a Gentlewoman from *London* ; desiring that Gentleman to acquaint him with what he remembered of that Conversation, and the Name and Character of his *London* Visitor.

The Servant returned next Day, with a Letter, acquainting him, that at the Time Mrs. *Eggelston* was at his House, there was indeed a Gentlewoman from *London*, who expressed the utmost Fondness for Miss *Summers*, and had enquired about her Parents of Mrs. *Eggelston*, who herself gave much such an Account of it as that mentioned above, which the Gentlewoman from *London* was so far from being the Author of, that she could not be persuaded of the Truth of the Relation in any Shape, so much

much was she prepossessed in Favour of the Child.

The Doctor, now furnished with these Materials, was impatient to communicate them to Lady *Bountiful*. He set out immediately, and ordered Mrs. *Bell* to follow him; but as his Arrival gives a new Turn to Miss *Summers's* Fortune, we shall refer the Particulars to the next Chapter.

CHAP. X.

Containing an Account of Miss Summers, her real Birth, and as much of her Parents, as is necessary to satisfy the Reader's Curiosity on that Subject.

WHEN the Doctor arrived at Lady *Bountiful's*, he was informed that Mrs. *Eggelston* had marched off the Night before, without taking leave of any of the Family, and that Lady *Bountiful* appeared much chagrined, on what Account no body could guess, unless it was that she had been so much imposed upon, by the Insinuations of that malicious Woman, to the Prejudice of poor Miss *Summers*.—The Doctor was overjoyed, that the Enemy of

his little Ward was decamped, and made no doubt, but he should be able to re-instate that pretty Sufferer in the Lady's good Graces, so soon as he should acquaint her with the Discoveries he had made.

There happened to be Company with her Ladyship at that Time, but as soon as they were gone, the Doctor shewed her Mr. *Bates's* Letter, on the Subject of the Conversation Mrs. *Eggelston* had reported to have been at his House, concerning Miss *Summers*.—Here, Madam, says the Doctor, is a further Proof of that base Woman's Malice against the poor Orphan, though I believe from what happened the Day before Yesterday, your Ladyship had all the Reason in the World, to discredit every Thing she said.—It is true, Doctor, replied the Lady, having read the Letter, I have no Reason now, to lay any Stress upon any Thing she said of that wronged Innocent; but she told the Story of her Birth with so many Circumstances, that I cannot easily believe, but she has had some Information of it, though she might have some Reasons to conceal her Informer, and to lay it upon a Stranger, whom she believed we would not have any Opportunity of examining about it. Don't be surprized, Doctor, that I have
any

any Doubts, though I cannot deny but she has carried her Pique against the Child a very wicked Length, yet Charity directs me to believe as well of her as possible ; or if you will have the Truth of it, I would not have her appear altogether so bad, that I myself may feel less Compunction, for having given Credit to her so much, to the Prejudice of that helpless Orphan.

With Regard to Mrs. *Eggelston*, Madam, replied the Doctor, I shall not be solicitous to make her either better or worse than what she is, but I hope you will give me Leave to remove every Prepossession she has given you against my pretty Ward, and if you have yet any Doubts of that Story, mentioned in Mr. *Bates's* Letter, being formed by herself, I have now a Witness in the House, who can convince you that it is impossible it can be true, whoever framed it, and can satisfy you of every Circumstance, relating to Miss *Summers's* Birth and Parents; a Witness, Madam, who was bred up with the Child's Mother, and waited of her till little more than a Year before she died.—Call her up, returned the Lady, and your young Favourite, for I suppose you have brought her Home again ; I long to make the dear Creature an Amends for the

rough Treatment I have given her: You must help, Doctor, to make my Peace with her, for I find I have wronged her grossly. —Indeed, Madam, there is no Occasion for my Intercession, she has never since she has been with me, mentioned your Name, but with the highest Reverence and Esteem, and with all the Tokens of Gratitude and Affection; even Mrs. *Eggelston* has her good Will, and she importuned me for an Hour together, with Tears and Tenderneſs, to interceed with your Ladyship for that Woman, that she might not be turned out of the House. Had you seen with what earnest Entreaties she begged of me to be an Advocate for that malicious Woman, as I had been for her, your Soul must have been charmed with her Good-nature; for my Part I could not stand it, I was glad to get from her, but durst not presume to bring her here without your Directions.——You might have done it, Doctor, without incurring any Offence, that dear Creature has too much Sense for her Age, I am afraid she will not live to Womanhood; if she does she must prove a Miracle, let her be sent for instantly, our Reparation of Injuries should be as quick as our Resentment.——Oh la, Madam, says Mrs. *Margery*, who was in the Room, if your Honour pleases, I will
take

take *John* and the Chair, and go presently to the *Elms* for Miss.— And I will go along with her, Mamma, says Sir *Thomas*, the Chair will hold us all, I long to see my little Wife again. Indeed you shall not take her from me again; pray Mamma let me go. — The Lady gave her Consent, and they went with great Joy to bring home the pretty Parish Girl. In the mean while that they were gone, Mrs. *Bell* was introduced to the Lady, who asked her several Questions relating to her Knowledge of the Child, and then desired her to relate particularly what she knew of her Parents, and the Cause of the Child's being sent to the Parish. Which Relation I shall give the Reader in Mrs. *Bell's* own Words, for she believed she had a pretty good Talent at telling a Story, and would be highly affronted if I presumed to alter her Manner, but like all Story-Tellers, told them rather too often, and this I heard her repeat, perhaps twenty times in the Space of a Week, for every Servant in the House must have it over, and she, good Woman, was willing to oblige them, and by that Means I learned it as exactly as my Prayers.

*Mrs. Bell's Relation of Miss Summers's
Birth, &c.*

ALAS! Madam, I know Miss *Charlotte's* Birth too well to be ever able to forget it ; little did I think ever to see the Day, that my dear Mistress's Child should be sent to a Parish, or be bred up by the Charity of any body ; but we are all born to Misfortunes, and some may be as low as my dear Child, who carry their Heads high To-day ; I am sure my Mistress had as little Reason to expect it as any body. For, Madam, she was only Daughter to Doctor *N——*, Bishop of * * * * *, and had five thousand Pounds to her Portion, which was all the good Man, her Father, left when he died ; for he, good Soul, was no Lover of Money, but gave most of his Income to the Poor, never once thinking that his own Offspring would stand in need of the Charity of others. The Bishop married Miss *Eleanor Forrester*, Daughter to Sir *Arthur Forrester*, of *Lancashire*, Baronet, and she was as good a Lady as ever was born. She was a Friend, nay a Mother to the Poor, and a Help to all that were in Distress, and good Woman, she had Abundance of Opportunities to exercise her Charity ; for all
her

her Family were ruined in the *Monmouth* Rebellion, and, poor Lady, that broke her Heart, for she never lifted up her Head after, but languished for two or three Years, and then died, leaving only my late dear Mistress, then a young Lady about eighteen Years of Age. My Father, Madam, was a Tenant to Sir *Arthur Forrester*, and was ruined with the rest of his Master's Friends, and the good Lady had Compassion on me, and took me Home to wait on Miss, being much about her Age. We were all disconsolate on her Death, I shall never forget how my Mistress, though so very young, took on after her Mamma's Death, I thought she never would have been comforted, but however she at last got the better of her Sorrow, and the good Man her Father was so tender of her, and gave her the whole Management of the House, that he allowed her to be as little sensible of the Loss as possible.

The Bishop lived about three Years after his Lady, and died at *London*, regretted by all who knew him, but by none, so much as the Poor and his own Family, who lost all Comfort when he was gone; but the Lord rest his pious Soul, I must come to tell you how Miss was married.

She

She was now of Age, and sole Heir to all her Father left, which, as I told you before, amounted to no more than five thousand Pounds, but Miss and every Body else believed it at first a great deal more, till they came to examine narrowly into the Matter, and then found it as I tell you. But she was rumoured to be a great Fortune, and as she lived in a House in *Conduit-Street*, which her Father had a Lease of, and kept up his Chariot, she had several Suitors of very good Rank and Fortune; for my Mistress was as fine a Woman as ever you would desire to set Eyes on. You may guess what she was by her Daughter, for she is as like her Mother as two Peas. But my Mistress would hearken to none of them for a long Time, till Captain *Summers*, second Son of the Lord Viscount * * * * *, of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, came to court her. To him she began to listen a little. I soon guess'd how it would turn out, whenever he appeared; for my Mistress used to ask me a thousand Questions about him, and was never better pleased, than when I brought up a Discourse about Captain *Summers*; and indeed at that Time I could not blame her, for he was as likely a Man as one could wish to see; you would not find a handsomer Man

in ten thousand ; and then so good-natured, complaisant, and generous, I am sure I got many a Guinea of him while he was courting. Well, I saw my Mistress liked him, and I spoke all the Good I could of him, to humour her, for your Honour knows it is not the Business of Servants to find Fault with their Superiors. But some distant Relations of my Mistress's, though she had very few in that Part of the Country, advised her against the Match, alledging he was a Rake, had spent all his Patrimony, had nothing to subsist on but his Pay, and that he would soon run out her Fortune, and reduce her to Beggary. But it was her Fate, good Lady, to be married, she would listen to no Advice ; and to get rid of the Importunities of her Friends and Acquaintance, who opposed the Match, married the Captain privately, there being none permitted to be present at the Wedding, but two Officers of his Acquaintance and myself.

They were no sooner married, than my Mistress persuaded him to quit the great House we lived in, and to take a smaller in the same Neighbourhood, and would have had him to have laid down the Chariot, and retrench every needless Expence, in order
that

that they might live within the Compass of their Estate, which she had made him acquainted, as far as related to her Fortune, did not exceed five thousand Pounds. But he would not listen to her good Advice ; but rather encreased than diminished the Expence of the Family, and in less than three Years, spent every Shilling of my Mistress's Fortune, and run largely in Debt.

While any thing she brought him lasted, I cannot say he was a surly Husband, but behaved with great Tenderness to his Wife, who never upbraided him with his Extravagancies, but parted chearfully, even with her Jewels, to supply him with Money when he wanted it : But these, and almost every Thing else of Value being gone, and no more Supplies to be drawn from Home, he began to absent himself sometimes for a Week together, and then came Home in exceeding bad Humour, finding Fault with every Thing about him ; and when asked for Necessaries for the Family, flew out in the most outrageous Passions, and quitted the House, leaving my Mistress to provide for herself, her Child, and Servants, the best Way she could.

She

She then dismissed all her Servants but me, and quitted her House, and took Apartments in *Holbourn*, and saved no more of all her Furniture, than what barely furnished two ordinary Rooms and a Kitchen, and when she came to her new Lodgings had no more left than five Guineas in Money, nor any Knowledge where to get more, for her Spirit would not submit to ask Relief of any of her Friends or Acquaintance, who had all behaved to her with extreme Coldness, ever since her Fortune began to decline, nor would so much as let any of them know where she had removed. As for my Master, he had sold his Commission, and lost what he got for it in one Night, at a cursed Gaming-House, I think they called it L— M——'s, and was obliged to play at Hide and Seek, within the Verge of the Court, for Fear of Debts, and never come near us but on a *Sunday*, and that perhaps not one *Sunday* in a Month, but never to bring us any Thing, which my Mistress bore with all the Patience in Life; but it went to her Heart, that he treated her in these seldom Visits, with great Coldness and Indifference, seeming all the while he staid, to sit upon Nettles, with a visible Restraint in all he said or did. But what did

did she do to subsist on? the five Guineas could not last long, said Lady Bountiful.— No more they did, Madam, replied Mrs. Bell, for my Master got three of them; but yet we did not want for mere Necessaries, for my Mistress had taken a great Delight, ever since she was a Child, in Drawing, and her Father to humour her Fancy, had a Master to teach her to draw in Water Colours, which she could do admirably well, and happy it was for her that she could; for as soon as we were settled in our new Lodgings in *Holbourn*, she sent me out to buy some Colours, and locked herself up in her Closet for whole Days together, painting Fans. When she had finished three of them, I think they were the prettiest Things I ever saw. She sent me with them to the Fan-Shops to sell, and desired me to ask two Guineas a Piece for them. I went, the Shopkeepers looked at them, and liked them hugely, till I told the Price, then they laughed downright, and told me I had mistaken two Guineas for two Shillings, though I am sure I have known my Mistress in her Prosperity give Five for worse, and had myself sold to a Fan-Painter about six Months before, one for three Guineas, not half so good as any of these; but it is true, it was done in *Italy*, and we always
give

give most for foreign Fripperies ; but I would not part with my Fans at that Rate, and bethought myself, that I would go, without my Mistress's Knowledge, to this same Fan-Painter I told you of, and try what he would give. I went, and as good Luck would have it, I found him at Home, and he presently knew me, for I had carried him the other Fan, by the Recommendation of a Gentlewoman of my Mistress's Acquaintance. He looked at the Fans, but as soon as he set Eyes on them, could tell me they were done in *England* ; I wonder how the Devil he should find that out, but as I saw he knew it, I did not deny it, though I intended at first to have put them upon him for *Italian*, and had prepared a plausible Story for that Purpose ; but let all that pass, and to tell you the Short and Long of the Matter, he gave me three Guineas for the three Fans, which was better than to have taken two Shillings a Piece for them, for my Mistress desired me to take what I could get, as she had not, poor dear Gentlewoman, but one Shilling and some Halfpence in her Pocket, when I went out ; I am sure she turned out her Pockets to let me see it. I knowing this to be the Case, took up my three Guineas, and came Home as brisk as a Bee ; and in this Manner

ner my Mistress went on, getting generally a Guinea a Week for her Work, without any Body being the wiser how we came by it, and this kept us all pretty decent, for my dear Mistress was an excellent Manager, and could make Sixpence go further than some other People would a Shilling.

We went on this Way for near a Twelve-month, as happy as any in my Mistress's Circumstances could be; but all of a sudden we lost Sight of my Master, he quitted his Lodgings in *Spring-Gardens*, without telling us where he went, and for a Quarter of a Year we never heard of him. This grieved my poor Mistress, for she doated on the Ground he went on, and was afraid some Accident had befallen him; for my Part, his Behaviour to so good a Wife, had lost him my warm Heart, and I had no Notion that any Mischief had happened to him, but that he was taken up with some Madam; for I had long suspected his Roguery, though my Mistress would not so much as suffer me to whisper my Doubts on that Head. However, though I held my Tongue, yet like all Fools, I knew what I knew, and was resolved to watch his Waters, and find out his Haunts, if he was above Ground.

I trapse'd the Town, I warrant you, twenty Times over, before I could light of any Tidings of my hopeful Master; but at last, as I was one Day going along *St. Martin's-Lane*, little thinking of any such thing, I met a Fellow that used to go of Errands for us when we lived in *Conduit-Street*, who was a great Favourite of my Master's, coming out of a little dirty Alley. The Fellow spoke to me the Moment he saw me (for these kind of Folks are always more free than welcome) and I could not help speaking to him, though I would have shunn'd it, but as we were standing just by the End of *King's-Street*, it struck me into the Head to ask him, when he had seen Captain *Summers*, my old Master; for I would have him believe, that I had left the Service.—Alas! poor Gentleman, says the Fellow very innocently, I'm but just come from him, and am going for some Drugs to the Apothecary's.—Lack-a-day! says I, frighten'd out of my Wits, is he ill? Pray what's the Matter with him?—Oh! not much, Mrs. *Bell*; he is bad enough, God knows, but not in over-much Danger; he has only been dabbling, and caught something that sticks plaguy hard to him; but I believe he will get over it, unless he
starves

starves for Want of Money; for indeed, Mrs. *Bell*, Matters go very hard with the Captain. It is not as you have known it; he is quite low, and all by that d—n'd B——'s Means, Miss *Humphreys*. Many a Pound I have carried her when you lived with him in *Conduit-Street*; he kept her like any Duchess, yet she has pox'd him, and turn'd him out of her Lodgings, to lie in a dirty Garret up that Lane, and will not send him a Shilling to save him from perishing, which he must have done, if I had not spoke to some of my Master's Acquaintance who knew him in Prosperity, and now and then send him a Guinea. He has been wild, Mrs. *Bell*; but he is a generous noble Master, and I'm sorry he should be in the Condition he is in.

I was greatly shock'd at the Fellow's Story, and though I wish'd my Master punished for the Usage of his honest Wife, yet it went to my Heart that a Gentleman like him should have no better Friend to assist him, than the good Offices of a poor Porter. I pick'd out the Name of the House, and gave *Jack* Sixpence to drink my old Master's Health, and ran Home as fast as I could, to tell my Mistress the Discovery I had made.

When

When I told her the Condition he was in, and did not conceal the Means he had come by his Illness, I thought my dear Mistress would have dropt down dead, and that she would have killed herself with grieving.—Alas! Madam, said I, what Reason have you to take on so much for so bad a Man, who has squandered away your Substance with vile Strumpets? I always guess'd, Madam, that he had some such secret Way of spending his Money, and that you had not all his Company; but you would never believe me; but now you see it is all come out, and that he is now punished for his ill Usage of so good a Wife. Indeed, said I, if I was you, I would not shed a Tear, but rejoice that God should take him to himself.—My Mistress gave me such a severe Look, I think I shall never forget it—You are too saucy, *Bell*, to discourse upon the Actions of your Betters. He is still my Husband; I must be dutiful to him, though these Strumpets are not. He shall not want, if I strip myself to my Skin. I have not Money enough in the House, but go this Instant, and take my Silver Stuff Gown and the Black Velvet; I thought to have kept them for *Charlotte*, but now they shall go, and carry them to
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the Pawnbroker's, and get as much on them as you can; my Husband, the Father of my Child, must not want; make haste back again, for I shall be in Agonies till I see and relieve him.—I durst not reply; her Look and Tone was too peremptory to be disputed. I took the Gown, though it went to my Heart, and brought back twelve Guineas on them, which was not the fifth Part of what they cost.

By the Time I returned, she was dressed, and had on her Cloak and Hat ready to go out. I gave her the Money, which she put hastily into her Pocket, and bid me lead her where her dear unhappy Man was. Indeed, Madam, said I, I would not have you go see him in the Condition he is in; its enough that you send him some of that Money, and not to hazard yourself near that ugly Disease.—Peace! Hussy, says she, I'll go if he were in the Plague, or lodged in a Dogkennel; direct me the Way without a Word.—I obey'd, and brought her to the Blackguard Alley, and knocked at the Door a long Time with a Stone before we could make any body answer us; for it had no Knocker, and looked more like a Stable, than any Place a Gentleman could lodge in. At last the
Door

Door was opened by a dirty old looking Woman, who asked us in a very surly Manner, who it was we wanted. My Mistress asked her, if one Captain *Summers* lodged there; yes, he does, returned the other, gruffishly, but he has got too much of your sort of People, to want any such as you. He is very ill, and not to be spoke with, and would have shut the Door in our Faces, only that I was stronger than she. Hold Mistress, says I, you mistake my Mistress, she is the Captain's Wife, and is come to him on no Harm, and I am sure he would not thank you for affronting her in this Manner. Wife! returned the Beldam, yes, yes, the Captain has many such Wives, I have seen half a Dozen of them ask after him; but I have sent them all away with a Flea in their Ear; therefore, good Mistress Maid and no Maid, do you and your Mistress march off, for here you don't come: I permit no such Trumpery to enter my House. The Captain got what he got, before he came here, but shall have no more of it while he stays under my Roof; no faith shan't he, if I can help it.

My Mistress was ready to sink into the Earth, for Shame, to be so abused; for some naughty Creatures were looking over

the Windows, opposite to us, laughing and casting their Jibes at us ; and I could have torn the Witch's Eyes out, but could not speak for Vexation, and was just going to fly at her, when who should I see coming up the Lane, but *Jack* the Porter, who had directed me to the Place. What think you, *Jack*, said I, of this Woman, who will not let my Mistress up to the Captain, but mistakes us for naughty People ? Pray speak to her, for sure you know my Mistress better than that comes to, she has given you many a Shilling. *Jack* stared when he saw her, and could scarce believe his Eyes. Pardon me, Madam, I thought you long since dead, you are too good-natured to come to see my Master in such a wretched Place ; get away from the Door, Mrs. *Broadwood*, this is the Captain's Lady, she is too good to come to such a Place, after such a Man. Yes, *Jack*, if it is the Captain's lawful Wife, I beg the Gentlewoman's Pardon a thousand Times, but indeed these Flirts look sometimes so like us modest Women there is no distinguishing ; I meant the Gentlewoman no Harm. My Mistress made no Reply, but followed *Jack* hastily up Stairs ; which were dark, narrow and dirty, for all the World like a Ladder going up to a Hay-Loft : However, we
made

made shift to squeeze ourselves up two Pair of them, such as they were, and there saw such a wretched Sight, I never saw the like. There was but one Window with two Panes of Glass in it, these cracked, all the rest were pasted with Rags and Paper; a Table lame of all its Limbs, and a Chair upon three Legs; for a Grate, there were two rusty Bars of Iron, laid cross between some Bricks, and tho' in the Dead of Winter, as much Fire in it as would light a Brimstone Match; the Bed without Tester or Curtains, and not above three Inches from the Floor, and the Furniture of it the tattered Remains of an old Rug, the Remnant of a Quilted Petticoat, and some Shreds of a Blanket, scarce good enough, or large enough to make a Mop. However, here the Captain lay in State, with the Skeleton of his Regimental Scarlet Coat across his Feet. He started up so soon as my Mistress entered, and gazed as if he had seen a Ghost. She stopped short, before she got to the Foot of the Bed, and looked frightened, for tho' she was prepared, by my Recital from the Porter, for Abundance of Misery, yet her Ideas had fallen short of what she now saw, and the Captain was so altered she hardly knew him, and in the first Flurry of her Spirits, judged it to be some

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Mistake ;

Mistake ; but he holding out his Hand, cried, what's the Matter, my Dearest, won't you come nearer me. At the Sound of his Voice, she sprung into his Arms, but cold and speechless as Death. I saw her in a Fit, ran and unlaced her, and with the Help of the old Landlady, who was officiously kind, brought her to herself. When she recovered, Ah, cried she, my dear *Bob*, why so cruel as not to let me know your Difficulties, why conceal them from me ? While I have a Rag you shall not want, and when these are gone, I will work daily Labour for you ; it is my Duty as your Wife, and I will perform it with Pleasure : Yes, I will, and never once chide at you nor Fortune for reducing me so low ; but I cannot bear to see you thus wretched, you must leave this Place, and either come with me, or take some Place else more decent. Here is Money for you, use it while it lasts, God will send us more. While she spoke, Madam, the Captain gazed, and looked on her as if his Eyes would have cracked, and was so moved, he had not Power to utter one Syllable, even after she had done speaking, and I think no Wonder of it, for even the old Witch, the Landlady, and I, that were no way concerned, could not help crying at what was said, and

and uttered with so much Tendernefs, by perhaps one of the finest Women in *England*, just in the Bloom of her Life : The Place, the Circumstances, and the Mixture of Grief, Joy, Sorrow, Shame and Confusion, that were all visible in the Captain's Countenance, would have melted any body. The old Woman and I left the Room for some little Time ; when we returned, we found them a little more composed, and understood, that bad as that Apartment was, it was not proper to remove from it, for at least a Month ; however, to make it more comfortable, some Blankets were bought for the Bed, and a Glazier was sent for, to put in Panes where they were wanting in the Window, and an old Screen purchased to go round the Bed, so that before my Mistress left him, which was not till pretty late in the Evening, the Place looked a good deal more decent. Besides the Money she laid out for Necessaries, she gave him five Guineas, and desired that a Nurse might be got, but the old Landlady undertook that Office herself.

My Mistress returned Home, and found herself in great Tranquil'ity of Mind, as conscious to herself that she had done her Duty, and never once uttered a Word re-

reflecting on the Folly or Wickedness of her Husband's Conduct, and checked me very severely, when I chanced at any Time to drop a disrespectful Word of him, which I could not help doing sometimes for the Blood of me, when I saw and reflected on the wretched State he had brought himself to, by following bad Women when he had so fine a Woman of his own. It was near six Weeks before he was well enough to leave his Chamber, all which Time my dear Mistress visited him constantly once a Day, used him with the same Affection and Tendernefs as if he had been ill of a natural Disease, and allow'd him to want for nothing, which reduced us very low ; for that Time took up more than what we raised on the Cloaths, and what my Mistress earned by Painting besides ; but still she was chearful, and was as much rejoiced the first Day he came to visit us after his Illness, as if he had brought her a Patent for a Duchefs. He was much out of Repair in Cloaths and Linnen, and looked monstrous shabby, but she found means to new rig him very handsomely. She sold the Cloaths at the Pawnbrokers out and out, and on them and all the rest she had, except two washing Gowns and a Camblet, which she kept, she raised about fifteen Pounds, which was still too little ; for
my

my Master must have a laced Wastecoat and every thing suitable ; but as we had lived decently and reputably ever since we came into the Neighbourhood, by running in Score for about ten Pounds, the Captain was at last fitted out.

She would have had him stay in the same House with her, tho' by the bye she would not consent to bed with him on any Score ; but he pretended Fear of Debts, and took Shelter in the Verge of the Court as he had done formerly, but promised to dine with us every Sunday, which he continued to do for a few Weeks, and then fell off to his usual Neglect and cold Behaviour, which my Mistrefs complained of in the most tender and submissive Manner, but he returned it with surly Answers, and his positive Commands to make no more such Remonstrances, under Penalty of never seeing him more. She allowed him then to come and go when he pleased, received him with open Arms, and the utmost Fondness when he came, and always divided with him what little she had, which he took, without once enquiring how or by what Means she came by it.

We were now used to a Month's Absence and more, and so thought nothing of it; nor were we much concerned that he made a Secret of his Lodging, my Mistress guess'd the worst of it, and made herself quite easy as to every thing but the Loss of his Company. But I happened one Day to be paying a Visit to a young Woman who had been formerly a Fellow-Servant with me at the Bishop's, and now waited on a young Lady in the City, Daughter to a very rich Merchant. As all Servants will be talking of the Affairs of the Family they belong to, my Acquaintance told me, that her young Mistress had got a Courtier of late, a fine Gentleman and a Lord's Brother, and that the Match was very near concluded, and only waited the coming over from *Ireland* of the Gentleman's elder Brother, who was to settle the Estate on the Heirs of this Marriage, failing Issue of his own, which he was not likely to have, as he was very infirm, and had been many Years married, without having any Children. I don't know, Madam, how it came about, but the Moment Mrs. *Nelly* mentioned a Sweet-heart to her young Mistress, my Heart went pit a pat, and every Joint of me trembled, and when she told as far as I have now mentioned, so many odd Notions crouded

crowded into my Head at once, that I was all over in a cold Sweat, and durst not for some Moments ask either the Gentleman's or the Lord's Name; I was afraid to hear it, and sure I had Reason, for when I asked, guess how confounded I was, when she mentioned my very Devil of a Master. However, I had Presence of Mind to dissemble the Cause of my Disorder; I pretended to be suddenly taken ill, I got a Dram of *Ratafia* from Mrs. Nelly, and plucked up a little Spirits, to inform myself of every Particular relating to the Courtship, which I found the Gentleman desired to keep as a profound Secret, on Account, as he said, of an old grand Aunt, who was teasing him into another Match, and from whose Death he expected considerable Advantages. I pumped the Waiting-Maid as dry as a Whistle, and was as well acquainted with the Intrigue as the Parties themselves.

When I had learned all I could from Mrs. Nelly, I came Home, and never was more at a Loss in my Life than how to behave to my Mistress: I knew it would break her Heart to know it, yet I found it so absolutely necessary she should be made acquainted with it, in order to prevent so gross an

Abuse, both upon her and the young Lady he was making his Addresses to. I kept it in for two or three Days, and should have done it I believe longer, if Mrs. Nelly, when she came to return my Visit, had not told me the Gentleman's Brother, the Lord Viscount ****, was to be in Town as that Night, and she believed the Marriage would be concluded in less than a Fortnight, for that all the Wedding Things were preparing. It was now no Time to dally: I got rid of my Visitor as quickly as possible, and began to prepare my Mistress for some ill News. She saw my Design, and begged me hastily, without any Preamble, to tell her if her Husband was well. Yes, yes, Madam, he is well enough, he is but too well in Health, you need be under no Concern on that Score, but—Here I made a stop, I knew not how to get it out—But what, *Bea*? I see you have something to tell me, which you are unwilling should shock me, pray out with it, I am prepared for the worst, as long as my Child and dear Husband lives and in Health, I can fear nothing, nor can any thing alarm me more than I have been. Oh Fortune, when wilt thou have done persecuting a poor helpless Woman? Indeed, Madam, says I, I am very unwilling to tell you, but it is proper

per you should know it, it is only this, that my Master is upon the Point of being married to Miss *Rich*, in the City, his Brother is to be this Night in Town, to conclude the Match. Her Eyes sparkled, and her Face reddened with Anger; you Lye, Hussy! in a vehement Passion, I have used you to take too much Liberty with me, my Husband has been wild and foolish, but he cannot, dare not, act the deliberate Villain; whoever says so, belyes him: Tell me instantly, who told you so? I will have them punished for it, if there is Law in *England*, the Wretches shall know what it is to asperse a Gentleman's Character, for let Captain *Summers* be stripped to his Shirt, there is still so much of the Gentleman in him, he cannot act, nor must not be accused of a base thing: How was it? why don't you speak, Wench? Indeed, Madam, it is hard, said I, that you should be angry with me for doing my Duty, and telling you what I hear, if permitted to go on may prove so much to your Detriment. I wish, Madam, from my Soul, that it was not true, but I have it from such Hands, as leave me no Room to doubt of it; in short, I have it from Mrs. *Nelly*, Miss *Rich's* Waiting-Maid, out of whom I picked the whole Affair, without her knowing that I

had any Concern in the Matter. She is but just gone from me, and told me that most of the Wedding Things were bought, and that it would be concluded for certain, in less than a Fortnight. I knew it, Madam, two or three Days ago, but would not tell you for fear of grieving you, till I thought my delaying it longer would be dangerous. Forgive me *Bell*, replied my Mistress, for being so passionate, it is hard to believe so vilely of those we ought to love, honour and esteem; but as it seems but too true, I won't grieve at it Girl, I will shock the Villain—No, I cannot call him so yet, but I will tear the false Man from my Heart. I owed him Duty while he owned me as his Wife; but as he pretends to shake off that Title, I will show him I have a Spirit to resent it, and preserve my own Reputation.

I was glad to find her take it with so much Spirit, for I was afraid it would have sunk her with Sorrow; but she bore up courageously, till Miss *Charlotte* came into the Room. She ran to her, embraced her with Tears in her Eyes. Ah cruel Man, cried she, is it not enough that you have squandered away my Infant's Substance, left her or me nothing but Penury and Wretchedness, but must you add

add Infamy to Want, proclaim me a Prostitute, and the little Innocent a Bastard: Oh my God, how shall I endure it, oh that God in his Mercy, would call upon us both, that the dear false Creature might be happy without Sin, and I insensible of the Shame of this cursed Marriage; I could die to make him easy, renounce all Claim to his Person, but I cannot live with Infamy, or suffer my Child, the first dear Pledge of our mutual Happiness, to be stained with Bastardy. I saw that the Sight of the Child, who wept bitterly, and kissed away her Mother's Tears, gave her Pain, and therefore took her into the next Room, till my Mistress recollected herself; then we consulted what was to be done in this Emergency. I had found out from Mrs. *Nelly*, my Master's Lodgings, there my Mistress and I went one Morning pretty early, but I believe the false Man saw us come out of the Coach, for tho' it was much too early for him to be stirring, yet we were told he was gone abroad, and would not be at home till Night. We returned, and called two or three Days running, and always met with the same Success, and left Letters for him penned in all the Warmth of Tendernefs, entreating him to have Compassion of his Child, and not load her Innocence with so much Infamy;

Infamy ; but at last was told by a faucy Dog of a Footman, for he now kept a Fellow in genteel Livery, that if we presumed to trouble his Master any more, either with Letters or Visits, he should take the Liberty to show us the Way to the Horse-Pond.

As we found nothing was to be done this Way, my Mistress dressed herself one Morning as neat as possibly she could, took a Chair, and went to wait on my Lord Viscount * * * * *, her Husband's eldest Brother, whom she had seen but two or three Times since her Marriage ; she had Access to the Peer, who seemed much confounded when he saw her, for she had not sent up her Name, for fear of being denied Admittance. I am come, my Lord, said she, as soon as the first cold Compliments were over, to beg your Assistance in saving your Family, your Blood and Kindred from Infamy. You know, my Lord, your Brother is lawfully married to me, that he has spent my Fortune, and left me and his Child to starve ; all that I can bear without murmuring. I have not once complained of his Usage to any of his Relations, or applied to them for Assistance ; but I am certainly informed that he is on a Treaty of Marriage, with your Consent, to a Merchant's Daughter

Daughter in the City. If he, my Lord, is base enough to disown his first Marriage, I hope you have more Honour than to encourage him in the villainous Design. I ask nothing of you, my Lord, but to own me as your Sister-in-Law, an Honour I have done nothing should make you ashamed of granting me, and which you had better do willingly, since it must be done at last. The Peer, who is not over much burthened with Wit, was much at a Loss how to behave, he adjusted his Peruke, took a Pinch of Snuff, walked a turn or two up and down the Room, and hem'd a little; upon my Soul, Madam, I know not what to make of this Affair, I know my Brother *Bob* told me once he was married to you, you know I visited you when I was last in Town; but he swears now it was all a Lye, I was not present at your Marriage, and so must leave you and *Bob* to settle the Matter betwixt you; but I fancy he would not tell me a Lye on such an Occasion. And is this, my Lord, all the Concern you have for the Honour of your Family, you will be at no further Trouble to be certain of the Truth, but depend on the Word of a Villain; I can call him nothing else, I wish I could have a better Opinion of your Lordship. The Peer saw she was beginning to grow warm, and

and was glad to get rid of her at any Rate. Well, Madam, said he, I am just now in haste going to *St. James's*, but I shall see *Bob* To-day, and enquire into this Affair, and you shall hear from me. Here, Boy, call the Lady's Chair. Madam, give me leave to see you into your Chair before I go. She gave him her Hand with a Look of Contempt, got into the Chair perfectly fretted at the stupid Indifference of the Monster, her Brother-in-Law, and concluded that there was not Honour enough in both the Brothers, to check them in any thing where Interest was in View, and therefore concluded, that tho' it would expose her Husband more, which she was endeavouring to avoid, yet she could take no other Course to prevent this Marriage, which our Intelligence informed us was on the Point of Consummation, but to acquaint the Father of the young Lady. That very Afternoon my Mistress and I went in a Hackney-Coach, to call upon Mr. *Rich*. We were introduced into a Parlour fit to entertain an Emperor. The House, the Furniture and Appearance of the Servants, spoke the Opulence of the Master, but what I took Notice of in this House, which differed from most great Houses at the Court-End of the Town, that the very Looks, Air, and Address of every
Creature

Creature that spoke to you, carried in them the Marks of Respect, Esteem, and a generous Welcome; without speaking you were pleased with them, and when they spoke, it was to oblige you. As we sat in this Parlour, which fronted the main Entry, we saw a rich Equipage and Livery draw up to the Door, which drew our Attention to the Window, and we had not looked long, before we saw step into the Chariot, a genteel young Lady about Eighteen, with so much Youth and Innocence in her Countenance, that we were too much charmed with them, to examine her Features narrowly, tho' they would bear it too, for she was truly agreeable, if not a Beauty. When my Mistress saw her, that is Miss *Rich*, says she, with a Sigh that would have pierced a Heart of Adamant. She is too charming to be undone; little does she think how near she is to her Ruin, oh may she never know my Sorrows. Here the Tears trickled down her Cheeks, which gave some Ease to her bursting Heart, but she endeavoured to conceal them, for in that Moment Mr. *Rich* entered, and was surprized to see a Lady with so much Sorrow in her Countenance; for it was impossible to conceal her Confusion, which was rather increased by the Presence of the Man to whom

whom she was to tell her Story. He appeared a venerable old Man about fixty, with something so noble in his Air, and so engaging in his Countenance, that you could not help loving him at first Sight. He no sooner cast Eyes on my Mistress and saw her Sorrow, than Pity, Tenderness and Compassion glowed in his Countenance, his Eyes moistened with generous Sympathy, and the first Word he spoke, convinced you that he already felt all you suffered. Madam, I heard you had Commands with me, something of Weight seems to oppress your Spirits, speak freely, Madam, if I can be of any Service to you, I shall be happy. It is true, Sir, replied my Mistress, I am oppressed with Grief, it is God alone who can entirely restore my Peace, but you, Sir, can in Part, and in doing so, you will reap the Benefit, you will save from Ruin your own Child. My Child, Madam! replied the good Man, hastily, God preserve my Child! what Ruin threatens her? or how is your Peace concerned in it? Indeed it is, for I am the lawful Wife of Captain *Robert Summers*, to whom you propose so shortly to marry your Daughter.

The Merchant was mute for a Minute or two, and gazed all the while upon Mrs. *Summers*. There is something in your Face, said he,
and

and a certain Impulse within me, that obliges me to give absolute Credit to what you say, and from this Moment rest satisfied, the Captain's Match with my Daughter proceeds no further; I thank God for the Discovery, and you may lay Claim to every grateful Return in my Power, but Madam, in order to break off the Match with Decency, and to put it out of your Husband's Power to deceive any more in this Corner of the World, it is necessary I should be furnished with legal Proofs of what you assert. That, replied my Mistress, is easily done, for you will find the Licence in Doctors Commons, I was married by one of the *Temple* Readers, in the Presence of my Maid here, and two Officers who are now in *London*, tho' I believe Captain *Summers* thinks they are in *Spain*.

Mr. *Rich* being now perfectly satisfied of the Truth of what my Mistress told him, behaved with great Tenderness and Politeness, and enquired in a very modest and delicate Manner, if any falling out had happened between her and her Husband, which gave him an Opportunity to touch upon her Circumstances. She would have concealed great Part of the Captain's hard Usage; but a Fool's Bow is soon shot, I took

took the Liberty to out with it all, and concealed no Part that might give him a good Impression of my Mistress, and a just one of his once intended Son-in-Law, for I judged by his Countenance he was inclinable to befriend her, and I knew such a one as he would be useful. He ordered in Tea and Coffee, and made an Apology that his Daughter was not at Home to entertain her, and return her Thanks for the great good Office she had done her, but added, that she should soon wait of her. He took a Memorandum at parting, of our Lodging, and as he handed my Mistress into the Coach, he slipped a Bank Note of twenty Pounds into her Hand, and wished her all Happiness.

We got Home in a much better Humour than we went out, as we were now sure the Match was broke off to all Intents and Purposes, and could not help making a Comparison between the generous Humour and the polite Behaviour of the Merchant, and the surly Stupidity of the Peer, which shows that Virtue is not always inherent to high Blood and Titles.

My Mistress owed a few Trifles, which she now discharged, paid me my Wages, which

which I wanted to buy some Cloaths with, and bought some Necessaries for herself and Miss, with the Remainder of the twenty Pounds, and trusted to Providence and her Painting for a further Supply. In a Day or two Miss *Rich* waited of my Mistress, and thanked her very politely, and with great Marks of Affection, for the Snare she had helped her to escape, and promised an eternal Friendship and a constant Correspondence; for she and her Father and Family were going out of Town, till the Noise of this Affair had subsided amongst their Acquaintance in the City. We heard nothing of my hopeful Master for above two Months, and my Mistress was grown quite indifferent about him, at least she endeavoured to forget him, but he was resolved to freshen her Memory. For one Morning, about eleven o'Clock, just as I had done dressing Miss, and my Mistress was gone into the Closet to finish a Fan, to send out for a Supply of Money, who should bounce into the Room, but my Master, followed by an ugly looking Fellow, and two Thief-like Porters; I no sooner saw him, than without knowing what I did, I screamed out as if I had seen the Devil. D—n you, you B—h, what makes you bawl? so says my Master, and gives me a woeful Push out of his Way;

Way; where is my Wife, your d—d Mistress? The Noise brought her out of the Closet all of a Tremble, and unable to utter a Word, at the Surprize of seeing him, with such strange ugly looking Fellows. I am, Madam, your Husband, am I not? Yes, Captain *Summers*, you are, I never denied the Title of your Wife, and I know no Reason you have to be ashamed of the Title of my Husband, tho' you have taken but an unnatural Care of me and my poor Child, who was all this while fawning upon him, and begging him to give her a Kiss. He spurned the dear Infant from him as he would a Snake, and with a Look full of Ill-nature, I will show you, Madam, I am your Husband, and that I will use what is here as mine. Here, take down this Furniture, and carry it where I directed you. Tho' the Porters looked as much like Ruffians as any you ever saw, I perceived them shocked; they were slow of obeying his Commands, and I heard one of them mutter between his Teeth, I would rather put them up for the Gentlewoman without Pay.

The Landlord hearing the Noise of hammering, came running up Stairs, and asked the Matter; what is that to you, says the

the Captain, in a very haughty Air, have not I a Right to take down my own Furniture, without your interfering. The honest Man saw immediately how Things went; and stepping up to my Mistress, he treaded softly on her Toe, and answered, yes, Sir, you may take down your Furniture, I know the righteous Title you have to them; but Sir, I must have my Rent before you take them out of this Apartment. Touch a Pin's worth more at your Peril, and then rung the Bell hastily, which brought up half a Dozen sturdy young Fellows in an Instant, Journeymen Cabinet-Makers, for the Landlord was a Cabinet-Maker by Trade. Even the Captain's Porters look'd chearful; but he himself looked so foolish, I cou'd not help laughing at him. However, he desired the Fellow who was to have bought the Goods, to step for an Attorney that liv'd in *Grays-Inn*, and the Landlord sent for a Constable and another Attorney, who made a formal Seizure, and began to take an Inventory by that Time the Captain's Lawyer came. All Things seemed to go well for us, for the Captain's Lawyer had nothing to say against the Landlord's being paid his Rent, which was confessedly more than the Goods would bring at an Auction; but our own Villain of a Lawyer spoiled

spoiled all, for the Landlord had been Fool enough to tell him there was not a Shilling due, that he had been paid but a Week before, and that the Seizure was friendly, to save the Goods to the poor Wife. He like a Rascal, told the other Attorney, and then the Captain was permitted to rifle us even of the Bed we lay on, and did not leave a Rag to my Mistress, but what was on her Back, all was carried off, and nothing left us but the bare Walls ; and the Rogue of a Lawyer that betrayed us, had the Conscience to charge Six and Eight-pence for his Fees ; but that the Landlord paid, as it was he that sent for him, and he that trusted such a Villain.

Reduced as we were, half naked, with not so much as a Stool to sit on, or a Bed to lay on, or more than four Shillings in Pocket, yet my Mistress bore it without shedding a Tear, or uttering one harsh Word of the base Man who did it, only now and then when she looked at *Charlotte*, her Bosom heaved, and a deep Sigh escaped her.

The honest Landlord, Mr. *Robinson*, was so moved he could not bear the Sight of my Mistress, he was a Widower, and as honest a Soul as breathes, if it had not been
for

for him we must have perished. He sent one of his Apprentices up for me, and desired he might speak to me; I went down, and it was to tell me, to desire my Mistress not to be dispirited, that she should not want Furniture, that he would lend her every Thing necessary, till she could furnish herself, by Degrees, with Goods that might be less expensive, than any he had now in his Shop, and in the mean Time she was welcome to the best he had. In short, before Night, we had every Thing we would, as well as before; so kind is Providence to those who put their Trust in him.

My Mistress continued to paint, and we lived pretty comfortably for three Months; but then our good Landlord died, and we were obliged to go into furnished Lodgings, in *Hatton-Garden*, quite out of the Neighbourhood where we were known, and though they were but mean enough, yet they came higher than our little Income could afford; for the Painter could not, or would not always take off our high-priced Fans; and my Mistress was then obliged to work for the Shops, who gave little or nothing for her Work. Some Months after we came to these last Apartments, I had a violent Illness, which threatened a Consumption: I

grew ufeless to my Miftrefs, and yet it was fore against her Will she permitted me to go down to some Relations I had in *Lancashire*, to recover my Health. However, I went and stayed there till about two Months ago, when I came up in hopes to find my dear Miftrefs, but alas she was dead. I called at the House where she lodged, and they told me she had been dead near a Year, that she fell into a lingering Disorder after I left her, and died in about a Twelvemonth, of a Dropsy and Jaundice; that she was very much reduced before she died, and had scarce enough to bury her, and that the Child was sent to the Parish. I thought, Madam, I should have broke my Heart when I heard it, and went to ask after the Child, but heard she was taken away by a great Lady, but what she was I never learned, till by meer Accident I met with the Doctor's Man, who brought me to this Country.

Thus, Mrs. *Bell*, ended her Relation, but we refer the Effects of it and Miss's Welcome to the Lady *Bountiful*, to a new Book and a new Chapter, and till we open it the Reader may safely take a Nap.

THE



THE
HISTORY
OF A
PARISH GIRL.

BOOK II.

Containing the Adventures of Miss Charlotte Summers, during the most ticklish Part of a Woman's Life.

CHAP. I.

BEING a Dissertation on the Art of Laughing and Crying, and containing Rules and Precepts, by which the most Ignorant may certainly know when they ought to laugh or cry, either at the Incidents in this History, or those of any other Book that is now, or ever shall be written hereafter, very useful to be read by all

K 2

Gentlemen

Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, who want to acquire a thorough Command, either of the merry or melancholy Muscles of their Face.

N. B. It is our absolute Will and Pleasure, that no Person whatever, presume either to laugh or cry at the Dissertation itself.

I think it the Saying of the wise Solomon, *‘ that there is a Time to laugh and a Time to cry, a Time to be merry and a Time to be sad,’* I don’t remember exactly where the Text is; but it is somewhere in the Bible, where I would advise my Readers to look for it, they may learn something from the Search worth while, besides being convinced of the Truth of my Quotation: In the mean time I would infer from the Authority of that sometimes wise Man, that we are not to laugh and cry at all Things indifferently: But tho’ he has told us this great Truth, yet he has left us quite in the dark, as to the precise Periods, when we are to dilate our Muscles into a Laugh, or screw them down to a melancholy Groan, only I think we may gather from him pretty plainly, that we ought not, if we could, do both at the same Time.

The

The rest of the Heathen Philosophers have been equally silent on the Subject, at least they have none of them treated it directly, except we build any Thing upon the whimsical Humour of *Heraclitus* and *Democritus*, one of whom laughed heartily, while the other cried and mourned grievously, at every Thing they saw. Their Practice then can give us no Light into *Solomon's* Doctrines, or teach us in the least the mighty Secret, when we ought to be merry or sad.

I know the great *Aristotle*, and the inimitable *Horace's* Art of Poetry will be objected to me, as some Steps towards establishing the grand Question, when a Man ought to be merry or sad, but I must insist upon it, that however great Esteem and Veneration I may have for these great Men and their Authority, yet I cannot submit to all their Rules, they encroach too much upon muscular Liberty ; and besides don't take in all possible Cases ; particularly, they have laid down no Rules for this Species of Writing I am now engaged in ; and indeed I don't know how they should, when it is but just now discovered. But above all, the Reader is to observe, that they have

only prescribed a certain Regimen for poetical Authors, and taught them when they are to be pleased or displeased with their own Labours, but they have not informed the Publick in direct Terms, when and at what Periods they are to exercise their risible and crying Faculties ; at least the greatest Part of Readers don't submit to their Jurisdiction, and think themselves at liberty to laugh or cry, without consulting the Rules laid down, either by the Poet or the Philosopher, which not one in ten of them understand one Word of ; by which Means great Indecencies happen in our public Assemblies to the great Scandal of learned Men, and the utter Destruction of all Rule and Order ; for there is nothing more common than to see one half of a Play-House Audience taking part with the laughing Philosopher, when the Actors and the other half are sighing, mourning and wailing to the Tone of the melancholy Sage. To draw a Picture of such a divided Audience would make a good Dutch Droll, which it would be impossible for any Man not to laugh at ; what is all this owing to but the Want of Understanding, the Art of commanding the Muscles of the Face, and Men's Ignorance of the Time when they should laugh, and when they should cry ?

cry? The comic Poet is highly chagrin'd, that you are not tickled into a loud Laugh at the meer Sight of his Sock, and the tragic Author fumes and blows himself into a greater Rage than any of his Heroes, if you are not melted into Sighs, Tears, and heart-piercing Groans, every Time he gets on his Buskins. But why should they blame the honest Audience, when they don't know when its proper for them to humour either, as we have got no laughing Marks, or crying Characters; it is true, the Actors sometimes put on a Grin, as a Signal for you to laugh; and at other times look very sheepish, to direct you to cry; but it generally falls out that they have quite the contrary Effect, for it happens sometimes to these Gentlemen, like the Mute in the *Funeral*, or *Grief Alamode*, the more you give, the less pliable they are in their Muscles, and either look so rugged that you cannot believe them pleased, or so healthy you cannot believe them sad; what must be done then, since the Author has no Mark to his Copy, to distinguish the merrry from the melancholy Period, and the Faces of the Actors are not to be trusted to give you the proper Cue; or where must we find this Rule, it is a very difficult Case; and yet there certainly must be such a Rule,

otherwise the wise *Solomon* would never have said, there is a Time to laugh, and a Time to cry. But the Discovery was reserved for this Age, and there are two Authors now living in this Metropolis, who have found out the Art, and both Brother Biographers, the one of *Tom Jones*, and the other of *Clarissa*.

I happened the other Day to be in Company with a very judicious antient Gentlewoman of my Acquaintance, and our Conversation turned on those two wonderful Performances, of which she gave the following Character: I have read both these Authors, and have been highly entertained with each in his Way. The one tickled me till I had like to die of laughing, and the other moved me so I had like to have died crying. I question much if ever any of the Ancients handled an old Gentlewoman in such a Manner, or could pretend to such an absolute Sway over the Muscles, as these two inimitable Moderns, and yet they followed none of *Aristotle's* or *Horace's* Rules, in forming of their several Poems, and though neither let me into the Secret, yet by Art Magic I have discovered the Means they used to usurp such a Dominion over our Hearts and Countenances.—The Truth is, my worshipful Father is naturally a Man of good Humour

mour himself, and resolved to be pleased as easily as he can ; he has so little Bile in his Constitution, and so large a Quantity of Mercury, he is seldom or never sad himself, and in writing his *Tom Jones*, he wrote nothing but what tickled his own Fancy, and never put Pen to Paper but when he was perfectly pleased with himself and all about him ; by this Means nothing flowed from him but what was facetious and witty. On the other Hand, the Historian of *Clarissa* is possessed of an infinite deal of Good-nature, but has such a peculiar melancholy Cast in his Temper, that it is very rare that he can be prevailed on so much as to smile, but he is pleased with the most tender and pathetic Scenes of Life, and never can see Distress but he feels it, and never wrote till he had wrought up his Imagination into a real Belief of the Reality of the Misfortune of his Heroine. His Sighs, his Tears, and Groans guided his Pen, and every Accent appears but the Picture of his own sad Heart, that beats with tender Sympathy for the imaginary Distress of his favourite Fair. Thus both these great Men, while they were writing for the Entertainment of the Public, were pleasing themselves in their different Tastes ; *Tom Jones* was pleased when he laughed, and *Clarissa* when she

K 5

cried ;

cried ; and as both presented their natural Countenance, we could not help joining in Concert, for Laughing and Crying, as well as Yawning are both catching, that is, when they are both natural and not forced.

By this Account of these two eminent Men in their Way, we find the only Secret they followed, to gain the Command of our Muscles, was to please themselves, without troubling their Heads whether what pleased them was according to the Laws of Poetry or not ; they knew it was Nature in themselves they followed, and guessed that she acts uniformly in all her Workings, and this they have found superior to *Aristotle*, and the whole Posse of ill-natur'd Criticks ; and from that I have gathered the golden Rule for Laughing and Crying, which is applicable to all Men, all Ranks, all Nations and Languages, and must take in every Species of Writing, and every thing else that has the least Claim to the Exercise of the Muscles of the Face : *It is this, that every Reader shall only laugh when he is really pleased, and finds the Muscles move that way of themselves, and shall cry, sigh or groan just in proportion, as he finds himself sad, moved, or tenderly touched.* However, I will allow that a Man may dilate

dilate his Muscles a little, so as to resemble a Smile or imitate a faint Titter, out of Complaisance to his Company, especially if there are any Female would-be Wits displaying their facetious Talents; but I absolutely forbid these mimic Motions to be called laughing. It is no more than grinning. And I permit a Widow for the first Month of her Widowhood, to heave her Bosom and fetch her Breath short, and, if she can, to moisten her Eyes, tho' she should happen even to be so pleased, as to be disposed to laugh rather than cry; tho' this is but Shamming; it is not being moved or affected with Sadness, that they are never to pretend to it, but when they really are so; and when they find themselves thus disposed, I say it with the Authority of an *ipse dixit*, that they ought, and have an absolute Right to indulge themselves, notwithstanding all Laws, Rules, Statutes and Ordinances that heretofore may have been made, enacted, ordered and ordained to the contrary by any Power whatsoever.

How strangely have we free-born *Englishmen* been bamboozled and cheated of our muscular Liberty, by the Encroachment of these old heathen Philosophers, and their modern Adherents. They forsooth, must

lay such Restraint upon our merry Features, that we must not move them, but keep them as steady as a Barber's Block till we see Things in certain Modes and Figures, which their gloomy Heads have supposed necessary to excite our risible Faculty, and which a Man may be a whole Age, before he meets with an Object every way qualified according to their wise Rules. Is it not plaguy hard, that an honest Subject who pays Scot and Lot to the Parish, and perhaps is worth half, if not a whole Plumb, must be so tickled with a Farce or *Bartholomew Droll*, that he is ready to burst, and yet dares not so much as smile, because the Piece wants the three what do ye call its, the three Unities, and a great deal of fiddle-faddle Stuff the honest Man knows nothing at all about; he must not laugh when he is pleased forsooth, a very pretty Story indeed, and must wait till the Criticks have examined it Limb by Limb, before he dare own that he is the least affected with the most tragical Tragedy that ever was tragedized. This is the Effect of following *Aristotle's* Rules; whereas, if he takes the Devil of *Delphos's* Advice, *Nosce teipsum*, if he knows himself, at least so much of himself as to guess when he is pleased, by the great Rule I have now laid down, he
may

may dilate his honest Heart with a Horse-Laugh, when ever he finds himself in the Mood, or help his Respiration by a piti-ous Sigh or a few Tears, without the least Indecorum. By this Means, if both Au-
thor and Reader assume this their natural Right, it will happen they will find them-
selves much oftner of the same Mind and Disposition than they are at present; for, as the Author is not obliged to torture his Genius beyond its Pitch, in observing the *Lucidus, Ordo, Series & Junctura*, with the *Felix operis summa*, so rigorously exacted by *Horace*, nor is obliged so much as to understand those emphatic Lines, which that Tyrant designed as so many unalterable Rules, to determine the poetic Characters that should appear in after Ages, viz.

*Interit Multum, Davusne loquatur, an
Heros*

*Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente ju-
venta*

*Fervidus, an Matrona potens, an sedu-
la Nutrix.*

I say, as he is not now tied down to these Laws, worse than *Egyptian* Bondage, but is only to entertain the Public with these Re-
veries, which please himself and tickle his
own

own Fancy in his Garret, the Man laughs or cries so natural, the Muscles of his Readers move the same Way by pure Sympathy, and both Parties discover the *Dulcia*, without troubling their Heads about the *Pulchra*, or the Exactness which *Horace* and his Mirmidons the Criticks, make such a pother about. For if we enquire philosophically into the Cause of that Motion of the human Countenance, which we call Laughter, and which is excited by the Appearance of certain ridiculous Objects, we shall find that the whole flows from Sympathy, and the Laws of Harmony, which govern the whole Universe, and can only be explained by the famous Example of the two Violins tuned to the same Pitch, where if you strike upon either, the other of itself emits the same Sound, that is, if the Note struck be within its Pitch; and in the same Manner, if both the Author and Reader are tuned to the same Key, that is, are both equally disposed to be pleased with themselves and all about them, and if the Author laughs you a Laugh of his own, or sighs or drops a Tear of his own Product, it is impossible but according to the mechanic Laws, by which the Muscles are governed, but the Fellow-instrument, the Reader, or Hearer must eccho the same Note, to the
great

great Pleasure and Satisfaction of them both.

I own to you, there are a Set of Instruments in this great Metropolis, of so odd a Make, that there is no screwing them up to the Pitch of any Author, and are for the most Part, so out of Humour with themselves, it is impossible they should be pleased with any Thing ; but the Rule will even affect them, when they are pleased to be pleased, for then they may laugh or cry, and they have my Leave to let it alone till then ; but for the future, I strictly command, that such Persons do not presume to find fault with the Author, since that they are not pleased is no fault of his ; but their own, that they are not pleased to tune themselves to his Key. But there is another Set of Men, who may be very numerous, and not quite so mischevious as the last Class; they are such as are in a State of Neutrality, a stupid kind of indolent Indifference; they are neither pleased nor displeased, merry or sad, and cannot for their Blood, determine whether they would laugh or cry; whether they are to be tickled or beat out of this thoughtless State, I have not yet determined, but that they may not want Employment, but may find an Author
tuned

tuned to their Pitch, I have writ several Parts of this History, in a Disposition neither to laugh nor cry, neither pleased nor displeased, but as nearly as I can guess in the State, I have described the last Class of Readers; therefore it is possible these indolent Set, who are not merry enough to laugh at *Tom Jones*, or sad enough to cry at every Passage in *Clarissa*, may find themselves pleased with some Scenes in the pretty *Parish Girl*, in a Degree that may permit them to keep their Muscles in the same steady Posture they usually were; and by this Means, amongst us three, the Generality of Readers may be pleased, I might say almost all of them, except the Surly, Morose and Ill-natur'd, who like the snarling Critic, are never in a Humour to be satisfied, but live in perpetual Discord with every Thing about them.

CHAP. II.

Containing Miss Summers's Adventures with Mr. Crofts.

THE Reader is now to suppose, that while we were giving Rules for Laughing and Crying, and while they were skipping over the white Space, between the
first

first and second Book, that Miss *Summers* has thrown aside her Doll and Baby-House, with all the other childish Amusements of the Nursery ; and that Lady *Bountiful* had taken Care to adorn her with every female Accomplishment her Genius was capable of, and that she is now about the middle of her fifteenth Year, a fine blooming Beauty, her Eyes sparkling with brilliant Lustre, her snowy Bosom in its meridian Glory, decked with two firm round Globes, set at a convenient Distance from each other, to spread and adorn her lovely Chest ; her Features have now gathered Meaning, as well as Regularity ; her Stature has sprung up beyond the middle Size, her Shape, her Air and Mien, all speak her capable of raising the warmest Flame ; yet she herself is insensible of those Desires, her Form is capable of creating. It is true, she sighs, she wishes for she knows not what ; she grows restless, and finds unusual Dreams disturb her Slumbers, and that there is something wanting to her Ease ; but what it is she knows not, nor is it possible for her to frame the least Idea of it. She begins to have strange and out-of-the-way Longings, and forsakes all of a sudden the wholesome Delicacies of Lady *Bountiful's* Table, for Lime, Wax, Tobacco-Pipes, and humble Coal-

Coal-Cinders, which she cranches with greedy Appetite, till the unusual Regimen robs her Cheeks of Roses, her Eyes of their Lustre, and gives her whole Countenance a yellow sickly Cast. She was alarmed at the fading Symptoms, and applied to Lady *Bountiful* for Advice. She advised her to a Steel-Diet and a good deal of Exercise, which restored the lovely Fair in five or six Months to her wonted Charms, and like the Sun just breaking out from under a Cloud, after a dark and dismal Sky, appeared to all about her rather more lovely than before that little Eclipse. Her Face lost the girlish childish Look, and assumed a more steady Cast, and more of the Air of a Woman, which taught the young Gentlemen that they must now approach her with more Ceremony, and refrain to treat her any longer as a Child, but as one entrusted with the keeping of a Treasure, capable of making the proudest of them happy.

Tho' she was possessed of every Charm that could inflame the Heart, or captivate the Understanding; tho' her Glass told her so, and the young Gentlemen of the County took every Opportunity to make her acquainted with her matchless Merit, yet she

she acted as if she were possessed of none of these Qualifications, nor assumed any Airs as conscious of her Beauty, either to the enamoured Swains or less deserving Nymphs of *Carmarthenshire*. Her whole Study was to deserve Esteem, but was never anxious to hear it, nor never less pleased, than when entertained with the just Praises due to her Merit. Her Presence created Love in all that were capable of any Degree of that Passion, yet she had something in her Air and Manner, that checked the Utterance of any Passion from any of the Gentlemen of the County. Tho' many pined for her, yet she appeared too refined in her Sentiments for that Race of Men, and they wished her Virtue less severe, and that she would have confessed more of the Mortal, that they might have the Courage to address her in direct Terms. But as that could not happen, they contented themselves with adoring her in private, and offering her all the little Courtesies in their Power, to try to prejudice her in their Favour. Whether she saw their Design or not, I never thought it worth my while to enquire into; but she behaved to all with such equal, but polite Indifference, that they had no Reason to quarrel with one another about Precedence. Her Life passed
on

on in this easy Calm till she was about Seventeen, when a young Gentleman from *London* gave a little Ruffle to the Serenity she had hitherto enjoyed.

Mr. *Crofts*, for that was the Name of this *Londoner*, was Heir to a considerable Estate in *Glamorganshire*, had an University Education, had travelled and seen most of the polite Courts in *Europe*; and in fact had improved a sprightly Genius and solid Judgment, with all the Advantages of a thorough Knowledge of Men and Books; and to these he joined a genteel Person and Presence, which gained him a good Reception amongst the Judicious of both Sexes. He was a near Relation of the Lady *Bountiful's*, and came down to her House, to pass a Month or two with young Sir *Thomas*, who was as polite a Foxhunter as was in all that Part of the Kingdom; and between Doctor *Burton* and Parson *Goodheart*, had laid in a large Share of useful Knowledge, and wanted but very little polishing in the Air of a Court, to have rendered him a compleat young Gentleman. When Mr. *Crofts* arrived, a very great Intimacy commenced between him and Sir *Thomas*. The Lady *Bountiful* treated him with great Esteem, and Miss *Summers* shewed him all the Respect he could expect from

a well-bred Woman. The Courtier was surprized to find so complete a Beauty in so remote a Corner of the Kingdom, and very soon felt a Kind of Fluttering about his Heart, which he had not experienced for the most celebrated Beauties of the Court. It was impossible to see her and not esteem her, and impossible to prevent that Esteem from increasing into the warmest Flame ; for at this Period of Life, like a Tree in Blossom, every Day produced some new Beauty, some unseen Perfection, which fanned the social Flame by slow and imperceptible Degrees to its greatest Height.

Good Manners would have induced Mr. *Crofts* to have treated a young Lady of any Degree of Merit with Esteem and Respect, but he found himself obliged to go beyond the common Rule of cold Civility to the charming Miss *Summers*. He took all Opportunities to oblige her, and used every Art in his Power to create in her a favourable Prepossession in his Favour, and he fancied he had made some Progress, because she shewed him more Respect, than to any other Gentleman who visited in the Family. But he was mistaken in his Conjectures ; for that Preference, with her, amounted to no more than the Regard which she thought due
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to superior Sense and Merit, with the nearer Connection he had with her Benefactress; but her Heart felt no Emotion favourable to the Design he had of addressing her. However, he construed every Act of Complaisance which Miss *Summers* shewed him, to a Disposition in the Fair to admit of his Suit, for he was of that Set of Men who believe it impossible for a Woman to entertain any Esteem for the other Sex, without making some warm Reflections about their Persons.

Mr. *Crofts* had yet been kept a Stranger to Miss *Summers*'s Circumstances, that is, it had happened by mere Accident that he had been in the House for near a Month, without knowing the Footing upon which she came and continued in the Family; not that it was made a Secret of by Miss, or any about her, but that he had not Curiosity to enquire about it; but when he found, by consulting his own Disposition, that the strong Symptoms of the Approach of a violent Passion was upon him, he enquired of some of the Family about Miss *Summers*'s Circumstances, and was made acquainted with every Tittle relating to her Story. This Discovery gave a Check to the Ardour of his Flame, and his Pride taught him to think,
that

that to entertain an honourable Passion for one in those Circumstances, would be a Dishonour to his Family. He easily got rid of the generous Passion; but it was not so easy to banish its Companion, the Appetite. Though his Inclination to marry Miss *Summers* grew weak, yet his Desires to possess her increased daily; and the more that he flattered himself her Circumstances would hinder her from insisting on such high Terms as Marriage, for that Toy which he was now resolved to purchase at any Rate below that of the perpetual Noose.

Having thus resolved on her Ruin, he determined to make her a Declaration the first Opportunity; but though he had many, yet Virtue sat so awful in the Face of that lovely Maid, it was impossible for him to find Courage to affront her, or Terms delicate enough to express his base Meaning. He frequently began to speak, but something from within checked his Expression, and obliged him to turn the Discourse to something very different from the studied Preamble he had begun. The Inconsistency of these Kind of Discourses, and a Kind of Wildness that appeared in his Behaviour on these Occasions, made Miss *Summers* believe that there was something or other
more

more than ordinary the Matter, put her more upon her Guard than formerly, and deprived him, for some Time, of every Opportunity of being alone with her.

Lady *Bountiful* and she were one Day together in an Arbour in the Garden, where Sir *Thomas* came up to them, told them, that Mr. *Crofts* was certainly possessed, for that they had been out all that Morning a Sporting, and he had spoiled their Game, was quite absent, was now come Home, and shut himself up in his Chamber.——I have observed, says Lady *Bountiful*, an Alteration in his Behaviour within these few Days. He seems thoughtful, and has lost all the Vivacity in his Conversation, which was so entertaining when he came first down. If I am not mistaken, Miss *Summers* is the Occasion of it. I wish he may be smitten, for I assure you, my Child, I shall think myself very happy to see you settled in so fine an Estate, with a Gentleman of Mr. *Crofts*'s Accomplishments.——Death! says Sir *Thomas*, I hope he is not in Love with *Charlotte*.——Why, Sir *Thomas*, says my Lady, don't you hope it? don't you think she deserves him?——Yes, begad, Madam, I think her too good for him;—and gave Miss a Side-Look, which covered

covered her all over with a Crimson Blush, and turned out of the Arbour.—It's well thought on, my dear Child, continued Lady *Bountiful*, it's very possible this Gentleman may have some Liking to your Person, but beware you don't depend too much upon his Professions, for Women cannot be too much upon their Guard against the sly Insinuations of designing Men ; they have a thousand Shapes to assume, to win upon our Affections, and a thousand Baits to draw the Unwary to their Ruin. I don't think my Cousin *Crofts* is capable of harbouring any bad Thought against one whom I protect, but the Manner in which my Son took the Hint (who perhaps may know him better than I do) put me in Mind, to put you upon your Guard.—Some Company joined them, which put an End to the Conversation, and gave Miss *Summers* an Opportunity to retire to her Chamber, to reflect on what passed in her own Mind, which she found in the utmost Confusion.

She had not hitherto allowed herself, though she behaved with more Reserve to Mr. *Crofts* than before, to think of his being in love with her. When the Lady *Bountiful* had given her the discreet Hint,

Pride and Interest first suggested the Advantage of the Match, and then the mere Woman ran over the Accomplishments of his Person, and found them unexceptionable ; yet all this could not raise so much as a Wish in his Behalf. She recollected the Surprize Sir *Thomas* was in at the Mention of Mr. *Crofts* as a Pretender, and the Look he gave her at going out of the Arbour, which brought back to her Memory all the tender Infant-Endearments that had passed between her and that Gentleman, long before either were capable of any Passion, and the friendly, polite and affectionate Manner in which he treated her, since their Years obliged both to a stricter Decorum, than they observed in their Infancy. When she had collected all these Ideas, she found a glowing Warmth about her Heart, which she at first explained into the Overflowings of Gratitude to the Son of her Benefactress ; but when she attempted to reason herself into a Liking of Mr. *Crofts*, she found the Idea of Sir *Thomas* always thrust itself between her, and any Resolves she was about to form in favour of that Gentleman, which she was honest enough to own to herself, looked very like the first Dawnings of that Passion called Love, of which she had, in fact, no other Idea than what she
had

had learned from the celebrated *Cassandra* and *Cleopatra*. As to Interest (barring the Title of Baronet, which was annexed to Sir *Thomas's* Estate) Mr. *Crofts* was every way equal ; but she found in all Struggles, that that Affection which had imperceptibly grown up with her Years, got much the better of all Mr. *Crofts's* Pretensions.

She was in this Disposition, when Mr. *Crofts*, who heard she was alone, came into her Apartment, and at last found Courage to make her a Tender of the fairest Side of his Affection, concealing the base Part of his Design, till he had warmed her into a Liking of his honourable Passion, which judging from her dependent Circumstances, he made no Doubt would be very well received ; then he thought it would be time enough to open this cover'd Battery, which he had formed against her Honour. She received his Declaration without any apparent Confusion, and honestly told him, that she acknowledged the Honour intended her, and the Merit of the Person who made it, yet she could make him no Return, but by honestly acquainting him, that his Suit would be in vain, for she at present found herself so happy in the Countenance and Protection of Lady *Bountiful*, her honoured

Patronefs, that ſhe had formed to herſelf no Idea of Felicity beyond it.—Mr. *Crofts* was confounded to find ſo calm and ſteady a Refuſal at the firſt Onſet ; for, though from the Cuſtom of the Sex, he might have expected ſomething like a Denial on the firſt Propoſal, yet he expected one leſs peremptory, and that ſomething in her Manner, her Words, Looks or Actions, would have given Hopes contrary to the Declaration of her Tongue, but all was uniform, and ſeemed the Dictates of a firm Reſolution. He tried Whining, Flattery, and all the Arts he thought could move a Woman ; but all in vain, the Answer was the ſame, or rather more diſcouraging, ſo that he was obliged to quit the Room highly chagrined. As he was coming out he met Sir *Thomas* in the Hall going in, but was ſo ruffled he could not ſpeak to him. Sir *Thomas* went haſtily up to the Room, and found Miſs *Summers* in a deep Study.—I ſee, Madam, you have made a Conqueſt, and you uſe your Power tyrannically, for I met *Crofts* coming out from you, looking as ſheepiſh as a Boy that had been newly whipt for playing Truant. How can you have the Heart to uſe the poor Gentleman ſo ? He'll certainly hang, or drown himſelf ; I wonder what you Women do to put ſuch Crotchets into Men's Heads

Heads that make such ridiculous Puppies of us.—I assure you, Sir *Thomas*, I have done nothing to put any Crotchet into Mr. *Crofts's* Head, and wish from my Heart he would permit me to enjoy my Repose without troubling me with his Passion.—You only say so now, *Charlotte*, but there is no believing any of you on these Occasions ; you are for lengthening out the Time of Courtship, and giving the Men all the Plague in your Power, in order to break their Spirit so before Marriage, that you may use them like Spaniels after. I'll lay my Life, in two or three Days, or Months, according as the Maggot bites, you'll put the poor Man out of Pain ; but cannot you give the *Coup de Grace* at once, and say, *Yes* ; for I'm sure you cannot withstand a fine Gentleman of three Thousand a Year.—But I can, reply'd Miss *Summers*, a little nettled at this Raillery of the Baronets, so different from the Notion she had formed in the Arbour a few Minutes before ! Yes ! I can despise a Crown if I don't like the Man. I have given him such an Answer as must, if he has either good Sense or good Manners, put all Thoughts of me out of his Head ; and I shall take it as a Favour from Sir *Thomas*, if he takes some Pains to persuade him into that Behaviour.—Pardon

me, lovely Maid, said Sir *Thomas* in a Tone all Softness, for mentioning the Possibility of your being sway'd by Fortune; I knew you too well to harbour such a mean Opinion of you; but I said it, to ease my tortur'd Soul of some strange Forebodings, which the Addressee of this smooth-tongu'd Courtier raised in me, and to learn from yourself how far he was in your Esteem; for I am too deeply interested in your Choice, *Charlotte*, to be easy when Pretensions are formed upon your Heart—He was about to proceed, when a Servant entered the Room, to acquaint him some Gentlemen had just alighted, who wanted his Company that Instant on some very urgent Business. *Charlotte* was highly pleased, that he was interrupted from making any further Declaration of a Meaning she easily guessed at, but which she was not prepared to make the proper Answer to. For, the first Moment of her Reflections, she found unspeakable Pleasure in the Thought, that Sir *Thomas* had an Affection for her, and that she had not indulged an Affection for any other, but had it in her Power to make all the grateful Returns to the Son of her generous Benefactress he could reasonably desire, for still she imagined, that Gratitude for the innumerable Favours heaped upon
her

her by his Family, was the only Foundation of that Esteem she found she had for Sir *Thomas* in Prejudice of all others, and did not believe any warmer Motives influenced her Heart, and that it was her Duty, as the only Return she could make Lady *Bountiful*, to sacrifice her Heart to her Son, without any Regard to her own Satisfaction, and even wished, that she found in herself a Disgust to his Person, that the Sacrifice might be the greater—But she did not continue long in this pleasant Reverie, for reflecting upon what she owed to Lady *Bountiful*, brought to her Mind a very necessary Question, which the first Hurry of her Spirits made her overlook; that is, How far a Match of this Kind might be agreeable to this Lady? This Thought no sooner occurred, than all her flattering Hopes vanished in an Instant, and she found that her Esteem for Sir *Thomas* was built upon quite another Foundation. She recollected her own dependent Circumstances, her being taken a Beggar from a Parish, the Object of public Charity, and supported alone by the Bounty and Benevolence of Lady *Bountiful*. She knew that Lady fond of her Son, anxious about his Prosperity, and jealous to the highest Degree of the Honour of her Family, which she knew would be

thought greatly tainted by a Match with one in her Circumstances. She knew her Temper obstinate on that Subject, and foresaw that the least Mention of such a Project would forfeit that Lady's Esteem and Protection, and now concluded with absolute Certainty, that that Gratitude which she believed but a Moment before would justify her yielding to Sir *Thomas*, was an invincible Bar to her receiving or affording the smallest Encouragement to his Addressee. She knew it was a tender Point to discover his Overtures to the Lady *Bountiful*, dangerous to conceal them, and unjust to encourage them, yet she found in her Heart an Inclination to wish all Obstacles removed, that she might return his Affection. This Inclination for Sir *Thomas*, after Gratitude was out of the Question, taught her that it was dangerous to trust her own Heart, which would, sooner or later, deceive her, and that if she did not suddenly banish all Thoughts of him from her Mind, her Passion might get the better of her Judgment, and render her for ever unhappy. She found herself in the utmost Perplexity how to behave in so critical a Point, and after turning it in every possible Shape, could not suggest to herself any possible Means of preserving the Friendship of Lady *Bountiful*.

tiful, and discharging the Duty she owed her, but by accepting of Mr. *Crofts's* Offer. But the Idea of Sir *Thomas* intervened in that Thought, and she found it would be a difficult, if not an impossible Task, to sacrifice his Happiness, and her own, to a Man who was merely indifferent to her: However, hard as it was, she determined, if Sir *Thomas* pressed her, to make that her last Resource, but in the mean Time, to avoid as much as possible, coming to any particular Explanation with either of them.

Mr. *Crofts* was convinced by his first Attempt, that he should never be able to execute his Designs upon Miss *Summers* by the ordinary Baits of Flattery and Promises, yet was determined to have his Ends some how or other; for, from the Time he was informed of her Circumstances, and that she was no Relation to the Family she was in, he thought of her with less Delicacy, and believed the Ruin of her Reputation would be no Reflection upon his Honour, and that the most it could produce would be some grave Lectures from the good old Lady *Bountiful*, a Risk which he thought a Trifle when put in Competition with the Enjoyment of a fine Woman. He revolved in his own Mind several Projects for

surprizing her at some unguarded Hour, but found in all of them great Difficulty, both as she industriously shunned all private Discourse with him, and as there were much Company in the House. But his Valet, to whom he had communicated his Intention, found an Expedient which promised Success. But what this was, and the Effect of it, we refer to the next Chapter.

C H A P. III.

Containing Mr. Crofts's Attempt upon Miss Summers.

MR. Crofts's Valet had, ever since his Master came to the Family, been very sweet upon *Dolly*, one of the Chamber-Maids, who lay in a Closet within Miss *Summers's* Chamber. His Master no sooner mentioned his Design upon that innocent young Creature, than he redoubled his Addresses to the Maid, and, under a Promise of Marriage, which he had no Intention should be binding, prevailed on the Girl first to trust him with her own Secret, and then she had no Power to deny him any Thing. The sly Valet pretended that his Master was deeply in Love with Miss *Summers,*

mers, but that she industriously shunned him, and that he wanted only an Opportunity to urge his honest Love, which he might have if she would permit him to be concealed in the Closet where she lay.—The Girl made some Scruples at first, but the Arguments of her pretended Sweetheart, and some Pieces of the Master's Gold, got the better of them all, and she promised to introduce him when he desired.

The Night pitched upon for the Execution of this base Design, Lady *Bountiful* happened to be Abroad at the Seat of a neighbouring Gentleman, where one of the Family lay ill of the Small-Pox, and on that Account Miss *Summers*, who had yet missed that fatal Distemper, did not accompany her, as she generally did, wherever she went, and Sir *Thomas* had gone out that Morning on a Horse-Match to the next County, which was to last for two Days, and where Mr. *Crofts* was to have accompanied him, but he pretended Indisposition, and permitted him to go alone, promising to meet him the next Day. All the Men-Servants were either gone with the Lady, or Sir *Thomas*, and none remained at Home but the Women and Parson *Goodheart*, for Dr. *Burton* was in waiting upon the Small-

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Pox-Patient, so that Mr. *Crofts* thought he could never have a better Opportunity, and was resolved not to miss it. That Night at Supper he was very facetious, and did all he could to persuade both Miss and the Parson to drink a Glass more than ordinary, but he could prevail on neither; for though the Parson lov'd a Glass, and would sometimes indulge it freely, yet he happened that Night to withstand the Temptation, and went to Bed very sober to his Apartment, which was next to that of Miss *Summers*, from whence it was divided only by a thin Wainscot, which was the Reason Mr. *Crofts* was so solicitous to have given him a quieting Dose, as he was the only Person who lay upon that Floor of the Wing of the House where Miss *Summers* lay.

Miss *Summers* went to Bed, and the Maid went to her Closet as usual; but when all the Family were at Rest, and Miss *Summers* fast asleep, the Maid stole softly out of the Room, and led Mr. *Crofts* to the Door of the Chamber, and then went herself to the Closet, the Door of which she shut on the Inside, and left him to pursue his Designs upon the sleeping Fair, without

without troubling her Head about the Consequences.

The Moon shone bright through two large Holes in the Shutters of each Window, neither the Curtains of the Bed, nor Window-Curtains being drawn, as it was in the Heat of Summer, and the Weather extremely hot, so that the enamour'd *Croftis* had a full View of his Prey, as she lay with her Face towards the Bed-side, her Head reclining upon one Hand, her Bosom bare, and the Cloaths almost down to her Middle. The enchanting Beauties of what he saw, were sufficient to have kindled Desire in an Anchorite. Though all was still in the House, and a deep Silence prevailed every where, the Opportunity tempting, and every Pulse beat an Alarm to use it, yet there is something so commanding, so awful, in Virtue and Innocence, that his Courage began to fail him, and the Horror of the Attempt presented itself to his Mind in such shocking Colours, that he was for some Moments irresolute, and almost determined to withdraw without putting his Design in Execution; but a foolish Curiosity to see those hidden Beauties which the Bed-cloaths still concealed, and which he thought he might gratify without disturb-
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ing the Fair, tempted him to come nearer the Bed-side, and to impress a Kiss on her snowy Bosom, while his treacherous Hand was employed in more unlicens'd Liberties. The first Touch of such ravishing Beauty set all that was combustible about him in a Blaze, and destroyed the little Remains of Virtue the Awe of her Innocence, and the Thoughts of the Baseness of the Action, had raised in his Mind. He threw himself gently on the Bed, and was introducing softly his Hand under her Head, that he might have the better Command of her if she struggled, when the sleeping Innocent waked, with a dreadful Shriek, and with a sudden Spring threw herself out of the Ravisher's Arms to the other Side of the Bed. ———Heavens! good God protect me! who is this that dares be so insolent? *Dolly, Dolly!* for God's Sake wake! where are you? ———and knocked with her Hand against the Wainscot at the Back of the Bed. The Ravisher knew the Maid would not disturb his Intentions, and at that Moment forgot that the Parson was in the next Room, and therefore was not so much alarmed at her Noise, and endeavoured once more to grasp her fast to his Bosom. — Peace, my dear Angel, cry'd the perfidious Fiend, don't fright yourself, and struggle
to

to no Purpose ; you are now in my Power ; you must and shall make me happy : By Heavens I adore you to Madness, and cannot live without you ; permit me but to enjoy my Bliss, Love, eternal, unalterable, fond Love shall bind me to you for ever, and we shall be superlatively happy. — Good Angels, protect my Innocence ! cry'd the almost fainting Fair, is it possible, that Mr. Crofts, a Gentleman, can turn brutal Ravisher ! oh, unhand me, Sir, and don't in one Moment renounce your Claim to Heaven and Humanity ! By your Mother's Honour, by your Sister's Chastity, by all that's good and sacred, I conjure you to desist. Good Lord ! how I am betrayed to Lust and Villainy ! None to help me. — Yes, Villain, Heaven will protect me against all your Force. — As she spoke these last Words, as loud as she could, he endeavoured to stifle her Mouth with one Hand, while with the other he endeavoured to dispose her for his hellish Purpose.

The Doctor, who lay in the next Room, half awaked from a sound Sleep by the knocking at the Wainscot, started up and listened ; but as he heard no more of it, he fancied it might be a Dream. He heard indeed the Sound of Voices in Miss
Sum-

Summers's Room, but thought that might be she and the Maid, and could not, at least in the Confusion between Sleeping and Waking, reflect that the Lady was in any Danger, and was disposing himself again to rest, when he heard a great Bounce against the Wainscot and the Floor, attended with a loud Shriek, which was the contending Pair, who both, in the Struggle, fell out of the Bed. The Hurt of the Fall, as well as the Increase of the Danger Miss was in, by the Posture she fell in, made her cry out with greater Strength than she possibly could at any other Time, so that the Parson heard it distinctly, and knew it to be Miss *Summers's* Voice. He started out of Bed, and, without waiting for his Breeches, which he fumbled for a little, and could not get, he wrapped himself in his Gown, and groped his Way into the Room as fast as his gouty Legs would let him. He found the Door a-jar, and entered, crying—my good Miss *Summers*, what is the Matter? where are you?—Here I am, Mr. *Goodheart*, Oh! save me from this Monster, who would undo me.—On hearing the Doctor's Voice, *Dolly* thought it was Time to pretend to be just awake; she opened the Closet-Door in a great Hurry, bawling out,—Oh Lord! Oh Lud! what's the Matter? — Mr. *Crofts*,
who

who on the first Sound of the Parson's Voice, unhanded his panting Prey, seeing the Closet open, pushed by the Wench, and run in as fast as he was able, but not so quick but the Parson, who had snatched up one of the Chairs, had time to give him an unmerciful Blow over his Shoulders, which had certainly knocked him down if the Edge of the Closet-Door, as he was running in, had not broke Part of the Force. A Window in the Closet chanced to be open, out of which he jumped into the Garden, and from thence got into his own Apartment, which was on the Ground-Floor of the opposite Wing of the House, where his Valet waited for him, and both together determined to deny the Fact, and charge it, if possible, upon somebody else ; and if the Maid had been of that Council, it's more than probable they might have out-faced Miss *Summers*, whose Fears might lay her Evidence under some Degree of Suspicion, as to the Person who had made the Attack.

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

Containing the Sequel of Mr. Crofts's Attempt upon Miss Summers.

TH E Parson no sooner saw him enter the Closet than, forgetting there was a Window in it, cries,—Aye, we have him safe now ; give me the Key, *Dolly*, I'll lock him in safe till we get Help to secure him ; I'll call Mr. *Crofts* and his Servant, for he may be too strong for me and my gouty Legs. But where is Miss *Summers* ? I hope the Villain has only frightened her.—*Dolly* went to look in the Bed, but could not see her ; called, but received no Answer.—Oh ! my God, cry'd the Wench, in a real Fright, my young Mistress must be dead, I cannot find, nor hear her.—The Moon was now under a Cloud, and the Room quite dark ; the Doctor groped about, and at last got to the Back of the Bed, and stumbled on Miss *Summers*, who lay in a fainting Fit. His Weight, which was not small, falling heavy upon her Limbs, hurt them, and brought her to herself : But in the Hurry of her Spirits, she imagined it might be her Ravisher returned to the Attack, she cry'd out aloud,

aloud, Oh Mr. *Goodheart*! where are you! will you permit me to be ruined, and so near you? But, Villain, I'll tear your Eyes out;— and fell a scratching the poor Parson most unmercifully.— Hold, for God's Sake, dear Miss *Summers*! it is I; I have no Design upon you; the Villain is gone; I came to look for you, and stumbled with my lame Feet over you; good Truth, you have scratched me intolerably.

The good Parson got up as quick as his Gout would let him, and Miss *Summers* with Difficulty got into Bed, for she was so spent with the Fright and Struggling, that she had scarce any Signs of Life left. The Parson made *Dolly* strike a Light, and raise Mrs. *Margery*, with some other of the Women, to take Care of Miss, and as soon as they came in, he left the Room to go to Mr. *Crofts*, to assist at seizing the Ravisher, whom he imagined he had safe locked up in the Closet. While he was gone, Mrs. *Margery* began to question *Dolly* about the Uproar, and who it was; but she pretended at first to know nothing of the Matter, but of seeing a Man run into the Closet as she opened it, who had almost pushed her down as she came out only in her Shift on hearing Miss cry out. Miss, as well as she

she was able, told her the Story how she was attacked by Mr. *Crofts*.—Mercy on me! cry'd old Mrs. *Margery*, who had now scarce a Tooth left in her Head, could he be such a Villain as to affront my dear Child; I'll have him broil'd alive; he shall marry thee, my Dear, and make you amends. But I hope he did not go too far; he did not get his base Ends; did he, my sweet Innocence? I wonder he could be such a Brute to hurt so much Beauty; but it is no Matter, he shall pay for it; he shall marry you, if there is any Justice in *Wales*.—Peace! for God's Sake, Mrs. *Margery*, talk not to me of Marriage with the Monster; if the Villain had got his End, as thank God and Parson *Goodheart*, he has not, I would rather suffer to be buried alive than wed such a Villain.

The Words were scarce out of her Mouth when the Parson, Mr. *Crofts*, and his Man, entered the Room.—Come, says the Parson, let us get out the Villain? he is safe in the Closet. Miss *Summers*, the Moment she saw the Parson enter, huddled herself up in the Cloaths, and pulled close one of the Curtains, and so did not hear what Mr. *Goodheart* said. But Mrs. *Margery* took him up short,—In the Closet, Mr. *Goodheart*,

Heart, says she ; do you say the base Man is in the Closet ? No, no, you have brought him with you ; it was nobody else but Mr. *Crofts* there, who would have ruined my sweet Creature, for all he looks so demure and sanctify'd ; but efakins ! when my Lady and Sir *Thomas* comes Home let him look to't, for he must not pretend to put any of his *London-Tricks* upon us Country Folks, and think to treat a virtuous young Lady like one of his Town-Flirts : No, Faith, shall not he : I wonder how he dare enter the Room where he has been so impudent.—The Parson looked prodigiously sheepish, and scarce knew what to make of it.—Sure, says Mr. *Crofts*, in a very composed Air, Mrs. *Margery*, you are not quite awake, for Mr. *Goodheart* knows that he found me in Bed, and that I was so fast asleep it was with Difficulty he could wake me, how is it possible that I should be the Person concerned in this villainous Attack upon the young Lady ? I hope she cannot think so meanly of me, as to charge me with it ?—Come, says the Doctor, opening the Closet, we need make no Dispute about the Matter, the Ravisher could not get through the Keyhole, his Appearance will determine the Point ; hand me the Light, *Dolly* ; methinks I don't hear him ; ah, gone ! and
the

the Window open ; it's plain he has got out that Way, and we are as much in the Dark as ever. But pray, Mrs. Margery, does Miss Summers say it was Mr. Crofts?—Yes, she does, Mr. Goodheart, and she cannot, I suppose, be mistaken, and Dolly says you gave the Villain, whoever he was, a thundering Rap on the Back with a Chair : Now I'll lay my Life Mr. Crofts bears the Mark ; let him show it if he's innocent. But this is no Place for such as he to be in when Miss is in Bed ; let you and he go settle that Point between you ; it was Pity you did not hit his Head, it might have taught him what it was to affront a Gentlewoman as good as himself for all she is here ; but I warrant somebody will make you smoke for it.—You are a malicious old Bawd, says Crofts, and not worth my Notice.—Godsniggars, an old Bawd ! I scorn your Words ; for all you are a Gentleman, I'm as honest as your Mother ; you vile Man, you, to call me old and a Bawd ; you'll never live to be old, you'll be hang'd before you are half my Age, and for this Night's Work deserve to be quarter'd alive ; hanging is too good for you.—You are too saucy, says Crofts's Servant, to my Master, Mrs. Margery, who is as innocent as I am. —Hold your Tongue, you Jackanapes, says

says *Margery*, getting up in a violent Passion, and laying hold of a Fire-Screen hard by her, and you and he get out of the Room, or I'll cleave the Villain's Scull of you; get out, I say—and was going to let drive at *Mr. Crofts*, when *Mr. Goodheart* interposed—Be patient, good *Mrs. Margery*, perhaps you wrong the Gentleman, he may not be guilty, and Miss in her Fright may have mistaken him; be patient till we examine it.—Fiddle-faddle with your Maybe's; don't tell me of Mistakes and Patience, I'm sure it's he and none else, there was no other Man in the House but he, his Man, and the old lame Porter; let him shew his Back if he is innocent, but he dares not.—Will you be convinced then, says *Mr. Goodheart*, if he shews it me? you would not have him strip before you.—No, no, I'll take your Word for it, and then I'll tell you what I shall think of it.—Come then, *Mr. Crofts*, says the Parson, let us down to the Parlour, I wish to have this obstinate old Woman satisfied, for it's Pity a Gentleman of your Character should be suspected of so base an Attempt upon a Woman of Virtue and Reputation, and what makes the Thing worse, a young Creature who has no other Portion but her Virtue.

Mr.

Mr. *Crofts* and the Parson went down to the Parlour, and ordered a Bottle of Wine and Glasses to be brought in, and dismissed Mr. *Crofts's* Servant.—Now, Mr. *Goodheart*, says *Crofts*, don't you think that *Margery* an ill-tongued obstinate old Beldam, that would charge me with this Affair, when you found my Door locked, and I fast asleep, but a few Minutes after the Thing happened—I cannot, says Mr. *Goodheart*, permit myself to think so basely of a Gentleman of your Character, especially considering the Circumstances I found you in; but I'm perfectly sure, whoever it was carries my Mark about him, for the Chair is pretty heavy, and I laid it on with no Design to favour him; therefore you may quiet all Suspicions very easily.—That is, replied the other tartly, that you have still some Doubts about you, unless I strip to shew you my Back.—I own, Sir, I have scarce any Doubts myself; I think it very improbable, laying every thing together, that you should be the Man; but then I must own, it is not physically impossible: therefore should be glad to remove all Room for Suspicions, either of my own or others, for your own Sake, as well as the Desire I have to know who
durst

durst be such a Villain, as to make such an Attempt in this Family.——Sir, replied Mr. *Crofts* passionately, were it not for your Gown, I should teach your Reverendship better Manners, than so much as to whisper your Suspicions of my being Guilty of any thing to which you dare affix the Epithet of Villain: I can excuse an old Woman's Frenzy, a young one's Fright, and may even bear some Time with the Cassock, on Account of its Resemblance to a Petticoat; but I advise you, as you tender your Ears, not to look as if you supposed me guilty; for, be assured, I scorn to humour you, or any old B——h in *England*, so much as to strip my Back; it is enough I told you I was not the Person; believe it, reverend Sir, with implicit Faith, as you do your Creed, or I may chance to enforce it with a kind of Logic more convincing than all you learned of *Barbara celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralip-ton, &c.*——Believe it, Sir, replied the Parson sternly! no, you have confirmed my Doubts; Innocence, Sir, is bold, but neither passionate nor abusive, nor will refuse to clear itself, where the Proof is so easy: Therefore, Mr. *Crofts*, you need not look big, I am now convinced Mrs. *Margery* is in the right, and that you was the Man.——It's

false, Sir, says *Crofts*, laying hold of the Bottle, and with this I'll cram the impudent Lye down your Throat.— The Parson lost his Gout in a Moment, started up as nimble as a Youth of Fifteen, grasps the Chair by the Back, and let a full Drive at his Antigonist's Head ; but the Table was too broad, the Blow resounded on the Board, and only broke the Glasses.—*Crofts* aimed the Bottle at the Parson's Head ; but it hit against the Chair, as it was raised to reiterate the Blow, broke in twenty Pieces, and covered the poor Parson from Head to Foot with a goary Colour. The Noise brought in Mr. *Crofts's* Man, the old lame Porter, and all the Maid Servants, who were all up, and ran into the Room to prevent any further Mischief. The Women shriek'd when they saw the Parson, as they thought, all bloody, and flew at *Crofts* like so many Furies. His Man, who was the only Friend he had in the House, was scarce able to defend him from so many ; for some of them, besides sharp Nails, had Recourse to Pokers, Tongs, Fire-Shovels, and other domestic Weapons ; and the unhappy Man had been certainly executed before Judgment, if the Parson had not, out of pure Good-nature, interposed to save him.— Peace was at last established, and
Mr.

Mr. *Crofts* permitted to withdraw quietly to his Apartment, with his Servant ; and the Avenues leading from his Chamber to the main Body of the House were strongly barricadoed, by the Advice of the Commander in Chief, for Fear the Enemy should meditate a fresh Attack during the Remainder of the Night, which was now far spent.

While the Parson and Mr. *Crofts* were in the Heat of the Hurlyburly, one of the Maids who first espy'd his bloody Condition, without enquiring any further, ran up Stairs to Miss *Summers's* Apartment, and told her, and Mrs. *Margery*, who was sitting by her, abruptly, that Mr. *Crofts* had murdered Mr. *Goodheart*, who was all over in a Gore of Blood. The Idea of the good Man being murdered on her Account, was so quickly caught by Miss *Summers*, that the Horror and Surprise was too quick for her Spirits ; she fell into a deep Swoon, after uttering, in a very melancholy Tone,—Alas! the good Man has got his Death for my Sake.—She continued out of one Fit into another for near two Hours, and when able to breathe, was in a high and delirious Fever. The whole Family was in the utmost Agony about her, and a Servant dispatched express to acquaint Lady *Bountiful*. The

Fellow, who was a Helper in the Stables, and had not been in the House when the Beginning of the Fray happened, had only learned the Account of it by Halves, and in a Hurry, and made his Report to the Lady *Bountiful* accordingly. He told that Lady, that Mr. *Crofts* had ravished Miss *Summers*, and half murdered Mr. *Goodheart*, and that Miss was just a dying he had abused her so. The good old Lady, on hearing the Story told so bluntly without any Preparation, was too feeble to support the Shock, and fainted in the Arms of the Servants who waited on her. The Doctor was called to her Assistance, who, when he heard the Story, was little short of being in the same Condition, for there was none on Earth he had so great an Esteem for as his dear Miss *Summers*. The Lady was brought with Difficulty to herself, but was too weak to quit her Bed, at least for some Hours ; therefore the Doctor and Mr. *Nelthorp*, the Gentleman at whose House they were, attended by most of the Servants of both Families, took Horse immediately for her Ladyship's Seat.

Mr. *Goodheart* met them just as they alighted, and put them right as to the Particulars, in which the Servant over-stretched.

This

This gave the Doctor a little Spirits, though he was heartily concerned for Miss's Health, which the Parson told him, seemed in great Danger, and that the Affair had taken Air with so many ugly Circumstances to the Disadvantage of the Lady, for he concluded rightly, that the Fellow's Report at Mr. *Nelthorp's* would be over the whole County before Night. The Doctor went up immediately to Miss's Chamber, and ordered some Medicine proper to abate the Fever, and then the Parson, Mr. *Nelthorp* and he consulted of the proper Means to stop the Clamour that such a Story would make, if permitted to spread. They were satisfied from all Circumstances that Mr. *Crofts* was the guilty Person, but as he denied it, and the Matter was not so bad as it might have been, they agreed to take no Notice of it to him on the young Lady's Account, and if he offered at any Justification, that they should seem satisfied with it, that so the Affair might drop; and to stop the Progress of the Rumour, Mr. *Nelthorp* immediately returned to his own House, to make Report of the Truth to Lady *Bountiful*, and to set the rest of the Family right as to the main Circumstance, that the Villain, whoever he was that made the Attempt, had

not succeeded any further than to fright the young Lady.

When Mr. *Crofts* had got back to his own Apartment, after the Skirmish with the Parson, he began to reflect calmly, that the Affair was likely to produce very serious Consequences, both as to himself, the young Lady, her Reputation and Life, which before he returned, he had heard by the Clamour of the Servants, was in great Danger. He was heartily sorry he had used the honest Parson so roughly, since that Affair would heighten the Probability of his Guilt, which, at all Events, he was determined to conceal; but above all, he wanted to give Sir *Thomas* a just Impression of the Affair, for as he had an exceeding great Value for the young Baronet, whom he knew to be of a passionate hot Temper, apt to run away with the first Hint of any Thing, he was unwilling it should make any Breach between them, and afraid that he might hear of the Tumult from somebody who would charge him with the Fact. To prevent this, he thought it prudent to keep his Promise of meeting him the next Day, and if he saw Mr. *Goodheart*, determined to take no Notice of what had passed, unless he mentioned it first: He was going out to the
Stables

Stables to give some Orders about his Horses, just as the Doctor and Mr. *Goodheart* were returning from seeing Mr. *Nelthorp* to his Horse. The Doctor behaved to him as usual, though he would rather have challenged him, if it had not been for Miss *Summers's* Sake ; and Mr. *Crofts* asked Mr. *Goodheart* of Miss's Health, and wished the Villain who affronted her might be found. —I wish so too, and that he had his Deserts, replies the Parson, with very constrained Complaisance, and turned into the House. The Doctor and Mr. *Crofts* entered into a little further Chat about the Affair, but both pretended to be ignorant of the intended Ravisher, and so parted seemingly good Friends.

About Ten that Morning Mr. *Crofts* set out for the Races, in order to meet Sir *Thomas*, who, before he arrived, was apprized of the Affair, with more aggravating Circumstances than really attended it. For a Gentleman of the Neighbourhood chanced very early that Morning, in his Way to the Races, to call at Mr. *Nelthorp's* to Breakfast, in about an Hour after the Doctor and that Gentleman had set out for the Seat of Lady *Bountiful*. He found the Family in the utmost Confusion, on Account of Lady

Bountiful's Indisposition, and the Concern she and they took in the supposed unhappy Fate of poor Miss *Summers*. As the Gentleman was an Intimate in both Families, the Lady of the House made no Secret of the Misfortune which made them so uneasy; at which the Visitor expressed the utmost Concern, as Miss *Summers* was so much in his Esteem, that he had conceived some Design of making his Addressee to her, and had called at Mr. *Nelthorpe's* at that Time with Intention to have asked his Advice, and his Interest with Lady *Bountiful*. He set out immediately for the Races, without waiting Breakfast, and put up at the same Inn with Sir *Thomas*, who was the first Man he met after he alighted. Sir *Thomas* was in a very gay Humour, and was rallying the Gentleman for having missed the Diversion of the Day before, when the other told him very gravely,—It had been more for your Honour, Sir *Thomas*, to have missed it too, for an Accident happened last Night at your House, which I am sure must make your Heart bleed, and possibly might have been prevented if you had been at Home, or if you had carried your Friend *Crofts* along with you—Good God! says Sir *Thomas*, what's the Matter? has any Accident befallen him? Before God, there

there is not a Man alive I should be so sorry for any Misfortune happening to.—I wish, replied the other, he had the same Regard for you, and the Respect due to your Mother's House ; but it is too true he had not ; for, to be plain with you, the Villain has ravished the lovely Miss *Summers*, and murdered, I believe, Mr. *Goodheart*.—— Ah ! ravished Miss *Summers* ! ravished ! is it possible Heaven could permit her Innocence to become the Prey of a brutal Ravisher ? Oh ! it is impossible, awful Virtue sits so triumphant on her lovely Countenance, even Monsters would look upon her with Veneration : Tell me, for Heaven's Sake, is the Story true ? if it is I shall run mad.—It is too true, Sir *Thomas*, I heard it at Mr. *Nelthorp's*, who is gone with the Doctor and all his Servants to look after the Lady's Health, and secure the Villain ; I am afraid your Mother too is in Danger, for I left her at Mr. *Nelthorp's* in a very languishing Condition—Death and Damnation ; how calm I am when so much Mischief is afloat in my Family ? why was I the last to know this cursed News ? and why left to know it by Accident ? By Heavens ! I'll tear the monstrous Villain to Atoms ; I'll not wait the dull tedious Forms of Justice to take my Revenge, but glut my Vengeance by Piece-

meal on his damned lecherous Carcass; I'll sacrifice him to her innocent Manes, for I am sure a Virtue so delicate as her's can never survive the brutal Violence; the Wretch has undone all my Hopes of Happiness: Come, let's to Horse; leave Diversion To-day, be a Friend to distressed Innocence, and assist me, my Friend, to revenge this gross Insult—It was in vain now to preach the Baronet into Patience; he was all on Fire, and would hear of no Counsel or Advice, but got together about a Dozen Gentlemen of his Acquaintance, and about twice as many Servants, and set out in a full armed Body to *Bounty Park*, his Mother's Seat.

They rode full Speed, as if Death and Life depended on their Expedition, and had not proceeded above half a Dozen Miles, when they saw, coming down a Hill opposite to them, in full Gallop, Mr. *Crofts* and his Servant, who were making all the Haste they could to the Races, to get there, if possible, before the News had reached Sir *Thomas's* Ears. Sir *Thomas* was the first that discovered him by his Livery, and observing him in full Speed, and a large Company about a Quarter of a Mile behind him, likewise in full Gallop the same Way, it

it immediately struck into his Head, that Mr. *Crofts* was endeavouring his Escape, and that the Company he saw behind him were in Pursuit of him. With this Thought he and his Company clapp'd Spurs and Whips to their Horses, and spread themselves as wide as possible, that he might not get past them. *Crofts* took no Notice of their Motions, but kept on his Road and Pace, as the Sun shining full in his Eyes, hindered him from observing who they were till he came up within Pistol Shot of Sir *Thomas*, who was nearest him, and, without speaking a Word, drew one of his Pistols, and aimed it at his Breast. The Bullet only grazed upon his right Arm, and lodged in the Horse's Hip, which made him plunge so violently, that he tumbled his Rider to the Ground, and hurt him in the Fall more than Sir *Thomas's* Pistol had done; for the Creature, after he was down, struck at his Back several Times with his Heels, and bruised him in a terrible Manner. Sir *Thomas* had drawn his other Pistol, and was about to dispatch him quite, when one of the Company, who was more in his Wits than the rest, or at least not so bloody-minded, with the Butt-End of his Whip pushed the Pistol aside, which went off without doing any other Damage than

shooting *Crofts's* Horse in the Head, that otherwise would have put an End to his Master.—But before I go a Step further, I must take a Nap, for I grow drowsy, and don't care to write but when I am quite awake.

CHAP. V.

Being a Sequel to the Sequel of Mr. Crofts's Attempt upon Miss Summers.

MR. *Crofts* was attacked, wounded, and his Horse kill'd almost in two Moments, without so much as a Word uttered by one of the Company. Sir *Thomas* was in too much Passion for Utterance, and Mr. *Crofts* was silent with Pain and Surprise. But his Footman, who really believed his Master innocent, as he had not been led into the Secret of the last Night's Attempt (for only the Valet was privy to the Intrigue) cry'd out as soon as he could speak,—Hold, for God's Sake! Sir *Thomas*, don't murder my Master; upon my Soul, he is innocent of what, I suppose, you are enraged at.—Damn you, you Dog, has he not ravished Miss *Summers*, and murdered Mr. *Goodheart*?—Neither, reply'd the Servant; Mr. *Goodheart* is well, neither is Miss
Summers

Summers ravish'd, but some Villain did attempt it: Mr. *Goodheart* suspected my Master, and that bred a Quarrel between them, but I can swear he is innocent, for he was fast asleep in his own Apartment in the other Side of the House, when the Parson came to call him, to help seize the Villain in Miss *Summers's* Chamber.

The whole Company was amazed at what the Servant said, but none so much as the Gentleman who brought the News to Sir *Thomas* from Mr. *Nelthorp's* House.—But is not the Lady ravished? cried Sir *Thomas*, speak the Truth, you Dog, or I'll cut you to Atoms; — for as his Pistols were discharged, he drew his Hanger, and brandished it at the Fellow's Head.—She is not, upon my Soul, replied the Servant in a dreadful Fright, and one of the Helpers in the Stables was sent to acquaint your Honour's Mother with the Affair at Mr. *Nelthorp's*, and he reported at that House that she was, and that the Parson was murdered; it is from thence, perhaps, the Story is come to you, but Mr. *Nelthorp* has been at the House, and is gone back satisfied, that Matters are not so bad. — Thank God! cried the Knight in a Rapture, jumped off his Horse, threw away his Hanger, and ran
to

to Mr. *Crofts*, who was not able to rise from the Ground with the Blows he had got from the Horse, and had scarce Sense enough left to gather what had been the Cause of his Misfortune.—Forgive me, my Rashness, dear *Crofts*, cried Sir *Thomas*, embracing him, I was mad with the supposed Injury, and thought you guilty of a Crime Devils would blush at: Did you know the Interest I have in that lovely Sufferer's Welfare, you could not blame me for resenting her Wrongs. Speak, my dear Friend, and tell me if you are much hurt.—I am hurt, Sir *Thomas*, replied the other pettishly, but I hope not dangerously; I may live yet to thank you for this insolent Attack upon my Person and Reputation; but this it is to contract Friendship with Boys and Madmen, who have not Government enough of their Passions to distinguish their Friends from their Foes.—Damn it, says the Knight, piqued at the Words Boy and Madman, the Man who in my Circumstances would not have done as I have done, approves the Deed I supposed you guilty of, and if you resent it, it must be from Consciousness of Guilt, therefore I'll secure you till I can examine into the Affair to the Bottom.—The rest of the Gentlemen present, who from the Account of the Servant, believed *Crofts* in-

innocent, were for making up the Matter without any Noise; but the passionate Baronet would hear of no Compromise, but ordered one of his Grooms to dismount, set Mr. *Crofts* on his Horse, and carried him Prisoner to *Bounty-Park* in great Parade, which blazed the unhappy Story in its worse Colours over the whole County.

By that Time they arrived the Lady *Bountiful* had just alighted from her Coach, attended by Mr. *Nelthorp*. The Sight of *Crofts* gave her great Uneasiness, but she was under greater Concern at her Son's Folly, who had, by his Conduct, ruined the young Lady's Reputation almost as effectually as if the Fact had been really committed. Sir *Thomas*, as soon as he came in, ran up to Miss *Summers's* Chamber, but found her Disorder so high, that she could not speak to him, at least sensibly; however, Mrs. *Margery* let him into the real Story, as it was; and the Doctor coming in, lamented to him how unfortunate it was, that the Affair had taken so much Air, and said, that he was sure it would be worse than Death to the innocent Maid, to know that she had been so much the Talk of the Country on so tender a Subject. The Thought was no sooner suggested, than Sir
Thomas

Thomas was quite ashamed of his Behaviour, and wept like a Child that had been whipped, to consider, that instead of revenging the Injury done the lovely Girl, he had been instrumental in ruining her Fame. The Doctor was glad to find him in this Disposition, for he dreaded every Thing from his fiery Temper, and took the Opportunity of that calm Moment to convince him, that he must appear to believe *Crofts* innocent, in order to avoid every Opportunity that might increase the public Clamour. He went down instantly to the Parlour, where *Crofts* and most of the Company were, and begged that Gentleman's Pardon for suspecting him ; that he was now satisfied he was innocent, and that his Friendship would forgive the sudden Sally of his Passion, agitated to an Extreme, by the Oddness of the Circumstances. All present joined to make up the Breach ; and Mr. *Crofts*, who knew in his Conscience, that he deserved much more than he had got upon the Occasion, thought Sir *Thomas*'s Youth would sufficiently justify him in Point of Honour, especially as he begged Pardon so publicly, and therefore consented to a Reconciliation. The Lady *Bountiful* complimented him on his Good-nature to her Son, and made an Apology for his Rash-

Rashness, and all was in as good Humour as they could suffer themselves to be while Miss *Summers* was in so much Damage.

Miss *Summers*'s Fever increased daily, and there seemed but little Hope of her Life, which involved the whole Family in the utmost Grief. Sir *Thomas* was inconsolable, he could scarce observe any Moderation in his Sorrow, wept, sigh'd, and rav'd at Mr. *Crofts* by Turns, and it was with the utmost Difficulty he could be restrained from making a fresh Broil. But the Doctor and Parson kept close Sight of him to prevent his Indiscretion. As for Mr. *Crofts* himself, he began now to reflect seriously upon the Folly of his Conduct, and as this Affair was rather the Sally of youthful Passion, strengthened by the Prevalence of depraved Custom, than the Effect of any settled vicious Habit of his Mind, as soon as he gave himself Leisure to reflect, he saw the Baseness of his Attempt in as full a Light as any of Miss's greatest Friends, and of Course both his good Sense and Good-nature suggested to him, that he ought to do all in his Power to repair the Injury his Folly had committed. He looked upon Miss *Summers* no more as a dependent Object of Lady *Bountiful*'s Charity, but as a young Lady

dy of Virtue, endued with every Qualification both of Body and Mind that could render a Man of Sense truly happy, and every Idea which that innocent Sufferer had raised in his Mind, before he heard of her Circumstances, recurred to his Memory, and determined him, so soon as her Health would permit him, to lay an honourable Claim to her Affection, and, if possible, by his future Conduct, erase from her Memory every Remembrance of his rash Attempt upon her Honour.

What determined him, perhaps, the sooner to resolve upon this Conduct as much as any Thing, was a Notion he had conceived that Sir *Thomas* was certainly deeply engaged with her. This justified his Pride in stooping to one so much beneath him in Circumstances, and the Thoughts of a Rival heightened the Idea he had of his charming Mistress, and at the same Time intimated to him, that he would have no easy Conquest, since she had, perhaps, a Pre-engagement to young Sir *Thomas*, and the Prejudice his own Conduct had raised against him, to combat both at the same time.

He

He had no sooner fixed his Resolution, than he disclosed his Mind to Lady *Bountiful*, and very candidly confessed, that however he endeavoured to conceal it from public View, yet he was the real Transgressor; but that he was determined to make all the Retribution in his Power, by offering the Lady his Heart and Hand for Life, with whatever Settlement on his Estate the Lady *Bountiful* should think requisite, and desired that Lady would promote his Suit, as a Thing on which his future Happiness depended. That Lady was highly pleased to find him in such a Disposition, and thought it prudent to lecture him no more on the Baseness of his Attempt than was just necessary to confirm him in the Resolution he had declared of marrying the injured Fair, and promised him her Interest, tho' she believed it would be a difficult Task to remove her Prejudice arising from this unlucky Affair, and that he must not expect that she would lay any Restraint upon her Inclination, which she thought she had no Right to do, neither had she any Inclination, as she looked upon the Happiness of that State to depend more upon the Union of Affection than the Gifts of Fortune, however considerable.

It

It was some Weeks before Miss was out of Danger, and some Weeks longer before she could be talked to upon a Subject of that Sort, with any kind of Propriety. When she recovered she was still kept ignorant that her Affair had gone any farther than their own Family, and her good Sense was easily prevailed on to appear to favour the Supposition, that it was not Mr. Crofts, who had made the Attempt; she was easily persuaded to own to the Servants that she might be mistaken, but it was with the utmost Difficulty she could dissemble her Resentment so far as to permit him to visit her in her Chamber, even in Company with the rest of the Family; her Heart recoiled at the Thought of him, and at the first Visit he made her in Company with Lady Bountiful, her Disorder was so great, tho' she received him with outward Marks of Civility, that she was obliged to quit the Room in a few Minutes.

This was a bad Omen to the Success of his amorous Overture, but the lovely Charmer appeared at that time with so many bewitching Attractions, he was ten times more enamoured than before. The Sight of that Bed which had been the Scene of his
lewd

lewd Attempt, filled him, for some Moments, with a Confusion almost equal to her's, but then another Idea quickly occurred, the Thoughts of those sleeping Beauties he had seen, the ravishing Pleasure of those stolen Touches of her lovely Person, joined to her own Presence, filled him with so many transporting Thoughts, he knew neither how to contain or express his Extasy, and had certainly said or done some very foolish Thing, if her quitting the Room so suddenly, had not put an End to the Conversation.

Lady *Bountiful* saw her Aversion, and permitted her to be perfectly recovered from all the Effects of her Indisposition before either she herself opened Mr. *Crofts's* Pretensions, or that she consented that he should make any Overture of that Kind. But when she had quitted her Chamber about a Fortnight, and seemed perfectly well in every Respect, except a little melancholy Cast in her Countenance, which it was some Months before she could shake off, the Lady *Bountiful* carried her, one Day after Dinner, to her Closet, and told her, that she had no Reason to continue so melancholy as she appeared, since Mr. *Crofts* who had by his own Acknowledgment, been grossly

grossly in the Fault to her, was willing to repair his Error by Marriage; and, added she, has commissioned me to interceed with you for a favourable Reception. I cannot think, my dear Child, that you can be happier; he has a good Estate, an agreeable Person, and a large Share of good Sense, improved by a thorough Knowledge of the polite World. I believe he is heartily sincere, and therefore I would advise you, *Charlotte*, to think of receiving him as you ought. Pardon me, Madam, replied Miss all in Tears, that I find in myself a Disposition to hate the Man you propose for my Husband; before this unhappy Attempt upon my Honour he made me a Proposal of this Kind, how far he was sincere I am not able to judge, but by the Consequences; and even then I found an Aversion to him which I could not account for, and gave him a Denial conceived in Terms as positive, and at the same Time as respectful as I could devise; but since this Affair, that Aversion has now grown up to a downright Hatred; I cannot think of him with Temper, it is impossible I can think of marrying the Man who durst attempt my Honour; no, the Idea of that villainous Action shall never depart from my Breast, and I am sure, my good and gracious Benefactress,

factress, whose pious Care has redeem'd me from Wretchedness, has instilled into me a Notion of Virtue and the Honour of my Sex, will not now insist upon making me miserable with the Man I loath. No, replied Lady *Bountiful*, embracing her kindly, I don't intend to force your Inclination; I love that Pride which, if not carried into Extremes, is the Ornament as well as Safeguard of our Sex; but if the Idea of that rash Action is so much at present, my Dear, in your Memory, you carry your Resentment too far. Time and the Gentleman's respectful Behaviour will wear it off, and you may conquer that Aversion to his Person; all I desire of you is, that you would try at it. I think it is your Interest, and I wish it only as it may contribute to your Happiness.

This kind Condescension of the good Lady won so much upon the grateful Mind of Miss *Summers* that she had not Words to express her Sentiments in their full Extent. She told her however that she would endeavour to bring her Mind to relish her Advice, purely that she might show her Willingness to conform to her Sentiments. She was going on when Sir *Thomas* came in and put an End to the Conversation. He
saw

saw a Moisture in Miss *Summers's* Eye, and a Confusion which she could not hide, which gave him great Uneasiness; he wanted an Opportunity of being alone with her to know if she had any new Cause of Sorrow, and to open his Mind to her more fully than he had hitherto done, for since the Time he dropped the first Hint of his Affection for her, she had never yet given him an Opportunity of entertaining her in private; but now he was resolved to force an Occasion to give Vent to his Passion. He guessed, after a little Reflection, that the Cause of her present Concern might be some Overtures of Mr. *Crofts* from his Mother, and artfully turned the Discourse on that Gentleman, and the Regard which he said he took every Opportunity of expressing for Miss *Summers*.—I believe, said Lady *Bountiful*, he has a very sincere Regard for *Charlotte*, and wish, Sir *Thomas*, that she could prevail on herself to receive his Addresses, for I think it would be greatly to her Interest; but she seems to indulge too great a Spleen against him to give any Hopes of seeing her so happy. I wish you could persuade her to think more favourably of him.—This being the Point he aimed at, he said, he durst not boast much Influence with Miss *Summers*, but for her Sake, as well

well as his Friend's, he would try. The Lady left the Closet, and Sir *Thomas* shut the Door after her and returned to his Seat, but found himself all over in a Trembling, and scarce capable of uttering one Word. Miss was in equal Confusion; a Crimson Blush spread over her lovely Face, and she kept her Eyes fix'd on the Ground as afraid to meet those of Sir *Thomas*; she was afraid to hear him speak for himself, and ten Times more for fear he should attempt to execute the Commission he had so frankly undertaken from his Mother. They both remained in this silent Humour for some Minutes, and looked as foolish as it was possible for two rational Creatures to look; however, at last, Sir *Thomas* found his Tongue, but he could not for his Blood use it without a Circumlocution and stammering two or three Times before he grew articulate.—You expect, Miss, that I should execute the Commission I have so wisely undertaken from my Mother.—She peep'd up at him, and dash'd his Harrangue with a Look that convinced him the most distant Hint of Mr. *Crofts* gave her Pain. He understood her Glance.—Don't be alarmed, I won't shock your Ears with the Mention of such a Villain; but permit me, dear *Charlotte*, to ——— Here he was again

silent, for he could not find a Term that would, all at once comprehend his Meaning, and watch'd her Eye for a fresh Supply of Courage to proceed. She look'd confus'd, but with such bewitching Softness that he must have been less than Man if he had not taken the Hint.—I would, my charming Miss *Summers*, say something that would express my whole Soul, but Words are too faint to paint my Passion; read it, my Angel, in my Eyes, in my Looks, and in my Actions, and judge of its Extent by your own inestimable Merit.—Alas! replied Miss *Summers*, in the utmost Confusion, you are not aware of what you say, nor to whom you speak; I owe, Sir, to your dear Mother all that I am, or all that I can possibly hope to be; how then can you think I should listen to a Declaration of this Kind, which I know would forfeit her Esteem, and rank me in the Number of the most ungrateful Wretches on Earth. Do you think, Sir *Thomas*, (for as she proceeded she grew more assur'd and less faltering in her Speech, for the Speaking of Lovers want but a Beginning, when once their amorous Clacks are set a-going they are never tired.) Do you think, said she, that Lady *Bountiful* would hear with Patience the bare Mention of a Match between her Son and Heir, and

a helpless Orphan, maintained and supported only by her Charity. No, you know, Sir *Thomas*, her Affection for you has already determined your Match with one more suitable to your Rank and Circumstances, and for my Part I owe her so much, that if my Happiness depended on it, I would not hesitate one Moment to reject your Offer. Think, Sir, what is due to such a Mother, what is due to your Fortune, and you can think no more of me. — Think no more of you, Miss *Summers*! then I must cease to think at all; do you think that I am to barter my Happiness for wealthy Misery merely to humour the Caprice of a fond Parent? No, with you I have all I can wish or think for, and if I can melt that frozen Virtue of yours into an Approbation of my Passion, I make no Doubt but Providence will smile upon our honest Affection, and that in Time my Mother may approve of it; but if she should remain obstinate, I shall soon be of Age and have it in my Power to act as I please. Permit me then only to believe, that till that Time you will preserve at least a vacant Place in your Heart, and refuse to make another Master of what I place my sole Happiness in the Hopes of. — Don't flatter yourself, Sir *Thomas*, for as the Son of my

much-lov'd Benefactors, I owe you this Frankness. I own the Intimacy in which we have liv'd since our Infancy, has created in me a greater Esteem for you than any other Gentleman I know, and though I am ignorant how far that Esteem might increase if I indulged it, yet I assure you, as I know your Mother will never be brought to approve of it, that I shall endeavour all in my Power to reconcile my Mind to a Toleration of the only Man I hate, purely to preserve the Peace of this Family, to which I owe the very Sense of that Happiness I am about to sacrifice to the Duty I owe Lady Bountiful; and if you value my Peace, if you would convince me that you have the least Regard for me, you'll help and assist me in this Resolution, the only one I can take consistent with Virtue; and that I may not be disturbed in it, never mention your own Passion; for I own I cannot see you uneasy without Pain.—Strange, kind, cruel, virtuous Maid, cry'd Sir Thomas, half crying, to what a romantic Height would you carry your Notion of Gratitude to my Mother, you'll make yourself wretched to please her; well, that's reconcileable enough to the high, enthusiastick Notion you have of Virtue, but how can you reconcile making her only Son miserable, to strict Justice?
Can

can that be Love and Gratitude to Lady *Bountiful*? No, no, Miss, these Notions are not in Nature; you only fancy they influence you, while some other Motive is at the Bottom. Ah! I see it, curse on my dull Head that could not take it sooner; that smooth-tongued, supple, designing Villain has bewitch'd you; his Impudence, for all your Pretence, has got the better of my sheepish, distant Courtship; its only such as he, who boldly dares attack you in your Bed-Chambers, and beat down, in the Dark, all your Day-Light Doubts and Subtleties; but take him, Madam, he must make a good Husband, who before Marriage ruins his Wife's Reputation. You grow scurrilous, Sir *Thomas*, replied Miss *Summers*, and flung out of the Closet with a Look that struck him dumb and senseless. He saw her vanish in a Rage, and stood numbed and senseless as if he had trod upon a *Torpedo*. What have I done, what have I said in my Passion! I have affronted her, and it must take half my Life to regain the Ground I lost by one inconsiderate false Expression, for I know her Soul, she hates *Crofts*, and would rather wed with Age, Uggliness, and Poverty, than with him; yet that enthusiastic Notion she has got of Duty and Gratitude to my wise Mamma, will

certainly tempt the Girl to ruin herself, and the Women are always in Extremes, there is no keeping them in the Golden Mean, but her Extreme is lovely, and I cannot even myself but applaud her virtuous Resolution, tho' I would give my Head to overturn it. What must I do—I dare make none my Confidant in this Affair, all the Family are in Fee with the old Women, who with all other Diseases, are sure to be possessed of incurable Obstinacy; and the Plague of it is, not one of them dies of that or any thing else: what the Devil has an old Woman to do to be loitering out of her Grave at the Age of Sixty? tho' if my wife Mamma would humour me in this, I could wish her to live an antediluvian Age. The Noise of the Dogs returning from Hunting hindered me from hearing the rest of the Soliloquy, and I am not in a Humour to suppose it longer, therefore I take this opportunity to conclude the Chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

Being the Conclusion of the Second Book of the first Volume ; wherein Lady Bountiful receives the first Hint of her Son's Affection for Miss Summers.

MISS, on leaving the Closet, met Lady Bountiful in her Chamber, who guessed by the Confusion she saw her in, that Sir Thomas had urg'd his Sentiments in a Manner highly disagreeable to Miss, but was far from imagining any thing else than that it had been Mr. Crofts's Suit he had been promoting. I judge, said that Lady, that my Son, in his hot Way, has said something that has ruffled you ; but you need not take it amiss, I dare swear he wishes to promote your real Happiness, as well as that of his Friend Mr. Crofts. I am convinced of it, Madam, replied Miss Summers, but I could wish that he would so far consult my Quiet as never to entertain me more on the Subject of this Day's Conversation ; for I can foresee nothing but Misfortunes attending the Prosecution of the Designs now in view. I am surpris'd return'd Lady Bountiful, imagining all the while

while that Miss spoke of Mr. *Crofts's* Pretensions, that you should see Things in that Light as to suppose there can be any Misfortune in being match'd to a Man of Mr. *Crofts's* Fortune and Parts; I think, if I can judge, he is possessed of every Qualification capable of making a Woman happy. You may have some Prejudices on Account of his late rash Attempt, but to carry these the Length of an inveterate Hatred, would look too much like Obstinacy and Self-Will. For in my Opinion you owe so much to your Reputation as to endeavour to get the better of that little Pique, since if you do not match with Mr. *Crofts*, that Affair may influence your future Fortune, and prove a Bar to the Addresses of any other Man of Worth. So that in reality, if any thing bad attends that Affair, you so much resent, it must be owing to your own unreasonable Resentment, since you have it in your Power to receive all the Reparation which a Man can give, or you can ask, were you in ever so elevated a Station and Circumstances. That is, then return'd Miss *Summers*, with some Emotion, that if a Villain has made an Attempt upon my Honour, I'm oblig'd, in order to humour the Caprice of a malicious and censorious World, to sacrifice my future Peace to the Ravisher, and bestow on him

him my Person as a Reward of his wicked Intention. I cannot think, Lady *Bountiful*, that either Virtue or Reputation requires such Condescension ; I am sensible I ought to abhor the Man who dares treat me with the Liberty of a common Prostitute ; and Religion and Common-Sense, as well as Regard to my inward Satisfaction, forbids me to wed the Man on whom I cannot bestow a real and unfeigned Affection. Policy, Interest, and an overwhelming Regard to the false Censures of the malicious, may urge such a Match, but it is impossible that mutual Felicity or any of the real Ends of Wedlock can follow such an unhallowed *Hymen*.

She spoke this with so much Heat, and in so determined a Tone, that Lady *Bountiful*, who in her own Mind approved this Pride of Spirit, saw it was in vain to urge the Matter any further, at least for the present, and turn'd the Conversation to something less interesting.

The next Day she acquainted Mr. *Crofts* with the little Hopes she had of prevailing on Miss *Summers* to forget the Affront put upon her. I have offered, said she, all the Arguments in my Power, but without making any Impression on her : My Son has likewise urg'd your Suit in such a Manner
as

as to make her uneasy. I'm afraid, replied Mr. *Crofts*, he has urg'd it in such a Manner as to render her more obstinate. If it had that Effect, I'm sorry for it, return'd Lady *Bountiful*, but I believe you are sensible he did not intend it should, for I'm convinced nothing could give him greater Pleasure than to see you happy with one another. It may be so, says he, but I fear he would be better pleased to see us happy without one another; for to be plain with you, Lady *Bountiful*, I now recollect several Expressions of Sir *Thomas's* which, join'd to Miss *Summers's* Behaviour, gives me Room to think that Miss and he have a secret Liking, if not a secret Understanding with one another. 'Tis impossible, return'd Lady *Bountiful* almost in a Passion, that my Son can have any Thoughts that Way; 'tis only, Cousin *Crofts*, your own Passion that makes you fancy my Son your Rival; he may, and I'm sure he does esteem the Girl as one brought up with him from his Infancy; but he cannot be so mean-spirited as to think of her for a Wife; or such a Villain as to entertain any Thought of her as a Mistress.

At these Words, which Lady *Bountiful* would not have uttered if her Passion had given her Leisure to reflect, Mr. *Crofts* coloured up like Scarlet, I believe, Madam, says

says he, as to his thinking of her as a Mistress, you may trust to the young Lady's Prudence; but I believe he is as mean-spirited as I am to think of her for a Wife; and after what your Ladyship has urg'd in Favour of Miss *Summers* to me, you cannot much arraign his Prudence; but if you do, as I sincerely wish you may, 'tis time to take Precaution to prevent what must be disagreeable to us both; which can be done in no such effectual Manner as by using your Authority with Miss in my Behalf, without seeming to mistrust any thing with Relation to your Son.

Lady *Bountiful*, by Mr. *Crofts's* Answer, saw she had used some Expressions which she ought not on such an Occasion, and was willing to soften them. You know, Mr. *Crofts*, I have long since designed my Son should marry Miss *L******, of *Dorsetshire*; the Friends on all Sides look upon that Match as good as concluded, and it would be a Reflection on my Prudence, after going such a Length with that young Lady, if I should permit my Son to enter into an Engagement with another, who, I must own, deserves a much better Match. It was the Thoughts of a Disappointment of a Plan I own I have accustomed myself to think of with Pleasure, which made me take the
first

first Notice of my Son's Designs on Miss Summers with so much Heat ; but I assure you, whether my Son has or has not any thing of that kind in his Head, I shall use all the Authority I have with Miss Summers to make you happy, and to rid myself of the Fears I begin to have, that my Son may be too sensible of her Merit. Let us join to watch them without discovering our Suspicions, and it is hard if we two don't find Means to counter-act all their Plots, if they have form'd any.

The End of the First Volume.



Fielding, Sarah, 1710-1768

The History Of Charlotte Summers, The Fortunate Parish Girl In Two Volumes

Bd.: 1

London [ca. 1770]

P.o.angl. 167 f-1

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10746790-1